THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj[illegible]

JULY 20, 1918

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TRENCH ESSENCE—By IRVIN S. COBB

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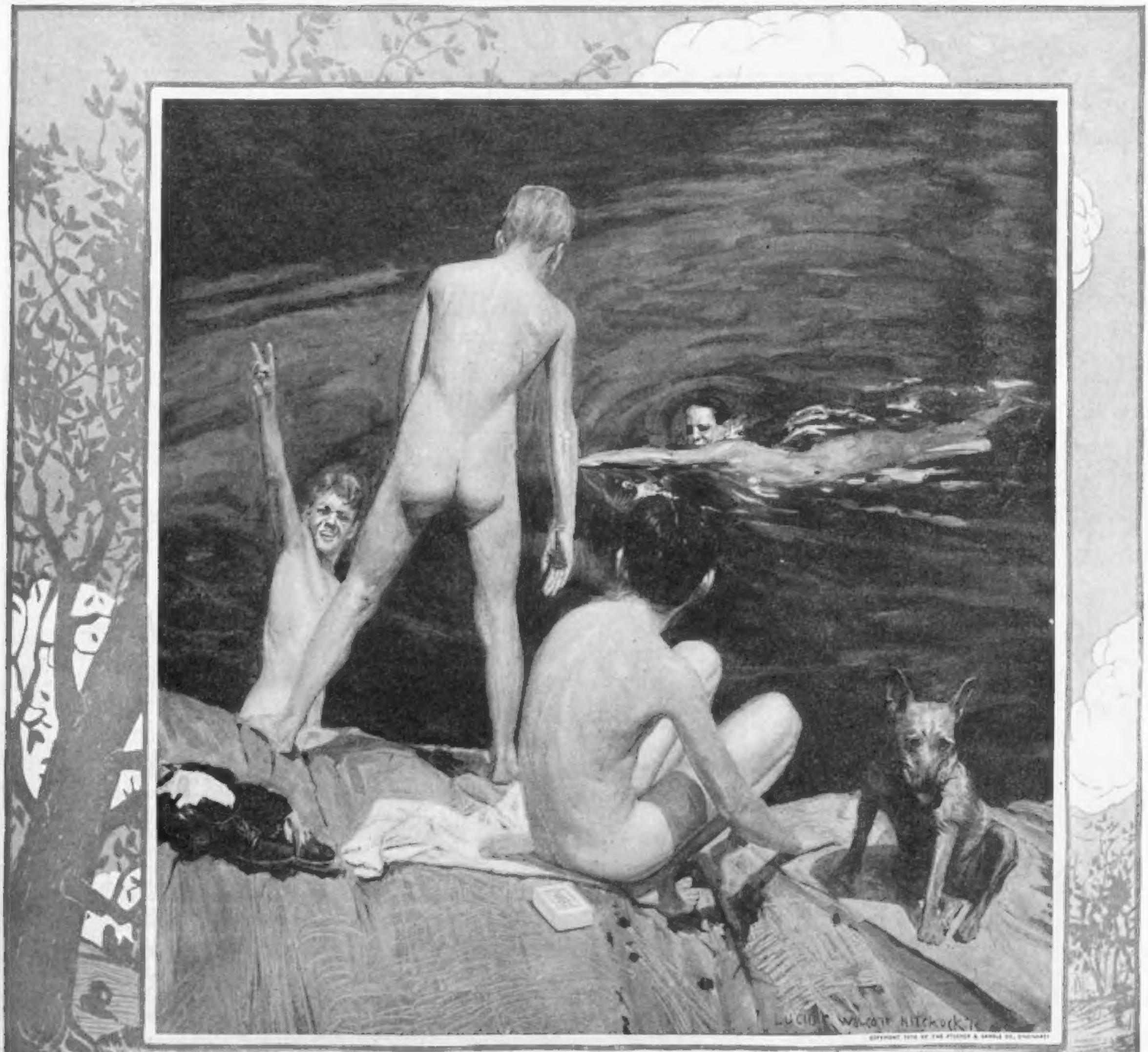

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TRENCH ESSENCE

By IRVIN S. COBB

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American Fighters in France Stage a Track Meet

WHEN our soldiers arrive on foreign soil, almost invariably, so it has seemed to me watching them, they come ashore with serious faces and for the most part in silence. Their eyes are busy, but their tongues are taking vacation. For the time being they have lost that tremendous high-powered exuberance which marks them at home, in the camps and the cantonments, and which we think is as much a part of the organism of the optimistic American youth as his hands and his legs are.

I noticed this thing on the day our ship landed at an English port. We came under convoy in a fleet made up almost entirely of transports bearing troops—American volunteers, Canadian volunteers, and aliens recruited on American soil for service with the Allies. A Canadian battalion, newly organized, marched off its ship and out upon the same pier on which the soldiers who had crossed on the vessel upon which I was a passenger were disembarking. The Canadians behaved like schoolboys on a holiday.

It was not what the most consistent defender of the climate of Great Britain would call good holiday weather either. A while that day it snowed, and a while it rained, and all the while a shrewish wind scolded shrilly in the wireless rig and rampaged along the damp and drafty decks. Nevertheless, the Canadians were not to be daunted by the inhospitable attitude of the elements.

One in three of them, about, carried a pennant bearing the name of his home town or his home province, or else he carried a little flag mounted on a walking stick. Nine out of ten, about, were whooping. They cheered for the ship they were leaving; they cheered for the sister ship that had borne us overseas along with them; they cheered to feel once more the solid earth beneath their feet; they cheered just to be cheerful, and, cheering so, they traversed the dock and took possession of the train that stood on a waterside track waiting to bear them to a rest camp. I imagine they were still cheering when they got there.

Now if you knew the types we had aboard our packet you might have been justified in advance for figuring that our outfit would be giving those joyous Canadian youngsters some spirited competition in the matter of making noises. We carried a full regiment of a Western division, largely made up, as to officers and as to men, of national guardsmen from the states of Colorado, Wyoming and Washington. They were cow-punchers, ranch hands, lumbermen, fruit growers, miners—outdoor men generally. Eighty men in the ranks, so I had learned during the voyage, were full-blooded Indians off of Northwestern reservations. We had men along who had won prizes for bronco-busting and bull-dogging at Frontier Day celebrations in Cheyenne and in California; also men who had traveled with the Wild West Shows as champion ropers and experts at rough-riding. Never before, I am sure, had one vessel at one time borne in her decks so many wind-tanned, bow-legged, hawk-faced, wiry Western Americans as this vessel had borne.

But did one hear the lone-wolf howl as our fellows went filing down the gangplanks? Did one catch the exultant, shrill yip-yip-yip of the round-up or the far-carrying war yell of the Cheyenne buck? One most emphatically did not. If those three thousand and odd fellows had all been pallbearers officiating at the putting away of a dear departed friend they could not have deported themselves more soberly. Nobody carried a flag, unless you would except the color bearers, who bore their colors furled about the staffs and protected inside of tarpaulin holsterings. Nobody waved a broad-brimmed hat either in salute to the Old World or in farewell to the ocean. Barring the snapped commands of the officers, the clinking in unison of hobbed and heavy boot soles, the shuffle of moving bodies, the creak of leather girthings put under strain, and occasionally the sharp clink and clatter of metal as some dangling side arm struck against a guard rail or some man shifted his piece, the march-off was accomplished without any noise whatsoever. It was interesting—and significant, too, I think—to spy upon those intent, set faces and those eager, steady eyes as the files went by and so away, bound, by successive stages of progress, with halts between at sessioning billets and at training barracks, for the battle fronts beyond the channel.

As between the Canadian and the United States soldiers I interpreted this striking difference in demeanor at the disembarking hour somewhat after this fashion: To a good many of the Dominion lads, no doubt, the thing was in the nature of a home-coming, for they had been born in England. A great many more of them could not be more than one generation removed from English birth. Anyhow and in either event, they as thoroughly belonged to and were as entirely part and parcel of the Empire as the islanders who greeted them upon the piers. One way

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French and American Army Men on Furlough at American Rest Billets in Southern France

or another they had always lived on British soil and under the shadow of the Union Jack. They were not strangers; neither were they aliens, even though they had come a far way; they were joint inheritors with native Englishmen of the glory that is England's. The men they would presently fight beside were their own blood kin. Quite naturally therefore and quite properly they commemorated the advent into the parent land according to the manner of the Anglo-Saxon when he strives to cover up, under a mien of boisterous enthusiasm, emotions of a purer sentiment. I could conceive some of them as laughing very loudly because inside of themselves they wanted to cry; as straining their vocal cords the better to ease the twitchings at their heart cockles.

But the Americans, even if they wore names bespeaking British ancestry—which I should say at an offhand guess at least seventy-five per cent of them did—were not moved by any such feelings. Such ties as might link their natures to the breed from which they remotely sprang were the thinnest of ties, only to be revealed in times of stress through the exhibition of certain characteristics shared by them in common with their very distant English and Scotch and Irish and Welsh kinsmen. For England as England they had no affectionate yearnings. England wasn't their mother; she was merely their great-great-grandmother, with whom their beloved Uncle Sam had had at least two serious misunderstandings. To all intents and purposes this was a strange land—certainly its physical characteristics had an alien look to them—and to it they had come as strangers.

I fancy, though, the chief reasons for their quiet seriousness went down to causes even deeper than this one. I believe that somehow the importance of the task to which they had dedicated themselves and the sense of the responsibility intrusted to them as armed representatives of their own country's honor were brought to a focal point of realization in the minds of these American lads by the putting of foot on European soil. The training they had undergone, the distances they had traveled, the sea they had crossed—most of them, I gathered, had never smelt salt water before in their lives—the sight of this foreign city with its foreign aspect—all these things had chemically combined to produce among them a complete appreciation of the size of the job ahead of them; and the result made them dumb and sedate, and likewise it rendered them aloof to surface sensations, leaving them insulated by a sort of noncommittal pose not commonly found among young Americans in the mass—or among older Americans in the mass for that matter.

Perhaps a psychologist might prove me wrong in these amateur deductions of mine. For proof to bolster up my diagnosis I can only add that on three subsequent occasions, when I saw American troops ferrying ashore at French ports, they behaved in identically this same fashion, becoming for a period to be measured by hours practically inarticulate and incredibly earnest. Correspondents who chanced to be with me these three several times were impressed as I had been by the phenomenon.

Schools of Humor in France

BUT the condition does not last; you may be very sure of that. If there exists a more adaptable creature than the American soldier he has not yet been tagged, classified and marked Exhibit A, for identification. Once the newly arrived Yank has lost his sea legs and regained his shore ones; once the solemnity and incidentally the novelty of the ceremony of his entrance into Europe has worn away; once he has learned how to think of dollars and cents in terms of francs and centimes and how to speak a few words in barbarous French—he reverts to type. His native irreverence for things that are stately and traditional rises up within him, renewed and sharpened; and from that moment forward he goes into this business of making war against the Hun with an impudent grin upon his face, and in his soul an incurable cheerfulness that neither discomfort nor danger can alloy, and a joke forever on his lips. That is the real essence of the trenches—the humor that is being secreted there with the grimmest and ghastliest of all possible tragedies for a background.

I wouldn't call it exactly a new type of humor, because always humor has needed the contrast of dismalness and suffering to set it off effectively, but personally I am of the opinion that it is a kind of humor that is going to affect our literature and our mode of living generally after the war is ended.

Bairnsfather, the English sketch artist, did not invent the particular phase of whimsicality—the essentially distinctive variety of serio-comic absurdity—which has made the world laugh at his pictures of Old Bill and Bert and Alf. He did a more wonderful thing: He had the wit and the genius to catch an illusive atmosphere which existed in the trenches before he got there and to put it down in black on white without losing any part of its savory qualities. In slightly different words he practically told me this when I ran across him up near the Front the other day when he was setting about his new assignment of depicting the humor of the American soldier as already he had depicted that of the British Tommy. He had, he said, made one discovery already—that there was a tremendous difference between the two schools.

This is quite true, and if some talented Frenchman—it will take a Frenchman, of course—succeeds in making sketches that will reflect the wartime humor of the French soldier as cleverly as Bairnsfather has succeeded at the same job with the British high private for his model it will no doubt be found that the poilu's brand of humor is as distinctively his own as the American soldier's is or the English soldier's is.

There is an indefinable something, yet something structurally French, I think, in the fact that when Captain Hamilton Fish—called Ham Fish for short—arrived in France a few weeks before this was written the French soldiers with whom his command was brigaded immediately rechristened him Le Capitaine Jambon Poisson, and under this new Gallicized name he is to-day one of the best-known personages among the French in the country.

Likewise there is a certain African individuality, or rather an Afro-American individuality, in the story now being circulated through the expeditionary forces, of the private in one of our negro regiments who bragged at his company mess of having taken out a life-insurance policy for the full amount allowed a member of the Army under the present governmental plan.

"Whut you wan' do dat fur?" demanded a comrade. "You ain't married an' you ain't got no fambly. Who you goin' leave all dat money to ef you gits killed?"

"I ain't aimin' to git killed," stated the first darky. "Dat's de very reason I taken out all dat insho'ence."

"How come you ain't liable to git killed jes' de same ez ary one of de rest of us is?"

"W'y, you pore ign'ant fool, does you s'pose w'en Gin'el Pershing finds out he's got a ten-thousand-dollar nigger in dis man's Army dat he's gwine take any chances on losin' all dat money by sendin' me up to de Front whar de trouble is? Naw suh-ree, he ain't!"

PHOTO. FROM INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

The Headquarters of One of the American Machine Gun Battalions

From a commingling of memories of recent events there stands out a thing of which I was an eye-and-ear witness back in April, when the first of our divisions to go into the line of the great battle moved up and across France from a quieter area over in Lorraine, where it had been holding a sector during the early part of the spring. Each correspondent was assigned to a separate regiment for the period of the advance, being quartered in the headquarters mess of his particular regiment and permitted to accompany its columns as it moved forward toward the Picardy Front. That is to say, he was permitted to accompany its columns, but it devolved upon him to furnish his own motive power. Baggage trains and supply trains had been pared to the quick in order to expedite fast marching; no provision for transporting outsiders had been made, nor would any such provision have been permitted. A colonel was lucky if he had an automobile to himself and his adjutant; generally he had to carry a French liaison officer or two along with him in addition to his personal equipment.

I had been added to the personnel of an infantry regiment, which meant I could not steal an occasional ride while moving from one billet to another on the jolting limber of a field gun. Such boons were vouchsafed only to those more fortunate writers who belonged for the time being to the artillery wing. One day I walked. I was lucky in that I did not have to carry my bedding roll and my haversack; these a kindly disposed ambulance driver smuggled into his wagon, rules and regulations to the contrary notwithstanding.

One-Sided

ANOTHER day the philanthropic lieutenant colonel rode his saddle horse and turned over to me his side car, the same being a sort of combination of tin bathtub and individual bootblack stand, hitched onto a three-wheeled motor cycle. What with impedimenta and all, I rather overflowed its accommodations, but from the bottoms of my blistered feet to the topmost lock of my wind-tossed hair I was grateful to the donor as we went scudding along, the steersman and I, at twenty-five miles an hour.

On a third day I hired a venerable mare and an ancient two-wheeled covered cart, with a yet more ancient Norman farmer to drive the outfit, and under the vast poke-bonnet hood of the creaking vehicle the twain of us journeyed without stopping, from early breakfast time until nearly sunset time. The old man did not know a word of English, but mile after mile as we plodded along, now overtaking the troops who had started their hike at dawn, and now being overtaken by them as the antique mare lost power in her ponderous but rheumatic legs, he conversed at me—not with me, but steadily at me—in his provincial patois, which was the same as Attic Greek to me, or even more so, inasmuch as the only French I have is restaurant French, which begins with the hors d'œuvres and ends just south of the fromages among the standard desserts.

Nevertheless, I deemed it the part of politeness to show interest by making a response from time to time when he was pausing to take a fresh breath. So about once in so often I would murmur "Yes," with the rising inflection, or "No," or "Is that so?" or "Can such things really be?" as the spirit moved me. And always he seemed perfectly satisfied with my observations, which he could not hear—I should have stated before now that among other things he was stone-deaf—and wouldn't have been able to understand even if he had heard them. And then he would go right on talking some more. From his standpoint, I am convinced, it was a most enjoyable journey and a highly instructive one besides.

Along toward sunset we ambled with the utmost possible deliberation into our destination. It was like the average small town of Northwestern France in certain regards. At a little distance it seemed to be all gable ends jumbled together haphazard and anyhow, as is the way of village architecture in this corner of the world; and following an almost universal pattern the houses scraped sides with one another in a double file along the twisting main street,

(Continued on Page 30)

THE PORCH WREN

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

All Day She Would Set Round the House Fixing Over a Lace Waist or Making Fudge

SO IT befell, in a shining and memorable interlude, that there was talk of the oldest living boy scout, who was said to have rats in his wainscoting; of the oldest living débutante, who was also a porch wren; and of the body snatcher. Little of the talk was mine; a query now and again. It was Ma Pettengill's talk, and I put it here for what it may be worth, hoping I may close-knit and harmonize its themes, so diverse as that of the wardrobe trunk, the age of the earth, what every woman thinks she knows, and the Upper Silurian trilobites.

It might be well to start with the concrete, and baby's picture seems to be an acceptable springboard from which to dive into the recital. It came in the evening's mail and was extended to me by Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill, with poorly suppressed emotion. The thing excited no emotion in me that I could not easily suppress. It was the most banal of all snapshots—a young woman bending Madonna-wise above something carefully swathed, flanked by a youngish man who revealed a self-conscious smirk through his carefully pointed beard. The light did harshly by the bent faces of the couple and the disclosed fragment of the swathed thing was a weakish white blob.

I need not say that there must be millions of these pathetic revealments burdening our mails day by day. I myself must have looked coldly upon over a thousand.

"Well, what of it?" I demanded shortly.

"I bet you can't guess what's in that bundle!" said my hostess in a large playful manner.

I said what I could see of it looked like a half portion of plain boiled cauliflower, but that in all probability the object was an infant, a human infant—or, to use a common expression, a baby. Whereupon the lady drew herself up and remarked in the clipped accent of a parrot:

"No, sir; it's a carboniferous trilobite of the Upper Silurian."

This, indeed, piqued me. It made a difference. I said was it possible? Mrs. Pettengill said it was worse than possible; it was inevitable. She seemed about to rest there; so I accused her of ill-natured jesting and took up the previous day's issue of the Red Gap Recorder, meaning to appear bored. It worked.

"Well, if Professor Oswald Pennypacker don't call his infant that, you can bet your new trout rod he calls it something just as good. Mebbe I better read what the proud mother says."

"It would be the kind thing before you spread evil reports," I murmured in a tone of gentle rebuke.

So the woman polished her nose glasses and read a double sheet of long up-and-down calligraphy—that is, she read until she exploded in triumphant retort:

"Ha! There now! Don't I know a thing or two? Listen: 'Oswald is so enraptured with the mite; you would never guess what he calls it—"My little flower with bones and a voice!"' Now! Don't tell me I didn't have Oswald's number. I knew he wouldn't be satisfied to call it a baby; he'd be bound to name it something animal, vegetable or mineral. Ain't it the truth? 'Little flower with bones and a voice!' What do you know about that? That's a scientist trying to be poetic.

"And here—get this: She says that one hour after the thing was born the happy father was caught by the doctor and nurse seeing if it could hold its own weight up on a broomstick, like a monkey. She says he was acutely distressed when these authorities deprived him of the custody of his child. Wouldn't that fade you? Trying to see if a baby one hour old could chin itself! Quite all you would wish to know about Oswald."

I hastily said no; it was not nearly all I wanted to know about Oswald. I wanted to know much more. Almost anyone would. The lady once more studied the hairy face with its bone-rimmed glasses.

"Shucks!" said she. "He don't look near as proud in this as he does in that one he sent me himself—here, where is that thing?"

From the far end of the big table she brought under the lamp a basket of Indian weave and excavated from its trove of playing cards, tobacco sacks, cigarette papers, letters and odd photographs another snapshot of Oswald. It was a far different scene. Mere Oswald stood erect beside the mounted skeleton of some prehistoric giant reptile that dwarfed yet left him somehow in kingly triumph.

"There now!" observed the lady. "Don't he look a heap more egregious by that mess of bones than he does by his own flesh and blood? Talk about pride!"

And I saw that it was so. Here Oswald looked the whole world in the face, proud indeed! One hand rested upon the beast's kneecap in a proprietary caress. Oswald looked too insufferably complacent. It was the look to be forgiven a man only when he wears it in the presence of his first-born. If snapshots tell anything at all, these told that Oswald was the father of a mammoth sauropod and had merely dug up the baby in a fossil bed somewhere.

"That's where the man's heart really lies," said his stern critic, "even if he does drivel about his little flower with bones and a voice! Probably by now he's wishing the voice had been left out of his little flower." Impressively she planted a rigid forefinger on the print of the mounted skeleton.

"That there," she glibly rattled off, "is the organic remains of a three-toed woolly bronsolumphicus of the carboniferous limestone, or Upper Silurian trilobite period. I believe I have the name correct. It was dug up out of a dry lake in Wyoming that years ago got to be mere loblolly, so that this unfortunate critter bogged down in it. The poor thing passed on about six million or four hundred million years ago—somewhere along there. Oswald and his new father-in-law dug it from its quiet resting place in the old cemetery. Such is their thrilling work in life.

"This father-in-law is just an old body snatcher that snoops round robbing the graves of antiquity and setting up his loot in their museum at the university. No good telling that old ghoul to let the dead rest. He simply won't hear of it. He wants remains. He wants to have 'em out in the light of day and stick labels on their long-peaceful skulls. He don't act subdued or proper about it either, or kind of buttery sad, like a first-class undertaker. He's gleeful. Let him find the skeleton of something as big as a freight car, that perished far in the dead past, and he's as tickled as a kid shooting at little sister with his new air gun.

"Bones is his weakness—and periods of geology. He likes period bones the way some folks like period furniture; and rocks and geography and Lower Triassics, and so forth. He knows how old the earth is within a few hundred million years; how the scantling and joists for it was put together, and all the different kinds of teeth that wild animals have. He's a scientist. Oswald is a scientist. I was a scientist myself two summers ago when they was up here.

"By the time they left I could talk a lot of attractive words. I could speak whole sentences so good that I could hardly understand myself. Of course after they left I didn't keep up my science. I let myself get rusty in it. I probably don't know so much more about it now than you would. Oh, perhaps a little more. It would all come back to me if I took it up again."

So I said that I had nothing to do for an hour or so, and if she would not try to be scientific, but talk in her own homely words, I might consent to listen; in this event she might tell the whole thing, omitting nothing, however trifling it might seem to her, because she was no proper judge of values. I said it was true I might be overtaken by sleep, since my day had been a hard one, reaching clear to the trout pool under the big falls and involving the transportation back of seventeen rainbow trout weighing well over seventeen pounds, more or less, though feeling much like more. And what about Oswald and the primeval ooze, and so forth. And would it be important if true? The lady said—well, yes and no; but, however ——

The Fateful Moment Was at Hand for Which Nature Had Been Conspiring All These Ages

He's Professor Marwick up at the university—this confirmed old coroner I'm telling you about. Has a train of capital letters streaming along after he's all through with his name. I don't know what they mean—doctor of dental surgery, I guess, or zoölogy or fractions or geography, or whatever has to do with rocks and animals and vertebraes. He ain't a bad old scout out of business hours. He pirooted round here one autumn about a dozen years ago and always threatened to come back and hold some more of these here inquests on the long departed; but I heard nothing until two summers ago. He wrote that he wanted to come up to do field work. That's the innocent name he calls his foul trade by. And he wanted to bring his assistant, Professor Pennypacker; and could I put them up?

I said if they would wait till haying was over I could and would. He answered they would wait till my hay was garnered—that's the pretty word he used—and could he also bring his mouthless chit with him? I didn't quite make him. He writes a hand that would never get by in a business college. I thought it might be something tame he carried in a cage, and would stay quiet all day while he was out pursuing his repulsive practices. It didn't sound troublesome.

I never made a worse guess. It was his daughter he talked about that way. She was all right enough, though astounding when you had expected something highly zoölogical and mouthless instead of motherless. She was a tall roan girl with the fashionable streamline body, devoted to the ukulele and ladies' wearing apparel. But not so young as that sounds. Her general manner of

conduct was infantile enough, but she had tired eyes and a million little lines coming round 'em, and if you got her in a strong light you saw she was old enough to have a serious aim in life.

She did use massage cream and beauty lotions with a deep seriousness you wouldn't suspect her of when she sat out in the hammock in the moonlight and scratched this ukulele and acted the part of a mere porch wren. That was really the girl's trade; all she'd ever learned. Mebbe she had misspent her early youth, or mebbe she wasn't meant for anything else—just a butterfly with some of the gold powder brushed off and the wings a little mite crumpled.

Gee! How times have changed since I took my own hair out of a braid! In them fond old days when a girl didn't seem attractive enough for marriage she took up a career—school-teaching probably—and was looked at sidewise by her family. It's different now. In this advanced day a girl seems to start for the career first and take up marriage only when all other avenues is closed. She's the one that is now regarded by her brainy sisters as a failure. I consider it an evil state for the world to be in—but no matter; I can't do anything about it from up here, with haytime coming on.

Anyway, this Lydia girl had not been constructed for any career requiring the serious use of the head; and yet so far she had failed in the other one. She was on the way to being an outcast if she didn't pull something desperate pretty soon. She was looking down on thirty, and I bet her manner hadn't changed a bit since she was looking up to twenty.

Of course she'd learned things about her game. Living round a college she must of tried her wiles on at least ten graduating classes of young men. Naturally she'd learned technique and feminine knavery. She was still flirty enough. She had a little short upper lip that she could lift with great pathos. And the party hadn't more than landed here when I saw that at last she did have a serious aim in life.

It was this here assistant to her father, who was named Professor Oswald Pennypacker; and he was a difficult aim in life, because he didn't need a wife any more than the little dicky birds need wrist watches. You seen his picture there. About thirty-five he was and had devoted all his years to finding out the names of wild animals, which is said to be one of our best sciences. He hadn't got round to women yet. A good snappy skeleton of one might of entertained him if he could of dug it up himself and called it a sedimentary limestone; but he had never trifled with one that was still in commission and ornamented with flesh and clothes.

And fussy! I wish you could of seen that man's room after he had carefully unpacked! A place for everything, and he had everything too—everything in the world. And if someone switched his soap over to where his tooth paste belonged it upset his whole day. The Chink never dared to go into his room after the first morning. Oswald even made his own bed. Easy to call him an old maid, but I never saw any woman suffer as much agony in her neatness.

His shoes had to be in a row, and his clothes and hats and caps had to be in a row, and there was only one hook in the room his pyjamas could lawfully hang on, and his talcum powder had to stand exactly between the mosquito dope and the bay rum, which had to be flanked precisely by his manicure tools and succeeded by something he put on his hair, which was going the way of all flesh. If some marauder had entered his room in the night and moved his compass over to where his fountain pen belonged he would of woke up instantly and screamed.

And then his new wardrobe trunk! This was a great and holy joy that had come into his bleak life; all new and shiny and complicated, with a beautiful brass lock, one side for clothes on correct hangers and the other side full of drawers and compartments and secret recesses, where he could hide things from himself. It was like a furnished flat, that trunk. And this was his first adventure out in the great cruel world with it. He cherished it as a man had ought to cherish his bride.

He had me in to gaze upon it that first afternoon. You'd of thought he was trying to sell it to me, the way he showed it off. It stood on end, having a bulge like a watermelon in the top, so no vandal could stand it up wrong; and it was wide open to show the two insides. He opened up every room in it, so I could marvel at 'em. He fawned on that trunk. And at the last he showed me a little brass hook he had screwed into the side where the clothes hangers was. It was a very important hook. He hung the keys of the trunk on it; two keys, strung on a cord, and the cord neatly on the hook. This, he told me, was so the keys would never get lost.

"I always have a dread I may lose those keys," says he. "That would be a catastrophe indeed, would it not? So I plan to keep them on that hook; then I shall always know where they are."

The crafty wretch! He could wake up in the night and put his hand on those keys in the dark. Probably he often done so. I spoke a few simple words of praise for his sagacity. And after this interesting lecture on his trunk and its keys, and a good look at the accurate layout of his one million belongings, I had his number. He was the oldest living boy scout.

And this poor girl with the designful eyes on him was the oldest living débutante. I learned afterward that the great aim of science is classification. I had these two classified in no time, like I'd been pottering away at science all my life. Why, say, this Oswald person even carried a patent cigar lighter that worked! You must of seen hundreds of them nickel things that men pay money for. They work fine in the store where you buy 'em. But did you ever see one work after the man got it outside, where he needed it? The owner of one always takes it out, looking strained and nervous, and presses the spring; and nothing happens except that he swears and borrows a match. But Oswald's worked every time. It was uncanny! Only a boy scout could of done it.

She Never for One Instant Give to That it Wasn't Simple to Open a Trunk Without the Key

So they got settled and the field work begun next day. The two men would ride off early to a place about five miles north of here that used to be an ancient lake—so I was told. I don't know whether it did or not. It's dry enough now. It certainly can't be considered any part of our present water supply. They would take spades and hammers and magnifying glasses and fountain pens, and Oswald's cigar lighter and some lunch, and come back at night with a fine mess of these here trilobites and vertebræ and ganoids and petrified horseflies, and I don't know what all; mebbe oyster shells, or the footprints of a bird left in solid rock, or the outlines of starfish, or a shrimp that was fifty-two million years old and perfectly useless.

They seemed to have a good time. And Oswald would set up late writing remarks about the petrified game they had brought in.

I didn't used to see much of 'em, except at night when we'd gather for the evening meal. But their talk at those times did wonders for me. All about the aims of science and how we got here and what of it. The Prof was a bulky old boy, with long gray hair and long black eyebrows, and the habit of prevailing in argument. Him and Oswald never did agree on anything in my hearing, except the Chink's corn muffins; and they looked kind of mad at each other when they had to agree on them.

Take the age of this earth on which we make our living. They never got within a couple of hundred million years of each other. Oswald was strong for the earth's being exactly fifty-seven million years old. Trust him to have it down fine! And the old man hung out for four hundred million. They used to get all fussed up about this.

They quoted authorities. One scientist had figured close and found it was fifty-six million years. And another, who seemed to be a headliner in the world of science, said it was between twenty million and four hundred million, with a probability of its being ninety-eight million. I kind of liked that scientist. He seemed so human, like a woman in a bean-guessing contest at the county fair. But still another scientist had horned in with a guess of five hundred million years, which was at least easy to remember.

Of course I never did much but listen, even when they argued this thing that I knew all about; for back in Fredonia, New York, where I went to Sunday school, it was settled over fifty years ago. Our dear old paster told us the earth was exactly six thousand years old. But I let the poor things talk on, not wanting to spoil their fun. When one of 'em said the world was made at least fifty-seven million years ago I merely said it didn't look anywhere near as old as that, and let it go.

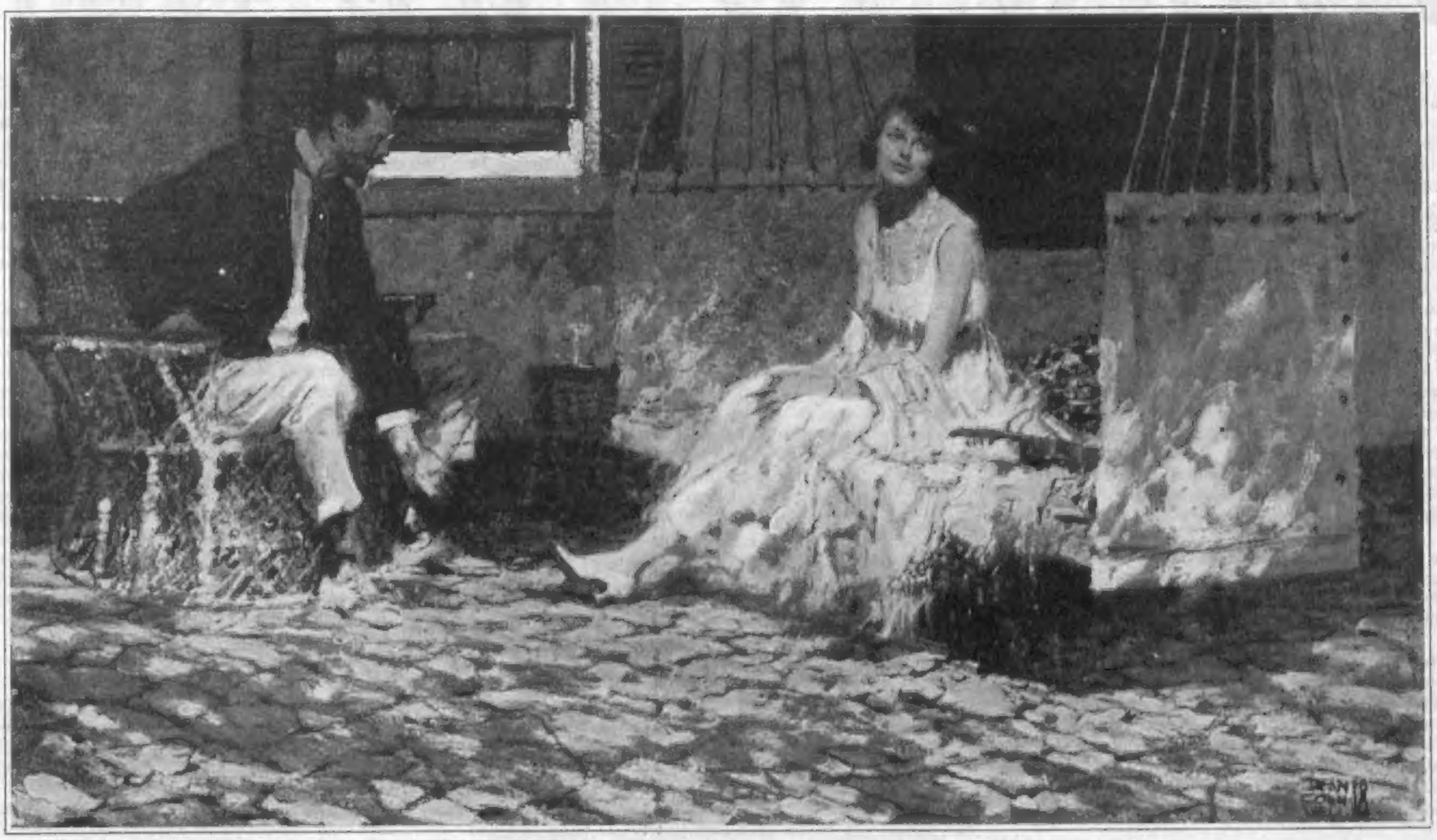
We had some merry little meals for about a month. If it wasn't the age of God's footstool it would be about what we are descended from, the best bet in sight being that it's from fishes that had lungs and breathed under water as easy as anything, which at least put dimmers on that old monkey scandal in our ancestry. Or, after we moved outside on the porch, which we had to do on account of Oswald smoking the very worst cigars he was able to find in all the world, they would get gabby about all things in the world being simply nothing, which is known to us scientists as metaphysics.

Metaphysics is silly-simple—like one, two, three. It consists of subject and object. I only think I'm knitting this here sock. There ain't any sock here and there ain't any me. We're illusions. The sound of that Chink washing dishes out in the kitchen is a mere sensation inside my head. So's the check for eighty dollars I will have to hand him on the first of the month—though the fool bank down in Red Gap will look on it with uneducated eyes and think it's real. Philosophers have dug into these matters and made 'em simple for us. It took thousands of books to do it; but it's done at last. Everything is nothing. Ask any scientist; he'll make it just as clear to you as a mist in a fog.

And even nothing itself ain't real. They go to that extreme. Not even empty space is real. And the human mind can't comprehend infinite space. I got kind of hot when one of 'em said that. I asked 'em right off whether the human mind could comprehend space that had an end to it. Of course it can't comprehend anything else but infinite space. I had 'em, all right; they had to change the subject. So they switched over to free will. None of us has it.

That made me hot again. I told 'em to try for even five minutes and see if they could act as if they didn't have the power of choice. Of course I had 'em again. Mebbe there ain't free will, but we can't act as if there wasn't. Those two would certainly make the game of poker impossible if folks believed 'em.

I nearly broke up the party that night. I said it was a shame young men was being taught such stuff when they could just as well go to some good agricultural college and



This Here Lydia Made No Effort Whatever to Keep Up With the World's Best Thought. She Didn't Seem to Care if She Never Perfected Her Intellect

learn about soils and crops and what to do in case of a sick bull. Furthermore, I wanted to know what they would do to earn their daily bread when they'd got everything dug up and labeled. Pretty soon they'd have every last organic remains put into a catalogue, the whole set complete and unbroken—and then what? They'd be out of a job.

The Prof laughed and said let the future take care of itself. He said we couldn't tell what might happen, because, as yet, we was nothing really but supermonkeys. That's what he called our noble race—supermonkeys! So I said yes; and these here philosophers that talked about subject and object and the nothingness of nothing reminded me of monkeys that get hold of a looking-glass and hold it up and look into it, and then sneak one paw round behind the glass to catch the other monkey. So he laughed again and said "Not bad, that!"

You could kid the Prof, which is more than I can say for Oswald. Oswald always took a joke as if you'd made it beside the casket holding all that was mortal of his dear mother. In the presence of lightsome talk poor Oswald was just a chill. He was an eater of spoon-meat, and finicking. He could talk like Half Hours With the World's Best Authors, and yet had nothing to say but words.

Still, I enjoyed them evenings. I learned to be interested in vital questions and to keep up with the world's best thought, in company with these gents that was a few laps ahead of it. But not so with the motherless chit. This here Lydia made no effort whatever to keep up with the world's best thought. She didn't seem to care if she never perfected her intellect. It would of been plain to any eye that she was spreading a golden mesh for the Oswald party; yet she never made the least clumsy effort to pander to his high ideals.

She was a wonder, that girl! All day she would set round the house, with her hair down, fixing over a lace waist or making fudge, and not appearing to care much about life. Come night, when the party was due to return, she would spry up, trick herself out in something squashy, with the fashionable streamlike effect and a pretty pair of hammock stockings with white slippers, and become an animated porch wren. That seemed to be the limit of her science.

Most motherless chits would of pretended a feverish interest in the day's hunt for fossil cockroaches, and would even of gone out to chip off rocks with a hammer; but not Lydia. She would never pretend to the least infatuation for organic remains, and would, like as not, strike up something frivolous on her ukulele while Oswald was right in the middle of telling all about the secret of life. She was confident all the time, though, like she already had him stuffed and mounted. She reminded me of that girl in the play What Every Woman Thinks She Knows.

Lydia had great ideas of cooking, which is an art to ensnare males. She said she was a dandy cook and could make Saratoga chips that was all to the Kenosha—whatever that meant. Think of it—Saratoga chips! Over eight hundred ways to cook potatoes, and all good but one; and, of course, she'd have to hit on this only possible way to absolutely ruin potatoes. She could cook other things, too—fudge and stuffed eggs and cheese straws, the latter being less than no food at all. It gives you a line on her.

I suppose it was all you could expect from a born débutante that had been brought up to be nice to college boys on a moonlit porch, allowing them to put another sofa pillow back of her, and wearing their class pins, and so forth. And here she was come to thirty, with fudge and cheese straws and the ukulele still bounding her mental horizon, yet looking far above her station to one of Oswald's serious magnitude.

I never have made out what she saw in him. But then we never do. She used to kid about him—and kid him, for that matter. She'd say to me: "He does care frightfully about himself, doesn't he?" And she said to me and said to him that he had mice in his wainscoting. Mice or rats, I forget which. Any wise bookmaker would of posted her up in this race as a hundred-to-one shot. She had plenty of blandishment for Oswald, but not his kind. She'd try to lure him with furtive femininity and plaintive melodies when she ought to have been putting on a feverish interest in organic fauna. Oswald generally looked through or past her. He give a whole lot more worry to whether his fountain pen would clog up on him. They was both set in their ways, and they was different ways; it looked to me like they never could meet. They was like a couple of trained seals that have learned two different lines of tricks.

Of course Oswald was sunk at last, sunk by a chance shot; and there was no doubt about his being destroyed, quantities of oil marking the surface where he went down. But it seemed like pure chance. Yet, if you believe Oswald and scientific diagnosis, he'd been up against it since the world was first started, twenty million or five hundred million years ago—I don't really know how many; but what's a few million years between scientists? I don't know that I really care. It's never kept me wakeful a night yet. I'd sooner know how to get eighty-five per cent of calves.

Anyway, it was Oswald's grand new wardrobe trunk that had been predestined from the world's beginning to set him talkative about his little flower with bones and a voice; this same new wardrobe trunk that was the pride of his barren life and his one real worry because he might sometime lose the keys to it.

It's an affecting tale. It begun the night Oswald wanted the extra table put in his room. They'd come in that day with a good haul of the oldest inhabitants round here that had passed to their long rest three million years ago—petrified fishworms and potato bugs, and so forth, and rocks with bird tracks on 'em. Oswald was as near human as I'd seen him, on account of having found a stone caterpillar or something—I know it had a name longer than it was; it seemed to be one like no one else had, and would therefore get him talked about, even if it had passed away three million years before the Oregon Short Line was built.

And Oswald went on to ask if he could have this extra table in his room, because these specimens of the disturbed dead was piling up on him and he wanted to keep 'em in order. He had lighted one of his terrible cigars; so I said I would quickly go and see about a table. I said that with his venomous cigar going I would quickly have to go and see about something or else have my olfactory nerve resected, which was a grand scientific phrase I had brightly picked out and could play with one finger. It means having something done so you can't smell any more.

The Prof laughed heartily, but Oswald only said he hadn't supposed I would feel that way, considering the kind of tobacco my own cigarettes was made of, though he was sorry and would hereafter smoke out of doors. He took a joke like a child taking castor oil. Anyway, I went out and found a spare table in the storeroom, and the Chink took it to Oswald's room.

The fateful moment was at hand for which Nature had been conspiring all these ages. The Chink held the table up against him, with the legs sticking out, and Oswald went ahead to show him where to put it. Close by the door, inside his room, was the lovely, yawning new trunk. Oswald must of been afraid one of the table legs would spear it and mar its fair varnish. He raised one hand to halt the table, then closed the trunk tenderly, snapped the lock, and moved it over into the corner, beyond chance of desecration.

Then he give careful directions for placing the table, which had to be carried round the foot of the bed and past another table, which held marine fossils and other fishbones. It was placed between this table and still another, which held Oswald's compass and microscope and his kill-kare kamp stove and his first-aid kit and his sportsman's belt safe—all neatly arranged in line. I had followed to see if there was anything more he needed, and

(Continued on Page 70)

GOING TO THE SUN

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

TO A VAST number of men this war has meant not death but wounding. Some of the wounds have been slight. Others there are who will bear for the rest of their lives these honorable scars.

Honorable scars indeed. Wounds and mutilations suffered by men doing men's work. Men have cast their bodies into the furnace of war, that the soul of the world may live. Men have agonized, that this world agony may end. And many there are who will bear, to the end of this life, the honorable scars of courage and high purpose.

To the soldier battles and woundings are his work and the price he pays for that work. For the soldier gives; he does not receive. He gives everything—his strength, his courage, his body, often his life. And what is there in the gift of the world to pay him for these things? He pays—with his life or with his body.

After all, the soul is greater than the body. No mutilation touches the spirit of a man. It is the soul we love, not the faulty and feeble body which hampers and restricts us. The body may be hurt, but the soul lives on, the essence of the man, the unkillable soul, to carry on through the years.

There comes to every wounded man, first pain, then peace, and then—thought. War is over, for him. On the battle front his brothers are still struggling. He may indeed hear the very guns that have now so real a meaning to him. And he has survived.

War is over, and life is his, to do with it what he may. And he may feel at first that life has been bought at too dear a cost. He cannot know, so far away, that the one thing we fear, we who must stay at home and wait and pray, is death. We are terrified at the thought of wounds, for the suffering that they bring; but it is only death that leaves us in the dust. Only death that means more separation, more long waiting and more prayers.

What Makes Man's Life

WE WANT our men to come back. We want them whole and strong if that is the will of God. But we want them. With every fiber of us, as a nation and as individuals, we want them. Broken of body, cut off from the light of day—what does it matter, so they come back to us?

And we would say to them:

"You have done your part. You have paid your price. And back at home a nation waits to do you honor and to give you your chance still to carry on. The country for which you fought stands ready to fight for you and with you. Not the eddy but life itself with all its fullness is to be yours if you will but take it.

"The home fires are burning for all who shall return from the war. But the brightest fires are waiting for those who have turned back a little time from the doors of the long peace.

"We want you, our boys and our men. We are going to stand back of you. As we have suffered with you so we want to look forward with you. God has been good. He has saved you to us, even though he has marked your body with honorable scars. The book is still open, with many pages yet to write in it.

"What are you going to write in it?

"One fight is over, but there are battles before you. Are you going to surrender or to carry on?

"Three things there are that make up a man's life: Work, play and love, and the greatest of these is love."

Two Sorts of Courage

"LOVE is a thing of the spirit, not of the body. As it survives death so it survives mutilation and wounds. It is greater in trouble, not less. It is dauntless, brave and enduring. It goes out to all injury in a great flood, the mother over her child, the girl to her lover, the wife to her man. It carries with it the additional tenderness of suffering. It grows, not lessens, with trouble.

"To the soldier wounded in battle it adds to that tenderness something more. It pays tribute. His injury instead of cutting him off from his world places that world at his feet. It owes him a debt, and it would pay that debt.

"It owes him safety. It would make him safe. It owes him peace. It would give him peace. It owes him the chance to work and play and love. It would give him the chance to work and play and love.

"But it can only give him the chance. His place is ready if he will but take it. Are you going to carry on?

"Readjusting is hard. It is difficult to see things from a new angle. When to that difficulty is added the handicap of injury it takes great courage. But we are a courageous people, and the best of us are in this war. So there is the courage, and there will be the chance. What then?

"All through the civilized world to-day are men with your handicaps, and worse. Brave men, who have risen above infirmity and made places for themselves. Men who work and play and love. Men who smile. Men who count. Men who sing in the morning. Men who thank God daily for the boon of life.

"Soldiers, indeed, who have fought the battle against odds, and won.

"It will be a fight. No battle worth winning is an easy battle. But the man who fights it and wins has shown himself a man indeed. He has fought it out alone. We who watch and wait and pray cannot do it for him. We can but stand behind him, watching and waiting and praying—that he win out with himself, that he still find the world good; that he know our love is his, the one unchanging thing in a changing world, and that over all is a God who sometimes breaks the body that the soul may have space to grow.

"There are two sorts of courage: There is physical courage, the sort that sends a man beyond that breaking point close to the enemy, into the very trenches where he lurks. And there is another and higher form of courage, moral courage. It is the second wind of the runner. It is the bravery of a woman who bears a child. It was the resolute cheerfulness behind that first shipload of crippled soldiers exchanged to England from German prison camps, when they shouted in unison, again and again: 'Are we downhearted? No!'"

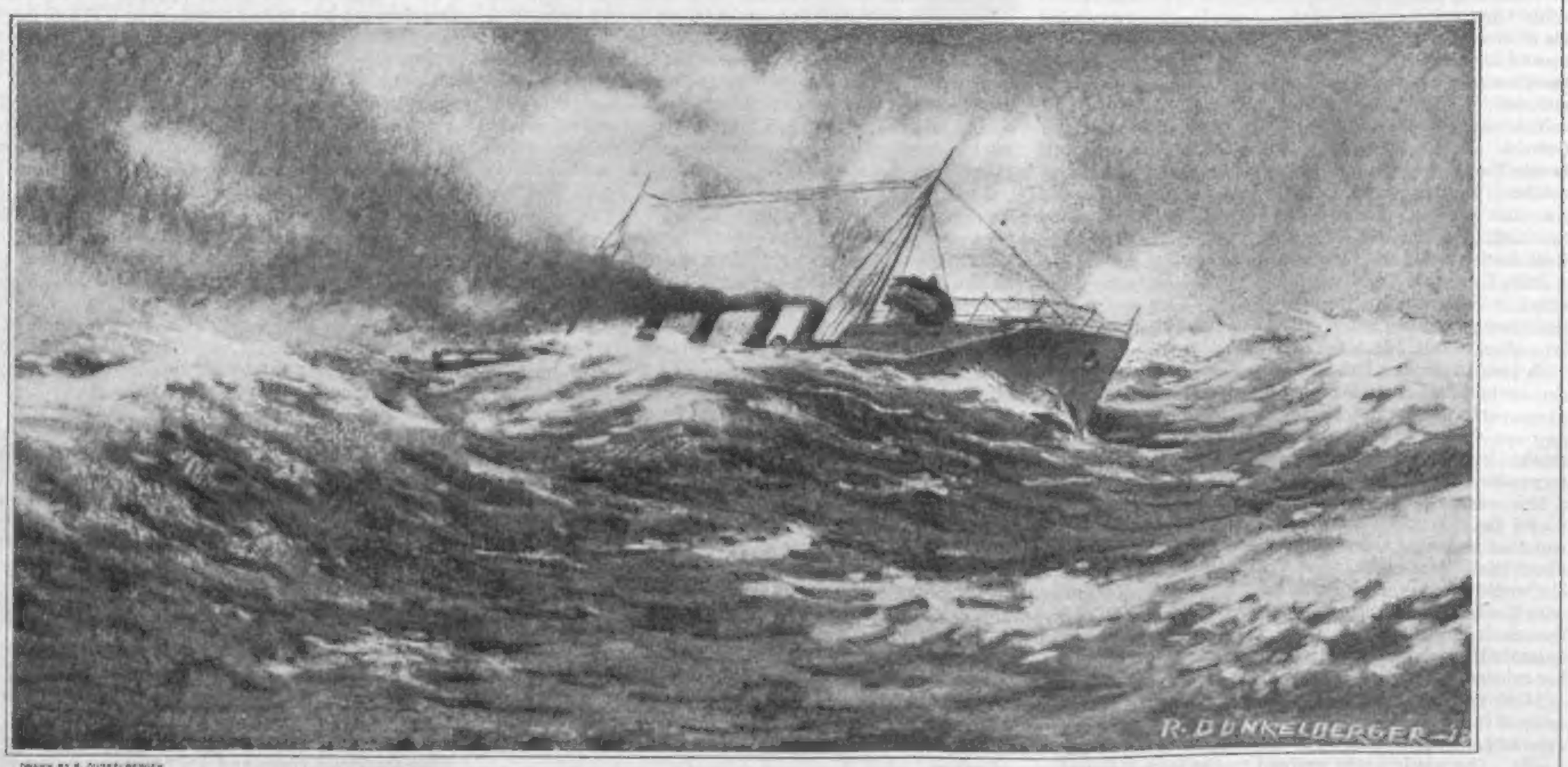
The Indians' Guiding Mark

"YET among them were those whose eyes were closed for the rest of life, those who would not be whole again, some who would not even walk about on this pleasant earth. Greater than the body, the soul; greater than wounds, courage.

"For many of them the old ways were done. But they knew that only the old paths were closed to them. Opening up ahead there were new roads to take. There was still a way to the sun.

"Far out in our western mountains there is a great white peak which the Indians call Going to the Sun. It was the guiding mark for many a weary war party in the old days. Night and enemies might be about, the braves lost; but in the morning came dawn, and catching the first rays of the morning light stood old Going to the Sun, pointing the way.

"Moral courage must be our Going to the Sun. There will be night and then there will be day. And in that day we shall find ourselves."



DRAWN BY R. DUNKELBERGER

The Letters of William Green

By JAMES W. FOLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

MY DEAR AUNT: Henry Begg and me were reading in the paper about so mutch wurk to do on the farm and perhaps losing part of the cropps on account of not enuf hired men and then we happend to think of you and Uncle William and maybe you would lose part of yours and we wunderd if we could help you any this summer and in the fall.

Henry said you have always been so good to us it would be too bad to see you lose any cropp if we could help you any and so we thought we would write to you and see and let you do just as you like about it.

Henry wunderd if you remembered about us being down there three years ago in summer vacashun and how you and Uncle William and Henry and me enjoyed the chicken pie and everything to eat. It seems a long time when you think about it and probily we happend to think about it becaws it is vacashun again now and Henry and me are ankshus for some kind of wurk with kind peopul who would treat wurking boys well.

Henry is all heeled up now from the scaurs he got on his stummick when they rolled him on the ranebarrel with the nale in it to save him from drownding and you would probily be glad to see the scaurs if we should come down. Being on his stummick they would not interfear with farm wurk Henry said.

We are both quite strong for our sighs and we would not ask any favvers on account of you being our uncle and aunt. Henry figgered out a skeem for wurk if we should come down but it can be changed if you and Uncle William think so. Here is Henry's idea of it:

Fore o'clock, both get up and milk all possibul cows till urly brekfust probily about six o'clock.

Six o'clock, probily brekfust witch would last about half an ower according to the way Henry and me have got it figgered out. What do you think about it? Maybe a little longer, probily?

Seven o'clock, probily choars around the house like chopping wood and feeding chickens and raking the yard and carrying wotter and helping to wash and churning and skimming milk and carrying it to piggs and going on errunds for you and Uncle William very promt and soon back with whatever it is. Henry and me could do two erruns at once in opposut direckshuns and save a grate deel of time.

Henry is very careful about promt errunds witch he lurnt from his muther sevrel years ago when he went for the dockter in a hurry to save his littul bruther's life when he swallode the peech stoan and settuld in his windpipe his muther thought.

Henry would have been back a grate deel quicker exept for passing a ball gaim witch was very close and exsiting in the steth inning and Henry wated a minnet to see the last two innings plade and forgot about the peech stoan in his littul bruther's windpipe for quite a long time becaws it was so exsiting.

After our side wun Henry remembered about the peech stoan in his littul bruther's windpipe yet and started to run to make up time and rite on the way to the dockter's there was a long dog fite and a fast runnaway and a big fire witch was very hard for Henry to go fast through all of them.

It seemed to be a grate day for exsitement and axsidents starting with the peech stoan going down his littul bruther's windpipe and through the ball gaim and then the dog fite and the runnaway and ending with a fire.

Scawlding Will Nearly Always Stop a Dog Fite But You Do Not Always Have the Teekettul Handy

Henry wundered what to do about passing the dog fite witch was a big bull dog witch had furst bit anuther one rite between the stoar and the postoffice in the middul of July when a dog is full of highderfobya if he bites you and both of the mane dogs in the fite were rite in Henry's way to the dockter's office.

After watching it for a wile and very mutch wurried Henry happened to think about going around the dog fite but he would have to go a long ways becaws you never can tell where dogs will be the next minnet of a fite.

Henry said once two dogs had a fite rite on their back porch and came through the kitchen dore and nearly bit his muther in the pantry befoar she could scawld them out of the teekettul. Scawlding will neerly always stop a dog fite but you do not always have the teekettul handy espeshully if it is out in the street.

So Henry went around a long ways watching the fite all the time to be sure of not getting in it and then the runnaway came out of the ally and Henry had to wate to see witch way it would go becaws you never can tell. After wile it went through a plate glass windo on Mane Street doing a littul dammidge befoar it was cott by the stoarkeeper who was mutch supprized when it came through that way and then Henry started for the dockter's office the thurd time and just mist the hose cart when the fire bell rang and would have been the last of Henry if he had not mist it when he did.

Henry said it was the hardest errund he ever tride to do and when he got home with the dockter it was half past five and he started about three o'clock. It was luckey for Henry his littul bruther coffed up the peech stoan rite after Henry started for the dockter and Henry said from the way he figgered it out his littul bruther must have coffed it up about the middul of the ninth inning, from what his muther said. So it came out all rite exsept for Henry for being so long. Henry said he would hate to think what would have happened to him if his littul bruther had not coffed up the peech stoan in the ninth inning becaws enuf happend anyway after the dockter went away.

It made a grate impreshun on Henry and if you and Uncle William should swallow anything or have any axsident Henry's expearyence would be very valyubul in going for the dockter dont you think so?

HENRY'S IDEA AGAIN

Nine o'clock, probily go to the feald to wurk if the choars are through by that time. We could wurk easy the furst few days till Henry and me got used to it but after that you could not scare us with all the wurk there is.

If you should want us to come down Henry and me would start exsersizing rite away and would be pretty tuff by the time we got there and could get the last of our exersize in the feald. Dont you think so?

Henry is quite strong anyway. Henry and me were coming home from the grosserey stoar with ten pounds of granewlated sugar the uther day and Henry put it strate out with one arm and ballanced it for a cupple minnets and would have brought it strate back without hardley bending his arm if it had not slipt off of his hand. It fell in the rode and broke the bag open but by scraping and being careful Henry and me saved a grate deel and we put it in a new bag. It was a littul dustey from being in the rode but just as sweet when we tasted it. It was our sugar and Henry and me took it home and went in the kitchen very quiet and emtied it in the sugar binn ourselves and blew most of the dust out of it before we told my muther we were back with it. It was a quite small ten pounds of sugar though after Henry dropt it in the rode becaws a good deel of it could not be scrapt up.

HENRY'S IDEA AGAIN

Twelve o'clock, probily walk back a cupple miles to the house and help carry out the dinner for the men wurking in the feald. Or we mite ride out with it in the wagon probily and be sure the men would get it. Henry and me could eat ours on the way and save time.

One o'clock, probily back at wurk in the feald till five or six o'clock.

Five or six, probily bring in the cows and milk all possibul cows till supper time.

Seven o'clock, probily supper and very hungrey by now, dont you think so?

Ate o'clock, probily reddy for bed to be up at fore o'clock at the cows again.

END OF HENRY'S IDEA

It seems like a bizzey day when you read it over but Henry and me would do it all rite after a littul practice. We could get a fine rest on Sunday probily and be back at the cows again brite and urly Monday morning. Dont you think so? Henry and me thought maybe we could get off about fore o'clock Satterday and fish a littul wile and then we would go to Sunday school the next day and make up for it if there is any bandey.

Henry said he could not bare to think of not doing some kind of wurk this summer when the country kneads all the men and we would both be willing to come for our bored and of course we would be willing to leave it to you and Uncle William if you thought we urned any more and if we did it would probably not be over a cupple dollers anyway and could be pade when we start back to school and would probily be spent for new slates or school books or in some good cawz. Henry said he would probily buy war stamps with his so none of it would be wasted but would go rite back to the guverment anyway.

Besides helping you and Uncle William save the croppe from being spoilt it would be a good thing for Henry to come anyway becaws he fell in love again a cupple weeks

(Concluded on Page 43)

Henry Gaspt and Almost Swallode a Peace of Tar He Was Chewing She Was So Lusty

Henry Would Have Brought It Strate Back Without Bending His Arm if It Had Not Slipt

FACING THE FACTS

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

JIMMY ORDWAY'S ideas about money were—well, sketchy. He had never really earned any and he had always had such a lot. Money was something you had to have on occasion. He had learned that once when an accident had found him in Biarritz without any money at all, not even enough to wire his bank in Paris; and he had had the very devil of a time for half a day before he found somebody he knew. Usually when you wanted a meal or a motor car in a strange place you just mentioned your name and they immediately gave it to you.

When his father died and the estate turned out to be a hollow shell Jimmy had sat down with a pencil and figured it all out. The lawyers had offered to manage things for him. But Jimmy had said it required only the courage to face the facts and the common sense to be practicable. He had The Point—which was a very simple and very charming place indeed. The five or six acres were a little peninsula jutting out into Peconic Bay. There was the studio he had built on his return from Paris and Julien's. There was a house in the very best Dutch tradition, the outside walls weathered by a hundred years to a color no painter could ever mix and the inside fitted with the very best plumbing and a hot-water heating plant. There was a garage big enough for one car. There was even a car; a quite magnificent car, a smart roadster with a body by Binns. Finally, there was an odd lot of bonds aggregating eleven thousand or twelve thousand dollars.

Jimmy had called it twelve thousand—for round numbers; and multiplied it by .06—for six per cent, you know. The bonds averaged rather less than five and a half, but Jimmy understood that you could get six if you shopped round a bit. The sum came to $720. Of course there was no use in that. John Malone and his wife Kate, who had taken care of the place for fourteen years and who couldn't be fired even if one could do with less service than that, got $75 a month. And $75 a month came to rather more than $720 a year. It would be silly to hang on to a few bonds, bonds that wouldn't pay the servants' wages. It wasn't, to use Jimmy's word, practicable.

The practicable thing, Jimmy decided, was to use the twelve thousand for current expenses until such time as his portraits brought him a living. He would cut down to the last notch. He had a house, a studio and an excellent set of golf clubs. What more should an artist ask; except, of course, three meals a day? Why, he could live three years on that twelve thousand. And when all his money was gone his career as a painter would be well begun. It would be an excellent idea to have an exhibition at once. He had done five portraits; he would do one more. "Six Portraits by James Ordway"—that was a good line for an announcement. He would do a portrait of Clare—which reminded him that he was to marry Clare in two months. How was he to maintain an establishment for two?

It was then that Jimmy faced the fact that this was no such college boy's adventure as his half day without money at Biarritz. He loved Clare. Clare was such a good sport. He couldn't sacrifice her just because she was willing to be sacrificed.

Jimmy dreamed that night of being so besieged with orders for portraits that he and Clare had to go to the Bermudas for the winter in order to escape his clients. But the next morning he drove the big roadster over to Clare's and told her very solemnly that he was not in a position to marry her.

"I shall have to give you up," he said with his head up and speaking very evenly, "unless—unless you're willing to wait for me."

Clare had put an arm through his.

"Jimmy," she said, "will you ever grow up?"

"I am older than you are," said Jimmy. "I am old enough to face—to know that this is serious."

"Yes," said Clare, "it is serious. It is very serious. Because I'm going to marry you anyway."

They decided to live at The Point all the year round until Jimmy got the portraits going; except of course when they were invited for the week-end, as they frequently would be. They would live very simply and do no entertaining; except, of course, tea and little dinners for four or six of their most intimate friends; and they could manage with only one maid besides old Kate and John. Thus the twelve thousand would last at least two years.

There Wasn't a Shadow of a Doubt. It Was a Real Portrait

At the end of two years, on a June morning so lovely that it hurt, Jimmy stood in front of his easel, whistling as he worked. The twelve thousand had been used up some months before. But Jimmy was not painting a thousand-dollar portrait. He was completing an experiment in water color. The fact was his exhibition of six portraits had not been wholly satisfactory. Several of the papers had noticed it pleasantly. But Andrew Forrest, whose opinion is the only one in America that counts, had contented himself with a single line:

"Mr. James Ordway is exhibiting six portraits at Coke's."

If Andrew Forrest had devoted his leading article to him Jimmy would have been made on the spot. Not that the general public would have been any the wiser. But those wealthy buyers who follow Andrew Forrest measure the value of a picture by the number of words he writes about the painter. When Andrew Forrest thinks you are important enough to roast to the turn of a column—which is twelve hundred words—you are wise to ask $1200 for the least of your pictures. You can get it. But Andrew Forrest had devoted only nine words to Jimmy—counting the "Mr." And, as Jimmy remarked at the time, $9 is not a practicable price for a full-length portrait.

Jimmy had painted two more portraits of Clare and he had books full of sketches for figures, but he was beginning to think more about landscapes. He had spent a happy winter with an etching press that somebody had loaned him; then he had done a series of twenty-four pastels; and now he was falling in love with a third medium. And the fact is water color and paper cost less than paint and canvas.

On January first Jimmy had had a bad hour figuring up that when he had paid the current bills his balance in the bank would be rather less than $50. And he hadn't a single order in sight. Any other man than Jimmy would have been frightened and had a heart-to-heart talk with his wife and got a job of illustrating or something. But Jimmy was more deeply in love with Clare than ever and highly resolved to face the facts all by himself. Jimmy was so determined not to worry Clare by so much as a phrase or a frown that he forgot all about his bankruptcy until the next month's bills came in. And then he had taken two landscapes down to Coke's and borrowed three hundred of Tom Wilson. Two months later Coke's had sold the landscapes for two hundred apiece. Jimmy had told Tom his good luck and offered to pay up, but Tom had waved him off.

So Jimmy whistled while he worked on his water color. He was not whistling for money either. He was not thinking about money, even subconsciously. He was thinking about his water color. But somewhere in the back of his mind was a happy consciousness of well-being—born of his knowledge that the housemaid was setting the table for two on the terrace, and that the sunlight made a golden pattern on the studio floor, and that presently Clare would come in and put her arm through his and make him come to lunch. And after lunch they would drive over to Shinnecock and play eighteen holes.

Jimmy stepped back to survey his sketch and saw John Malone coming down the studio walk with the morning's mail. He seemed to have a lot. Jimmy frowned. It must be the day bills came.

"The mail, sir," said John Malone.

"Come in, John," said Jimmy. "I want to give you a check."

John came in.

"Just as you like, sir."

Jimmy sat down at the long table, found a pen and wrote crisply.

"How much do I owe you by now, John?" he asked as he held out the check for $75.

"Why, sir, this pays us to date, I take it—to June first, that is, sir."

"I know," Jimmy said; "but you know I'm always borrowing cash of you when I haven't any on hand. Have you kept track of it?"

"Why, more or less, sir," said John.

"Well, how much is it?"

"Why, I'd have to look it up, sir."

"But, John, you know about how much, don't you?"

"Well, sir, we were all square on the first of the year, sir."

"And ——"

"It's—why, it's not more than $400, sir."

Jimmy counted the months on his fingers.

"January, February, March, April, May—that's five months."

He multiplied 75 by 5 on the stub of the check he had just drawn. It came to 375. But that didn't seem right. He tried it again slowly. It came to 375 precisely.

"Why, John," he said, "I've only paid you $375 since the first of the year."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you mean I've borrowed more money of you than I've paid you?"

"Well, now, I wouldn't say that, sir. I wouldn't say for sure how much it was without looking it up. I said $400 as a sort of guess, sir."

"Good Lord!" said Jimmy.

John turned to go.

"It's quite all right, sir."

Jimmy tore open the first envelope in the pile John had brought him.

"It's quite all wrong," he said fiercely.

He looked down at the bill. It was a bill from Stannards', who sell everything, from silk stockings to lawn mowers. The amount was $577.22. And it wasn't a

mistake either; Stannards' didn't make mistakes. But what had Clare been buying?

May 5 30 Yards nainsook, $0.75	$22.50
12 Yards cretonne, $1.50	18.00
3 Rods, $0.30	.90

What the devil! Oh, yes, those items had some connection with the nursery Clare was having fitted up. It did seem a little premature. But of course ——

His eye moved on down the list:

1 Chamois	$0.50
1 Chamois	.85
1 Cover	.24
1 Cover	.30
1 Cover	.42

Jimmy twisted a thick lock of hair between his fingers. What were all these covers at different prices? Covers for what?

6 Electric globes, $0.65	$3.90
1 Dozen hooks	.08
1 Dozen hooks	.08
3 Brooms, at $1.45	4.35

Evidently Clare had been doing household shopping that day. Doubtless "covers" had something to do with it. But the next item was:

1 Blouse	$16.50

and it was followed by:

1 Sweater	$28.75
1 Blouse	6.85

So she had discovered a bargain or two! Well, one ought to take advantage of bargains. But why buy three brooms all at once?

Jimmy turned to the second page of the list and saw the items:

1 Dozen balls	$ 9.00
1 Tire	61.32

"Gee!" he said involuntarily. He had bought those golf balls and that tire himself. $61.32 for one tire! That was what came of driving the roadster, with its 37 by 5 tires. If he could only get hold of enough money to buy a flivver—why, you could buy a whole set of 30 by 3½ tires for the price of one 37 by 5.

"The fact is," said Jimmy, "I'm too poor to be economical."

He folded up the bill without reading any farther.

"The fact is," he said to himself, "that that bill is for more than $500 and most of it is three months overdue. That's the fact. What difference does it make what the items are?"

He sat with his elbow on the table running his hand through his hair, the pile of unopened bills in front of him.

"I've got to do something and do it quick. And Clare mustn't know. Clare mustn't be worried—now."

The little bell in the corner tinkled. It was the signal for lunch. Jimmy thrust the pile of bills into the table drawer and straightened up. It seemed at that moment that the sunlight on the floor was paler than it had been; the verve had somehow gone out of him; and then the light brightened again. Doubtless the fleeciest of little clouds had passed between him and the sun. But it was oddly depressing.

Jimmy walked to the door. There was Clare coming down the brick path, just as he had known she would. He smiled happily. What a glorious girl Clare was! He liked her slim strength, the way she carried her head, the way her hair swept across her forehead. He liked everything about Clare. There was no room in his mind for bills; he was going to lunch with Clare.

They walked back arm in arm to the terrace, and when he had held her chair for her he bent over and kissed her eyebrow.

She looked up at him and patted his hand.

"Know what?" Clare said, when he had sat down.

"Haven't the least idea," Jimmy said happily.

"I'm going to leave you."

"What?"

"For a month or two."

"A month or two!" He and Clare hadn't spent a week apart since their marriage; and now Clare calmly proposed "a month or two."

"Must," Clare explained. "Aunt Constantia says so."

"Aunt Constantia be damned!"

"S-s-shush! She's sent me a check and asked me up to Kennebunkport for the summer. She wants to tell me all about children—you know, she's never had any."

"Didn't she invite me too?"

"Nope."

"She's my aunt," said Jimmy.

"We're going to sew things. You're just a man."

"But what about our summer and all the gang out here and ——"

"That's just the point. I can't play golf this summer. And I'd get restless just sitting round when everybody is doing what I can't. So I'm going up there where I can sit in a rocking-chair until the gang has gone back to town."

Jimmy frowned.

"It's what I want to do, Jimmy; and I think I'll have to."

"Of course if that's what you want—why, it's what you want. When you goin'?"

"Two or three days."

"Can't we play the old course just once more?"

"That's what I'd like—one more round before I retire for the season."

Jimmy felt better. He patted Clare's hand. She jumped up, her face aglow.

"Come—let's hurry!"

"Good old Clare," Jimmy thought. "She hasn't a suspicion we're bankrupt. What do women know of such things, anyway?"

They drove over to Shinnecock and played eighteen holes and stayed to dinner, and were so happy that Jimmy forgot all about money and bills until after midnight, when he was trying to go to sleep.

His mind reverted to the discovery that he had borrowed more money of John than he had paid him. And mulling it over, and remembering how often he had borrowed ten or twenty dollars, a new fear assailed him. He didn't certainly know that the check he had given John that morning was good. The bank would pay it, of course. But he'd have to make good the moment they notified him. Jimmy decided he'd never go to sleep unless he figured up his balance.

He got up cautiously, listened to Clare's breathing, decided she was asleep. He stole downstairs and across the moonlit lawn to the studio in bathrobe and slippers.

"Got to face the facts," he said aloud, and opened his check book.

But the facts were so difficult to ascertain that he had to give it up after an hour's checking and rechecking of items. Sometimes he had entered the amount of a check on the stub and sometimes he hadn't; he couldn't always remember the amount of the checks he had neglected to record. Not counting the check to John the stubs entered accounted for all but $140 of his deposits. He decided to allow $40 for the three outstanding checks of unknown amounts and call his balance $100 until he had a chance to call at the bank and verify it. That would more than meet John's check.

Then he started in on the pile of bills he had left unopened, putting down the amount of each as he opened it. The total came to $2430.

"Gee!" said Jimmy out loud.

"She's Sent Me a Check and Asked Me Up to Kennebunkport for the Summer. It's What I Want to Do, Jimmy; and I Think I'll Have To"

He added the sums from the top down and got $2530.

Something was wrong. He tried dividing the items into two lots, adding them separately, and then adding the two sums. The total came out $2512.

"I'm getting there," he thought.

He redivided the items and got $2512 again.

"Must be right," he said.

He took a fresh sheet of paper, divided it with a line down the center, wrote "Liabilities" on one side and "Assets" on the other. He put down $2512 under "Liabilities." Now what were his assets?

He remembered the $400 he owed John Malone, and the $300 due Tom Wilson. Seven hundred. $3212. He corrected the liabilities statement. $3212! And assets?

He looked round the room. There were a dozen canvases; two dozen pastels; a number of etchings; a case full of sketches; a few wash drawings. How did one figure these things? It was hardly fair to put them down at their auction value because they mightn't bring a hundred dollars at auction. On the other hand, it wasn't fair to put them down at the prices he would like to get for them because—well, he had given Coke's the only two pictures he had that he really wanted to sign. But those pastels ought to bring $75 apiece—no one would have the face to offer less than that for a really decent pastel. He made a rapid calculation—there was $1800 of assets right there. But then the pastels mightn't sell all at once. And besides Coke's commission would have to come out of that $1800, making a large hole in it. Should he put the pastels down at $900? The fact was he might not get that much in the next month. There wasn't any honest way to decide what his assets were except to go out and try to realize on them.

"That's the fact," said Jimmy, "and I'm facing facts."

He came finally to the decision that he would have to go to town in the morning. He must inquire about his bank balance and he must sell something. The pastels were the most likely thing—they had never been offered for sale. He could tell Coke's to push them hard. It would be almost an exhibition. They could get out a little announcement: "Twenty-four Pastels by James Ordway." That was a good line for an announcement.

Jimmy felt through his pockets. He had a dollar bill, a quarter and a dime. The round-trip fare to town was $4.90. He couldn't cash a check against his doubtful balance; he couldn't borrow of John Malone again; he couldn't borrow any more money of anybody. At least he wouldn't. He would have to drive in—on tires that cost $60 apiece—and making nine miles to the gallon.

Only the rich can afford to be economical.

He'd have to pack those pastels to-night. Clare might guess something was up if she knew he was taking them into town.

He spent half an hour crating them so they wouldn't rub in the luggage compartment of the car. It was growing light across the bay when he staggered out to the garage with the heavy box. But he tumbled into bed with an eased conscience. He was going to do something—to-morrow. The fact was his affairs were at a crisis.

It was very much as though Napoleon had decided, after being shut up at Elba, that his situation was critical.

II

JIMMY met Tom Wilson on the way to town and stopped to talk a minute.

"Where you going now?" Tom asked.

"Town," said Jimmy.

"What for?"

"Money," Jimmy said.

Tom reached for his bill fold.

"I've got money. Turn round and let's play golf."

"No," Jimmy said. "I'm not borrowing any more money."

Tom grinned amiably.

"Don't be priggish."

"Grin, damn you!" Jimmy said. "You can afford to."

He had been a classmate of Tom's at Yale. Tom had been selling bonds ever since, making more money every year. There was no reason why he, Jimmy, couldn't have done the same—except that he was a painter.

"Tell me what's up," Tom said.

"I'm going to town to sell something."

"What—the car?"

"Certainly not," Jimmy said. "How'd we get round?"

"Well," Tom said with aggravating calm, "there is the Long Island Railway. I usually ride on that myself."

"So'll I when I've sold some pictures. I've got twenty-four pastels in the back here."

"I see," Tom said, grinning.

Jimmy released his brake.

"What you laughing at?" he asked bitterly.

Tom laughed openly.

"You're funny—that's all. Anybody would be—driving a roadster to town to save railway fare."

Jimmy stepped on the cut-out; the roar of the roadster's exhaust was the only answer he could think of.

He drove hard, but the traffic grew more and more annoying as he approached New York. It was full three hours before he reached Coke's. And then Coke was out for lunch. He had to talk to Coke's man, Farnham.

Farnham was apparently glad to see him.

Clare Put an Arm Through His. "Jimmy," She Said, "Will You Ever Grow Up?"

"It isn't the time of year to sell pictures," he admitted, "but we can always find a market for anything with the Ordway name."

"What do y'mean—name? I've got no name."

Farnham smiled. The smile reminded Jimmy unpleasantly of Tom Wilson's grin. Did everybody regard his affairs as the affairs of a child?

"I suppose you don't realize what it means to be an Ordway," Farnham answered.

"What's that got to do with selling pictures?"

"Everything." Again Farnham smiled that smile—the superior smile of an adult to a child.

"You mean you'll sell 'em to my friends?"

"We'll sell them to anybody who will buy them, of course, Mr. Ordway. But we'd hardly undertake to sell twenty-four pastels in June unless you were well known among ——"

Jimmy understood now. It was the most painful fact he had yet faced.

"You mean you'll send announcements to a selected list of—my friends?"

"And to people who would like to be your friends."

Jimmy's jaw tightened.

"I'll be damned if you will! You'll sell 'em anonymously or not at all."

"But, Mr. Ordway ——"

"No 'buts,'" Jimmy said. "Sell 'em under any name you like except mine."

"But we couldn't take on ——"

"Very well," Jimmy said. "Good-by."

He walked out without having unpacked his pastels.

He drove slowly down the Avenue, wondering what dealer it would be best to try next. But another dealer would take the same attitude. All dealers would. He remembered now that Tom Wilson's Uncle Peter had bought one of the landscapes Coke's had sold in the spring, and a chap he had known slightly at college had bought the other. Coke's had conducted the sale of his pictures very much as people conducted benefits for broken-down prize fighters. They hadn't made the appeal so directly. They hadn't needed to. They had merely given a hint, and the Ordway name had done the rest. The two landscapes had gone not because somebody admired his work but because he was Philip Ordway's son.

It was a very bitter fact to face.

Jimmy turned into Forty-fourth Street. But he drove on past the club. He had no heart for lunching there with men so prosperous that money was a joke. He wasn't posted yet, but he soon would be. He ate baked beans and Boston brown bread in Eighth Avenue, where there was no chance of seeing anyone he knew. He had two cups of tea while he thought.

Then he remembered the bank. It was two-forty-five. He could make it if he hurried.

"Sixty-five dollars and thirty-seven cents, Mr. Ordway," the clerk said.

Then the check to John Malone was an overdraft. He figured on the back of an envelope: $75 minus $65.37 came to $9.63. He would have to raise that amount within two or three days. Jimmy looked at the indicator on the roadster's gas tank. It was a tank like a steamer trunk, but the trip in had taken half the gasoline and he had less than a dollar in his pocket now.

He got into trouble with the traffic policeman at Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue for shooting the corner, but he escaped without being handed a summons. Once safely in the cross street he pulled up to the curb. He had been dreaming—why had he turned at this corner? He tried very hard to think. He looked up and saw Stannards' great store looming before him. He owed them $577.22.

Why not sell Stannards' the pastels? They sold everything there was to sell. They had an art department. And they wouldn't need to trade on the Ordway name; Stannards' had a name of their own.

Jimmy was a little flustered when he saw the buyer of the art department puzzling over his card. Jimmy was used to dealing with people who reacted instantly to that name.

"Well, Mr. Ordway, what can I do for you?"

The man had a kindly face, with wrinkles round his eyes.

"Why," said Jimmy, "do—do you ever buy pictures?"

"Sometimes."

"I've got twenty-four pastels down in my car; would you look at them?"

"I'll look at anything." The man's expression was quizzical.

Jimmy jumped up.

"I'll be back in five minutes," he cried.

"Here, take a porter with you."

Jimmy surprised a smile on the man's face as he returned to the office with the porter bearing his crate of pastels. Did people instantly perceive he was a joke?

"I suppose this is a bit irregular?" he said.

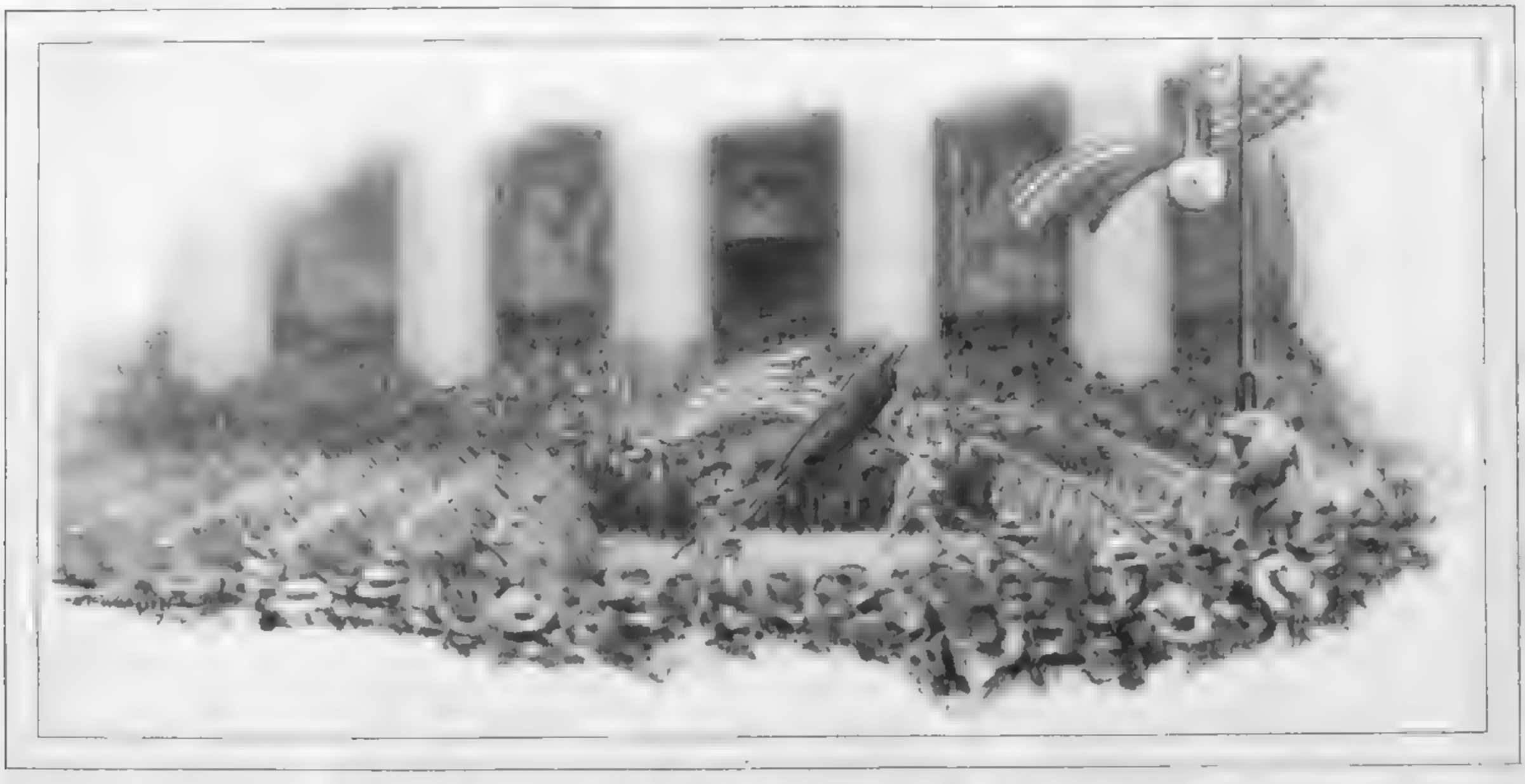
"Unusual, perhaps," the buyer smiled.

Jimmy ripped open the box and stood the pastels on the floor against the wall, one after the other. There were hollyhocks, very gay, against a wall; and Clare cutting nasturtiums; and the Wilsons' formal garden—all colorful things. The buyer looked interested, but he made no comment until the first dozen had come out of the box.

"Do these yourself?"

(Continued on Page 85)

THE MOTHER SPEAKS



By Grace Ellery Channing

EXEMPT! Your feet need never go
That crimson way to hell
Through shot and shell; your eyes need never know
Sights not a tongue dares tell;
You shall not feed your body to the fires
Hate-kindled by the foe,
Nor your young soul as well.

Exempt! No ravening gun to tear and shatter
The beauty of your face;
Though the red shrapnel rain—it will not matter
To you, safe in your place.
You shall live on, unmaimed, unbruised, unbroken.
Oh, God himself has spoken
Out of his grace!

Exempt! You shall walk fair and straight and comely
The comfortable earth;
I shall not lie awake and tremble dumbly
Waiting day's next dim birth;
Not lie and count each terrible halting hour,
So slow — so fast — so dread,
Hearing stark things sung over sinister wires
Till the red dawn comes up, dark night's dark flower;
Then from a sleepless bed
Rise, seize and search the blurred page, cringe and cower
Till the last list is read:
Killed — Wounded — Missing — Dead!

Exempt! Made safe, free! Life, love, all your dreams
Given back to you again,
Youth's bright triumphal years.
Too fair for truth it seems —
This second birth without the second pain!
And I, who of the world love you most dearly,
For joy can scarcely see you through my tears.
Exempt! Exempt! It means —— Let me think clearly:

When all you played with, worked with, grew with, bravely
March in brown ranks down well-remembered ways,
While all your youth revered, reverently, gravely
Salutes in them the honor of a race;
It means — in those proud ranks you have no place.

When your own Flag goes by — the Nation's story
Written in stars, and every star made free
To shine above such shining heads as yours —
High in young hands above stern youthful faces,
And challenging the challenge of young feet
To a faster rhythm, more impetuous paces
Till they shall tread in thunder on the shores
Of the war-weary places
Where, daily, eyes have dredged a wistful sea
For these, who come as rain to thirsty lands
And promise of the rainbow coming after,
Bringing fulfillment, healing, peace and laughter,
All that the tired heart craves — in these young hands —
It means — in all that glory
It will be yours to stand apart and see
How bright, how high, how glorious Youth can be.

It means — when lesser men press on to render
Your dreamed-of heaven Earth's practicable goal —
You shall not share their spirit's high surrender,
Nor shall you know the springtime of their soul.
They, and not you, shall mold and shape and fashion
The world anew —
Theirs, for they bought it with their youth they slew.
Exempt forever from their cross, their passion —
Exempted from their resurrection too —
You shall not taste keen anguish of the trenches,
Sharp doubt that chills, the fainting fear, the fright,
Fevers, obscene obsessions, vermin, stenches —
Nor shall you know the Presence in the night.
Missed the drab months — and the heroic hour,
The almost gay surprise
When out of darkest darkness sudden sight
Flamed in you and as suddenly you knew
The unknown God in yourself and your neighbor's eyes
Was true.
You shall be spared our poor dust's baseness, kindness,
Man's meanness with magnificence shot through.
Yet the missed wounds and terror of the blindness
Mean — you shall miss the blinding Vision too.

And when your comrades shall bring back, exulting
With an exulting sea —
Child-safe and human-free —
The Stars they took away —
Which they who bore to battle now shall bear
To such a peace as answers such a prayer
As only, evermore,
Proud hearts and free may dare
To fashion with their lips;
When from homecoming ships —
Still, still too far away —
Glad eyes shall search horizons' ends and find
Calm as a goddess, as a mother kind,
As a beloved fair,
As an immortal, free,
Watchful above the Land they left behind
The Guardian they have guarded — Liberty! —
In that homecoming you will have no share:
Your Flag — your Flag comes home! And you not there!

And when those thinned brown ranks once more move proudly
Up the well-loved, the well-remembered street,
And the long-silent stone
Rings to the echo of victorious feet,
Of feet that come again into their own;
When eyes again with other eyes shall meet;
When proudly, proudly,
Heard high above the trumpets' piercing sweet —
Oh, still more sweet! —
A million throats as one throat shouting loudly
Welcome to its imperishable hour
The flower of a people in its flower —
Our warriors against wars,
Our knighthood of the Stars,
Whose empty hands are honor's utmost boast! —
Oh, of that high, that hallowed, that most happy host
You, framed for honor most,
Shall not be one! You, of their years and blood,
To that blood brotherhood
Born, bound by every tie that is, most nearly!
Exempt from honor then, as now from fears,
You will walk humbly, not among your peers;
And I, who of the world love you most dearly,
That day I shall not see you — for my tears.

HIS ESCAPE

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. FULLER

JOEL BORDEN was thinking of suicide. He had thought of suicide before, but always with a certain remoteness that implied a considerable interval between the thought and the deed. Never before had the thought come so close. It seemed to be whispering "Now! Right now!"

He was sitting in a narrow, dingy, belittered room, at a desk that ran along one wall—the office of the managing editor of the Great Bend Times, for that was his position—and he was staring at a galley proof that contained a column-long obituary of Thomas Prentice Scott, or Tommy Scott, as the descriptive line beneath the portrait said.

About the time of the Edith Cavell incident, Tommy Scott began taking lessons in aviation. When Germany announced the resumption of unlimited submarine warfare he slipped over to France and enlisted in that branch of the service. The cables had mentioned him three or four times since then. The last mention—that afternoon—was very brief, for in the rush of war news there was little space for personalities. About all it said was: "Killed in action." Whereupon Borden had caused this column-long obituary to be written by the member of the staff he thought best able to do the subject justice. He had been fond of Tommy Scott, and so had a good many other people in Great Bend.

As he stared down at the proof, the thought in the center of his mind whispered "Now!" Dying at twenty-four, Thomas Prentice Scott had made his brief life shine like a star. Borden's own life was of nearly twice that duration, he being forty-three. It did not shine. To his own mind, at that moment, it stank like an old dishrag. It was a penetrating sense of that contrast which brought the idea of suicide so close.

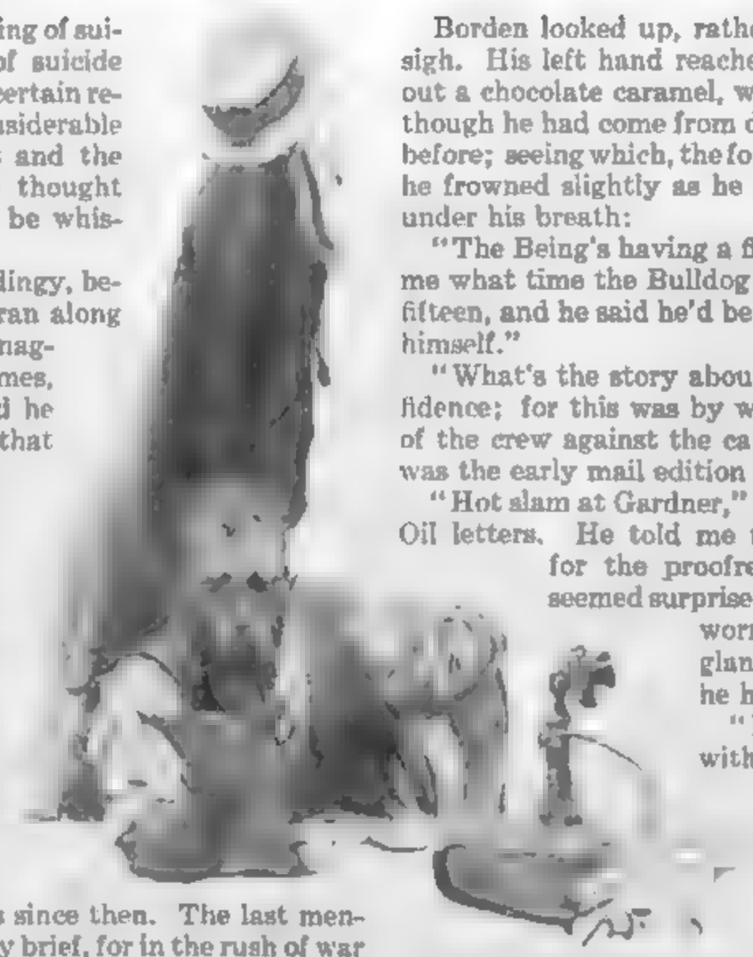
Latterly he had begun subtly to wear the indefinable air of a defeated man. He was lean and somewhat stoop-shouldered, with a sallow face too deeply seamed for one of his age. As usual, on coming in from dinner he had taken off his coat, collar and tie, and rolled his shirt sleeves above his elbows for the night's work. He looked the more disheveled because a two days' growth of sandy beard stubbled his face, and his bushy reddish mustache always needed trimming.

His office as managing editor was one of a series of rooms opening on a hall that flanked the composing room on two sides—all on the top floor of the four-story red-brick old Times Building. It adjoined the office of the boss, which was in the corner where the hall described a right angle.

The name of the boss was Herbert Bent. By direction of the owners—the Harriman-Rosenbaum Syndicate—he was in full control of the paper. When he O.K'd a proof or otherwise expressed his commands in writing he signed only his initials, with a ring round them. Jim Hartigan, foreman of the composing room, said those initials signified the Human Being. So the men in the establishment took to calling him the Human Being, or just the Being for short—that is, behind his back.

One had to see him in order to get the point of Hartigan's joke. His frame was large and heavily laden with fat, though he was only forty or so. Even in walking on the level he wheezed slightly. A double chin overran his collar, and on any sudden motion his chops undulated like unset jelly. His eyebrows were uncommonly thick and his forehead seemed originally to have ended only an inch and a half above them. Baldness in front had extinguished the original line, but the sloping brow and heavily thatched protuberant eyes made him look oddly like a frog when his hat was off. Young Artie Ferguson, assistant city editor, had said, with the air of an earnest inquirer: "But do you suppose he really is a human being?"

At five minutes past seven that evening—while Borden was staring at the proof and entertaining the dark thought—Bent left his office to go to dinner, and on his way to the elevator glanced through the open door of the composing room. His glance was habitually minatory—like a standing notice that he didn't propose to tolerate any foolishness from anybody. Two minutes later Hartigan, foreman of the composing room, sidled in through the open door of Borden's room in an ink-smeared apron, with a green shade over his eyes and his red hair sticking up in the usual disorder. The rapid sidling brought him up to the swivel chair in which the managing editor sat.



Dying at Twenty-Four, Thomas Prentice Scott Had Made His Brief Life Shine Like a Star

Borden looked up, rather absently, then, and stifled a sigh. His left hand reached to an open drawer and took out a chocolate caramel, which he slipped into his mouth, though he had come from dinner only a quarter of an hour before; seeing which, the foreman's heart was troubled, and he frowned slightly as he spoke in confidence, somewhat under his breath:

"The Being's having a five-column story set. He asked me what time the Bulldog went to press. I told him one-fifteen, and he said he'd be back to look after the make-up himself."

"What's the story about?" Borden asked, also in confidence; for this was by way of a conspiracy on the part of the crew against the captain. The Bulldog, of course, was the early mail edition of the paper.

"Hot slam at Gardner," the foreman replied; "General Oil letters. He told me not to pull any proofs except for the proofreader." The managing editor seemed surprised. For a moment he speculated, worrying his bushy mustache. His glance turned to the galley proof he had been contemplating.

"He's killed that," said Hartigan, with a little nod at the proof.

Again an arrested, disturbed look shadowed the managing editor's face. Then he said quietly:

"All right, Jim. Slip me a proof of his story as soon as you can."

He and Hartigan had worked together on the Times for twenty years. There was no need of his thanking the foreman for this contraband information that the boss intended putting a slam at Gardner into the paper without bothering to tell the managing editor about it, or for the foreman to warn him not to give the transaction away. All that was understood between them.

About half an hour later Borden—wearing coat, collar, tie and hat—looked into the city editor's room.

"I'm going out a spell, Billy; sit at my desk until I get back," he said cheerfully.

A look of alarm appeared on the city editor's chubby face—a look of dismay and appeal. He seemed on the point of exclaiming: "For God's sake, Jo——" But his eyes dropped to his desk sadly, and he only muttered: "All right!" Then he got up.

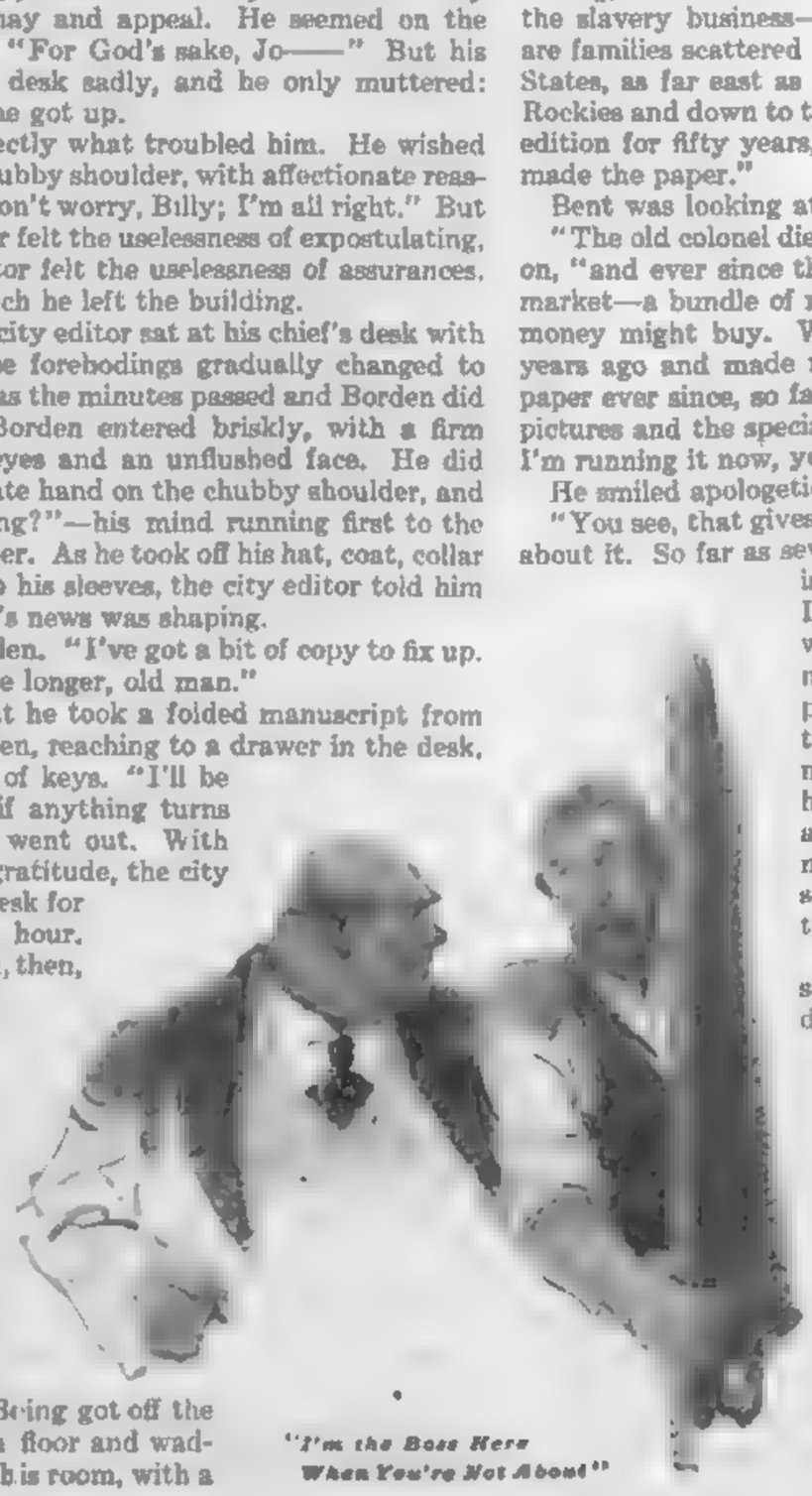
Borden knew perfectly what troubled him. He wished to clap him on the chubby shoulder, with affectionate reassurance, and say "Don't worry, Billy; I'm all right." But even as the city editor felt the uselessness of expostulating, so the managing editor felt the uselessness of assurances. Without further speech he left the building.

For two hours the city editor sat at his chief's desk with a heavy heart, whose forebodings gradually changed to mournful conviction as the minutes passed and Borden did not appear. Then Borden entered briskly, with a firm step, clear, shining eyes and an unflushed face. He did then lay an affectionate hand on the chubby shoulder, and asked "How's it going?"—his mind running first to the affairs of the newspaper. As he took off his hat, coat, collar and tie, and rolled up his sleeves, the city editor told him briefly how the night's news was shaping.

"Good!" said Borden. "I've got a bit of copy to fix up. Mind the ship a while longer, old man."

Turning to his coat he took a folded manuscript from an inside pocket. Then, reaching to a drawer in the desk, he extracted a bunch of keys. "I'll be in Dewatow's room if anything turns up," he added as he went out. With profound relief and gratitude, the city editor sat on at the desk for three-quarters of an hour. When Borden came in, then, to take the desk the city editor was struck by something odd about him—a resilience; a sort of intensity that one couldn't exactly put one's finger on, though one could feel it.

It was more than two hours later—namely, at twenty minutes past twelve—when the Human Being got off the elevator at the fourth floor and waddled down the hall to his room, with a slight wheeze and a minatory glance into the composing room as he passed. The door of his room fastened with a spring lock. He got a key out of his vest pocket to let himself in, and he had just pressed the button that turned on the electric lights when he was aware of Borden standing in the doorway.



"I'm the Boss Here When You're Not About"

The Being had not only dined well but supped, being recklessly addicted to the pleasures of the table. His fat chops were a rich pink, and he moved deliberately, like a man enjoying the sense of bodily content, hanging up his shiny walking stick, and sporty yellow hat with a green band round it, then stepping over to the big chair in front of his desk and settling himself into it. He was perfectly aware of Borden, standing and evidently waiting to speak to him, but he gave no sign of being aware of it until he had taken a silver case from his pocket and carefully selected a cigar. Even then he merely glanced up, froglike, quite willing to let the managing editor wait. Borden had closed the door behind him. Uninvited, he stepped over and sat down at the end of the desk.

"I've come across a great story, Bent," he began—"greatest story I ever came across in my life." He spoke soberly, but with a nervous edge in his voice.

The statement arrested Bent's professional interest as a newspaper man. He went on deliberately lighting his cigar, but looking at the managing editor like one waiting to hear more.

"I've been in this newspaper game twenty-three years too," Borden continued; "twenty-three years right on this old shebang, here—since good old Colonel Mosely let me try my hand as a cub reporter; twenty years old at the time." He seemed at the moment in a reminiscent mood as he studied the fat face across the corner of the desk.

But the Being was not interested in reminiscences.

"What's your story?" he inquired unsympathetically.

"Greatest story I ever ran into in my life!" Borden repeated. "The old Times never printed a better one. But the deuce of it is, you see, to know how to handle it. It's sort of personal. To give you the right angle on it—to show you how I stand in connection with it—you'll have to go back a bit.

"Old Colonel Mosely made this paper, you know—though he was young Mosely when he got hold of it, way back in the fifties. Coming back from Shiloh, without a left leg, was when he made it a big paper. The Civil War—the slavery business—gave him his opportunity. There are families scattered all round this section of the United States, as far east as the Alleghanies, as far west as the Rockies and down to the Gulf, that have taken the weekly edition for fifty years, and swear by it. Colonel Mosely made the paper."

Bent was looking at him rather blankly, but listening.

"The old colonel died fourteen years ago," Borden went on, "and ever since then the paper's been on and off the market—a bundle of merchandise that anybody with the money might buy. Wesley & Phillips bought it twelve years ago and made me managing editor. I've run the paper ever since, so far's getting the news into it and the pictures and the special articles, and all that, go—just as I'm running it now, you know."

He smiled apologetically.

"You see, that gives me a sort of chesty personal feeling about it. So far as seventy-five per cent of the stuff in it is concerned, why, it's been my paper. I've said what it should print and what it shouldn't. As a newspaper man, you know it's that seventy-five per cent—the regular news and features, and so on—that about nine men out of ten buy a paper for, anyhow. If the circulation has kept up and grown some right along I give myself credit for it. See? I tell myself that when people buy the Times they're mostly buying me."

Bent was frowning slightly. This sounded to him like the prelude to a demand for a salary raise.

"But, of course," the managing editor went on, "there's always been somebody else to dictate the editorial policy—to say what candidates for office it should support, and that sort of thing. That never bothered me much. Like most newspaper men, I'm a case-hardened cynic about politics, anyway. My notion is that nine times out of ten whichever candidate is elected will turn out to be a more or less

well-meaning and ineffectual blockhead, so it makes mighty little difference to the common man whether it's Jones or Robinson."

"You said a mouthful there," Bent growled, with approval.

"So it didn't bother me much that somebody else was dictating the editorial policy—that is, usually," the managing editor resumed. "The people who owned the paper and were doing the dictating had their little axes to grind, of course; but a man who's as cynical about politics generally as I am couldn't work up much indignation about that—or enthusiasm, either. Mostly I just went ahead, getting out the best newspaper I knew how and not bothering about the editorial policy." He regarded the Being thoughtfully for a moment and twisted an end of his mustache.

"But this new deal is different, you know; it's certainly a new deal to me. I don't know just who or what this Harriman-Rosenbaum Syndicate is. They seem to have got hold of four newspapers in the last two years. They bobbed up in possession of the old Times last winter, and you came down here to take full control last March—two weeks before the United States declared war, as it happened."

Bent had lowered the pudgy hand that held the cigar to the desk. His fat face settled in a menacing way, the jaws firmly shut.

Borden smiled at him and admonished good-naturedly:

"Don't get excited now. It's all part of the story. Whoever they are, I give 'em credit for being pretty smooth. Yes, sir; I'll sign a testimonial to that any day. The old Times has been perfectly loyal. The whole Post-Office Department and Secret Service, with a magnifying glass, couldn't find a line to prosecute it on or bar it from the mails. As an old newspaper man I've had to admire their game. You know, Bent. No disloyalty at all; but just a bucket of cold water here and a sneer there, and always a pious suggestion, which the ordinary reader could never exactly put his finger on—the pious suggestion that, 'Well, it's too bad! We're terribly sorry about it, but we're sure to get licked.' You know, Bent."

"You're drunk!" said Bent.

But Borden smiled and replied:

"Probably I should have been if it hadn't been for you. It's been a smooth game, Bent. German successes played up; Ally failures played up; everything discouraging played up! Here it is in a nutshell." From his trousers pocket he pulled a crumpled piece of print paper—a galley proof; a companion to the one containing the obituary notice of Tommy Scott at which he had stared early in the evening. But he had taken this proof from a hook in the composing room. On the margin of it was written, in blue pencil: "Kill. H. B."

"When the news of Tommy Scott's death came in," he went on, "I gave it to Artie Ferguson and told him to write a column—because he can write and because he was a friend of Tommy Scott. He did a good job. What he wrote would have stirred men's hearts and women's hearts. It would have reconciled them to the idea of sacrificing even as fine a lad as Tommy Scott in a great cause. But you killed it!"

"Too much space; we haven't got room for it," Bent grumbled. Again Borden smiled at him.

"Oh, no, Bent. That's not the reason. We could have found room for it. Just as news it's worth the space. I know more about that than you do. You killed it because you don't want men's hearts stirred. You don't want them reconciled to the idea of sacrifice. You don't want them in a heroic mood. That's the reason you killed it and had a stickful written to take its place—a stickful of cold dishwater, very pious, very proper, but with no more punch in it than an old orange peel. Post-Office Department couldn't complain of it. Nobody could point to it as an evidence of disloyalty. But it's poison just the same. That's your game, Bent."

Bent took a puff at his cigar and seemed minded to yawn; but abruptly he cocked an ear, listening. Almost from the moment he entered the room Borden had been aware of a smothered rumbling down below. With an alarmed motion Bent pulled out his watch; but it showed only thirty-seven minutes past twelve.

"What's on the presses now?" he asked.

"They're running off the back pages of the weekly," Borden replied. "Don't be impatient. I'm coming to the story; but, as I told you, I've got to clear the ground a bit. The old Times always fought Sam Stowell. Colonel Mosely fought him when he was a congressman; fought his election as governor. After the colonel died, Wesley & Phillips fought his election to the Senate. Then Hartwell bought the paper. He cared for nothing but the business end; he never fought anybody—a broad smile and a glad hand for all comers was his idea. So he didn't really fight Stowell, but just politely deprecated him a bit.

"He Gave You the Manuscript of the Story and the Electroplates of the Letters"

"You know Slippery Sam as well as I do. Some people say he has low principles; but they're mistaken. He never had any. He'd preach you a Sermon on the Mount that would make you weep; and the next day, just as cheerfully, he'd burn an orphan asylum if he thought he could carry a doubtful district that way. He's of the fine old school of machine politics. Nothing else matters a whoop so long as you get the votes and the swag. I always sort of liked him, in fact. He amused me. The way people fell for his tinsel bunk amused me too. But along in 1914 and 1915 he couldn't see anything but a big German vote in this state. You know how he played up to it.

"Probably he's getting old and his mind is stiffer in the joints than it used to be. Anyway, he kept right on playing that hand after a brighter man—even if he was as big a crook—would have seen it was played out. He did what he could to get the United States balled up with England. He tried to keep us out of the war, and ever since we went in he's been busy pouring sand into the bearings. That don't amuse me, Bent—not when I think of Tommy Scott and the million boys who are going into these training cantonments. I can't see any joke in it."

Bent was frowning again.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" he growled. "You don't imagine I care a damn whether you see a joke in it or not, do you?"

"Certainly not," Borden replied cheerfully. "But I've got to tell you this so you'll get the story that I'm coming to. Next Tuesday, you know, is the primary election for nominations for United States senator. We're supporting Edgar Peasely. Of course, anybody with sense enough to come in out of the rain anybody, that is, except maybe forty or fifty thousand idiots with votes—knows Peasely's got no more show than the man in the moon. The only fight is between Sam Stowell and Mark Gardner. It would be exactly Slippery Sam's politics—and yours, too, for that matter—to put up a stalking horse like that conceited ass, Peasely, in order to divide the opposition to Stowell. That trick's older than the hills. I suppose Ptolemy used it. We're supporting Peasely—which means we're fighting Gardner and trying to elect Stowell.

"Gardner is an easy man to fight in some ways. He's supposed to have considerable money—which is more or less of a crime for political purposes. His personal associations have been pretty much with successful men of affairs, and successful men of affairs are usually rich men. He was a successful lawyer—which means that he had big business concerns for his clients—corporation lawyers we call 'em when we want to slam 'em; though as three-quarters of the business of the country is done by corporations a successful lawyer is pretty sure to have corporations for his clients. He never had anything in particular to do with politics; so all the people, from the village postmaster up, who have had particularly to do with politics regard him as a sort of interloper—an easy man to fight in some ways.

"But back in 1914 he got stirred up about this war business; thought the United States was going to get into it without any preparation. He ran for Congress and was elected. You'll admit he's made a remarkable record for a new congressman—especially since things began to get red hot last winter; and more especially still since the United States declared war. It's my candid opinion that any man who can see straight and wants the United States to win this war wants Mark Gardner at Washington. If there are any scores to settle with him on that old corporation-lawyer count and his association with rich men, we can settle 'em at some more convenient time. He went into the race against Stowell because he couldn't stand the old man's rotten war record. You know as well as I do that there's nothing in this election except a choice between true blue and greasy yellow. You know it perfectly. That's why you're supporting Peasely."

"If you don't like the paper you're working for you can resign," said Bent.

"But you won't want me to when I've told you the story," Borden replied, with a smile. "You won't even want to fire me, as you did Ted Parks. I give you credit for one thing, Bent: you didn't interfere with the staff much. You knew what newspaper staffs are—mostly just taking orders from the boss, and humping their shoulders and getting out the paper. But you fired Ted Parks. His editorials on this war annoyed you. They were too sharp and convincing. You couldn't bear to have him round the place. You made a mistake there too. You see, Ted's been ambitious to write for the magazines; but so long as

he was doing his daily newspaper stunt he didn't have much time. He's a bit lazy, I'm afraid—terribly interested in a whole lot of things besides work, like most of the bright youngsters. So I don't know whether he'd ever have got round to try his hand in a bigger field if you hadn't fired him.

"That gave him leisure; and, as he has a little money, he decided to experiment. He looked about quite a while before he found what struck him as a good subject for a magazine article. When he found the subject and got his data and wrote the article, he couldn't make up his mind to send it off. . . . But I'll tell you more about that in a minute. I must tell you, first, how I came to look Ted up this evening:

"After you went out to dinner I was looking round the composing room and I found they were setting some stuff that I didn't know anything about. I asked Jim what it was and he said it was a story you'd given out. I looked on the hook for proofs; but Jim said you'd told him not to pull any proofs except for the proofreader. Of course I'm in charge here when you're not about and I feel sort of responsible. As soon as the story was set I pulled a proof and read it over. It was natural that I should want to know what was going into the paper I'm managing editor of." Bent was regarding him intently, with a sort of fat, menacing alertness.

"The story, you remember, contains facsimiles of three brief letters from Mark Gardner to Wilbur P. Rockwell, treasurer of that branch of the General Oil Company which operates in this region. Wilbur P. Rockwell's name is sort of familiar to newspaper readers with good memories. It figured conspicuously in the Congressman Putnam scandal five years ago, when it was discovered that Mr. Rockwell was contributing liberally to Mr. Putnam's campaign fund, which cooked Mr. Putnam's goose.

"These three short letters from Gardner to Rockwell are typewritten on the letterheads of a Washington hotel. They are dated this present year, and they show that Rockwell was sending quite a bunch of money to Gardner—or, rather, to somebody else by Gardner's direction. Taking all the cry about Gardner's being a corporation attorney, hand in glove with the plutocracy, and people's inveterate suspicions of anybody in that position—and taking the very clever work that's been done to confuse the issue in this election—it looks very probable to me that these letters, coming out in the respectable old Great Bend Times on Saturday morning, when the election is to be next Tuesday, would defeat Gardner and elect Slippery Sam. With my experience of politics, and knowing how mighty easy it is to fool people for a while, and all the prejudice against General Oil, and so on, it looks to me as though these letters would very likely turn the trick. Of course, that's what you count on.

"I happen to know, and probably so do you, that Gardner has taken a house in Washington. Also, as a congressman, he has an office and a secretary. Seemed sort of odd to me that he'd be going to a hotel to write letters of such a ticklish nature—dictating 'em to the public typist there, for all that appears. The facsimile signatures looked genuine enough, and I didn't doubt that Gardner had written some such letters. You noticed, of course, that they were addressed, 'Dear Rockwell'—indicating more or less intimacy and frequency of intercourse, which would be a bad thing in itself for a candidate for the Senate. The letters sounded hasty, as though a busy man had dictated them on the run, so to speak.

"Then I got to thinking about that Putnam scandal five years ago. You may not remember all the details; but it came out that Putnam's letters to Rockwell were stolen from Rockwell's letter file and sold to a newspaper. I remembered Rockwell's saying that other letters were stolen at the same time. Naturally, I wondered whether these letters from Mark Gardner hadn't been stolen from Rockwell's file at the same time." He was looking very steadily at Bent, who was glowering back at him.

"Of course you'll see in an instant what a tremendous difference that would make," the managing editor continued. "Five years ago, or at any time back of five years ago, Mark Gardner was merely a private citizen—a successful lawyer with a large practice; corporation lawyer, if you like. Very likely he handled some law business for the General Oil Company. Like every other big concern, the General Oil Company has plenty of legitimate law business. Suppose, say, he was at Washington, arguing a case before the Supreme Court; communicating with Rockwell about it, giving directions as to how money was to be paid to cover certain expenses of the suit, or something like that. Naturally, he would be staying at a hotel and, naturally, he would dictate the letters there. The fact that they were written in a hotel would suggest there was nothing particular to conceal.

"Mind you, I'm not saying just that did happen. I've had no time to look it up. But I'm guessing that the letters will finally be explained in some such way. You know how easy it would be to change the date on a letter—perhaps by merely altering one figure. It would be easy, too, to touch up the context. Changing only three or four words would give it quite a different slant. That first and most important letter reads sort of chopped off—as though some explanatory paragraphs had been cut out of it.

"All that occurred to me, Bent, when I read the story. It would occur to other people who'd had my experience. But a facsimile letter looks terribly convincing to the man in the street, you know. There's the photograph of it, signature and all. It looks mighty convincing to him. And, you see, there's no time now to sift the thing out. Gardner and Rockwell would enter denials, no doubt; but there's no time to get a convincing, circumstantial denial before the public. Tens of thousands of voters might very likely swallow the thing whole. And a couple of tens of thousands are probably all Slippery Sam needs.

"While I was in the composing room I ran across this proof here—showing that you'd killed my obituary of Tommy Scott. I took that, and the proof of your slam at Gardner, and went out to Ted Parks' house to have a talk with him. You made a mistake in firing him. That gave him a lot of leisure to sort of keep an eye on things.

"Ted told me that Otto Lachner was at the Elliott Hotel this afternoon—not registered, but there all the same. He left on the six-thirty for St. Louis. You see, Ted has been looking things over and thinking about 'em quite a lot. He has evolved an interesting theory about Otto Lachner. Ted told me, too, that you'd spent some time in Lachner's room at the hotel this afternoon. Maybe he'd bribed a hall boy or a clerk. Anyhow, he's keeping quite an eye on things."

Bent was glaring then; but Borden went on evenly, with only that edge of a high nervous tension in his voice.

"Naturally, that gave me an idea. As soon as I got back to the office I came into your room here. Maybe you don't know it, but I've had a key to this room for a dozen years. I came in here and looked in the wastebasket, and found what I wanted. I found a cut string and a sheet of heavy wrapping paper, creased the way wrapping paper gets when it's been used to do up a bundle. The creases showed the size of the bundle—just the size of those electroplate facsimiles of the letters out there in the composing room.

"Of course I had discovered before that, by looking at the copy in the composing room, that the story wasn't written here in the office. You brought it in all written up, ready for the printers, and with the electroplate facsimiles of the letters all ready to go into the forms. Naturally, I concluded that Otto Lachner had handed you the story and the plates at the Elliott Hotel this afternoon."

"You rotten sneak!" Bent began vehemently.

(Concluded on Page 34)

"Slippery Sam Tried to Keep Us Out of the War, and Ever Since We Went In He's Been Busy Pouring Sand Into the Bearings. That Don't Amuse Me, Bent—Not When I Think of Tommy Scott and the Million Boys Going Into These Cantonments. I Can't See Any Joke in It"

VENUS IN THE EAST

IV

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAT WILSON PRESTON

THE reasons why Buddy McNair's first dinner in New York was at the apartment of Mr. Pontius Blint were reasons as simple and direct as any which governed his life: Mr. Blint asked him and Buddy went. And here possibly lies the key to Buddy's misadventures in the metropolis—his method was always illogically direct; New York's was logically devious.

He had registered at the Hotel Merlinbilt because a well-dressed stranger on the train from Chicago had mentioned it as a fashionable place to live in. He had taken a suite which comprised a drawing-room, bedroom and private foyer—all daintily white-paneled and trimmed with Empire brass—because the Second Assistant Secretary of State, in the capacity of clerk, had intimated that a suite would be far more expensive than a room and bath. So far his moves had been fashionably right.

It was getting on toward dusk when Buddy, having richly pensioned a bell boy, found himself alone with his new splendor. The furniture was of a pistachio-green enamel, the rug Chinese blue. Over the ivory mantel hung the portrait of a dim medieval gentleman, lithographed after Rembrandt so ingeniously as to all but catch him. Buddy was already beginning to enjoy that desolate feeling peculiar to lone pleasure seekers in the metropolis when he spied a telephone cuddled close to its attendant book on the pistachio-green desk. Doc Naylor had suggested that Blint's connection with the firm that had bought Supercyanide gave Buddy a claim on his time that would justify a renewal of their acquaintance. Buddy was quick to reason that no time was better than now, and hunted up the Blints' telephone number.

"Who wishes to speak with him, please?" asked an unpleasant female voice, after his call had been passed from mouth to mouth.

"Gilbert Kernochan McNair, of Axe Creek, Colorado," autobiographed the stranger in town.

"Well, well!" presently cried a hearty bass voice. "Why, this is splendid! When did you get in?"

"About a quarter of an hour ago," confessed Buddy, almost moved to tears that a human being should speak kindly to him. "I thought I might come round and see you sometime when you're not busy."

"By George, that's splendid! Look here—why don't you drop in and have a bite with us to-night?"

"Oh," protested Buddy, delighted though somewhat awed, "that would be putting you to a lot of trouble——"

"None whatever! We're just having a little family dinner to-night—nothing formal about it."

"That's very kind, I'm sure. Think I'll have time to get over? I don't want to keep your dinner waiting."

"We dine at half-past seven. Where are you stopping?"

"The Hotel Merlinbilt."

"That's easy. We're on Riverside Drive. A taxi will bring you here in fifteen minutes."

So Buddy drew a hot bath and set to work beautifying himself for his first appearance in metropolitan society. While he was splashing luxuriously his trunk was wheeled in and was opened by a soldierly person who lingered for a bribe. Fortunately the Merlinbilt bath towels are large and make acceptable togas. The Abe Zinz suit lay over a chair and its owner was pleased to recall that an officious mulatto had pressed it last night on the train. The Fashion's assortment of silk shirts had been somewhat shaken up in passage; but the least wrinkled of the lot showed an apple-green stripe which combined very nicely with a necktie of robin's-egg blue.

At a quarter past seven Buddy came up from the barber shop with a pink chin, and a brilliant varnish on his yellow shoes. He was somewhat proud of his appearance until on going out he observed several tall silk-hatted young men conducting female birds of paradise through the swinging door. He would have to see about getting himself a valet, Englishman preferred; he didn't believe he could ever make himself look so smooth and finished and stylish as those fellows with their girls. And it was lucky that his first appearance in New York would be at a simple family dinner.

His taxicab stopped with a lurch at a vast pillared entrance somewhere along the miles of architectural cliff facing the Hudson. This was rather a blow, because the train-weary McNair had pictured a spreading house with porches, and lamps in the windows—the nest of chatty folk who would ask him to slouch in the best rocking-chair, where he could unbutton his soul and his vest for an evening of cheerful reaction.

"Have You Got Anything to Prove That You're a Genuine English Valet?"

But the structure at whose gate he found himself was like the Temple of Karnak called in to support the Great Pyramid—a great pyramid which had squared itself overnight by some modern Nile craft, and developed thousands of little glowing loopholes, tier after tier of them, upward and upward until they disappeared in the mystery of the sidereal arch. There was an entrance so vast that a regiment of Pharaoh's guard might have marched in, twenty abreast, to shatter their swords against the bulwarks of marble, onyx and gilt in the cavernous foyer.

Once in an illustrated book on Egyptology Buddy had seen a picture which had stuck to his memory. It had represented several dog-faced, eagle-beaked deities of the Nile sitting cozily together, while above them all, arching over them in the attitude of one who exercises to reduce abdominal *embonpoint*, the tallest, thinnest sky-blue lady in all the pantheon had stood touching her fingers to earth. She was the goddess who undertook to supervise all human destinies, and the Egyptians very fittingly called her Nut.

"The Temple of Nut!" said Buddy McNair, looking upward to the labyrinth of light. Somewhere up there the Blints were giving their home dinner.

A black giant in a Nile-green uniform, a wonderful golden pill box adhering mysteriously to his wool, put forth a white-gloved hand and opened a city gate of glass and ornamental bronze.

"Good evening," ventured Buddy, confused before the presence.

"Wish to see?" replied the black commander, rolling disapproving eyeballs.

"I was looking for Mr. Blint, but I guess I got the wrong number," said Buddy.

The black warrior was immensely tall; and Buddy, who was a smallish man, stood dwarfed in this combined throne room of Thor, Isis and Belshazzar.

"Announce self, please!" ordered the genie of the threshold, shooting out his immense white glove in a gesture of pointing.

Over an acre of Turkish carpet Buddy could see a small door of some fabulous curly wood slide noiselessly open, and to him was revealed a mirror-lined cage, silhouetting such another figure as stood at the door. This, he took it, was an elevator operating between earth and those dwellers of the upper air who, like Nut, blue-bellied goddess of Egypt, touch ground only with the tips of their fingers and toes. Buddy McNair's tan shoes, which had hurt him across the continent, took him painfully through the echoing hall as far as the elevator. For the first time Buddy noticed that they squeaked.

"Announce self, please!" ordered the sentinel in the elevator, pointing his white glove at another angle.

Behind a forest of marble pillars Buddy recognized a telephone switchboard, before which a freckled West Indian, bathed in the glare of a hanging lamp, glowered up at him and inquired in the voice of the Negroid Swede:

"Who calling, pleez?"

"Gilbert K. McNair, of Axe Creek, Colorado."

"Who calling, pleez?"

"Gilbert Kernochan McNair, of Axe Creek, Colorado. I've got two letters and a telegram to prove it, and if that don't go you can look at the initials in my hat."

"What's the name?"

"Mack Nair."

"Wish to see?"

"Mr. Blint."

The operator made spiteful clickings and thrust the heads of mechanical serpents into mysterious holes.

"Mr. Narro calling!" he whined into the vast; and all the time he kept his yellowish eyes glued upon the details of Buddy's costume. The stare caused Buddy to fidget, to fleck imaginary particles of dust from the collar of his new blue suit, the Fashion's pride. He was about to ask the freckled mentor for a candid statement of the case, when one of the mechanical serpents slipped back into its hole and the West Indian chanted:

"Aw ri', 'Leven flo' fron'."

The elevator, into which he was now admitted, was equipped with mirrors for his special undoing, he imagined. It was an interesting study in light refraction, for there were mirrors at the four sides and little ones set diagonally at the corners, so that the dazzled passenger in the progress upward could count fourteen Buddy McNairs standing in company front, each Buddy costumed like the others, in a flaming blue suit and necktie of a dainty robin's-egg hue.

There was something about the general appearance of the Buddys that he didn't like. Their sleeves fell farther over their hands than seemed to be vogue among the smart-walking fellows he had seen in the lobby of the Merlinbilt. He wondered if the Buddys didn't need a different kind of hair cut. One strand of sunburnt brown hair was standing up in the back like a comedy aigret, and the row of Buddys stroked it, all in unison, in a gesture resembling a back-action salute. They weren't bad-looking fellows, those blue-clad reflections—fine-featured, rather sensitive looking, merry-eyed—but they did need a hair cut!

"Second door right!"

The elevator, now in the upper regions sacred to Nut, opened upon a hotel hallway, punctuated by numerous identical mahogany doors. On the bare marble floor no nuance of his shoes' squeakings was lost; wishing almost that he had not come he pressed the little ivory button of the second door on the right, and then consoled himself with the recollection of Pontius Blint's cordiality. Probably his family were kinder than his sentinels.

A cold aristocrat in cap and apron opened and gestured him into a retiring room off a hallful of gold-framed landscapes. Everything seemed touched with gold here. There was gold on the bureau, which offered a golden toilet set under a gold framed mirror. A golden couch held a pile of fur lined overcoats and many silk hats. Buddy cast down his outer garments and stared uneasily round him. It had never occurred to him that the element in which he had made his fortune could so oppress him. He was choking

with the indigestion of Midas. At last gingerly fingering a golden brush he managed to lay the aigret at the back of his head. Then filled with the courage of despair he marched rapidly down the hall.

"Well, well, Mr. McNair—how do you do?"

Pontius Blint, his pear-shaped figure in the perfection of evening attire, came forward to wring his hand. Buddy gasped. Beyond in the drawing-room he could see other suits as formal, as perfect as Mr. Blint's. The quick appraisal that the piggish little eyes gave Buddy's blue suit was all but lost in the welcoming smile under the close-cropped gray mustache.

"Say, look here, I didn't know I was walking into a fireman's ball!"

Buddy could hear the cackle of much conversation and obliquely through the door caught the flash of silks and naked shoulders.

The strangest apparition of womanhood Buddy had ever seen pounced forward and made herself known as Mrs. Blint. She was popping out of a few artfully arranged yards of pink chiffon; and though her shoulders were redundantly luscious her head was withered to a wonderful mask. Her hair was red, like the wool on a dyed sheepskin; violet-red spots showed through the powder on either cheek like roses under untimely snows.

But it was her eyebrows that held Buddy in hideous fascination. They were black as new baling wire, and as thinly drawn. They were peaked up into little metallic arches that almost touched her exotic hair. His first supposition was that the poor woman had been born without eyebrows and had pasted these curious circumflex accents on her forehead; but after he had looked at them as closely as he dared he decided that they were composed of hairs, genuine human hairs with roots beneath the surface of her richly enameled skin.

So absorbed was he in this phenomenon that he heard little of the chatter she was directing toward him, and it was not until a younger and more highly garnished edition of herself was brought forward that he came to.

"My daughter, Mr. McNair," the elder of the two apparitions was carefully smiling. Her name was Doris, he learned; and she had evidently inherited her eyebrows from her mother. Her face resembled a smartly decorated china egg, with a hank of glossy hair pulled back at the top, exaggerated lashes under those curious brows, and a splash of carmine for lips. Her gown, which was abundant from the waistline to the knees, was dripping with silvery lace. She took an affected pose, shrugging an expanse of lean shoulder; and it was obvious to Buddy that her shallow brown eyes were taking in the details of his blue suit.

"How do you do?" she challenged, sweeping him from the crown of his head to the toes of his yellow shoes.

And in those same shoes Buddy McNair was standing very unsteadily; he had a feeling that his new blue suit was falling away from him in tatters, for on every hand he beheld men of various ages, elaborately evening dressed, pleated as to shirt fronts, their broadcloth coats fitting sleek and glossy over their sides as though some tarry preparation had been poured on wooden models of the male form divine and then highly polished. A few of them wore velvet collars and deeply brocaded waistcoats, tinted off the white.

Miss Blint had been portioned off to entertain him, and the task was evidently even less to her liking than to his.

"Smoke?" she shrilled, offering him the box and taking one herself. She had just finished a cigarette and seemed nervously anxious to get at another. Buddy struck a match and served her so clumsily that he all but singed away those exotic lashes.

"Have you danced at the new St. Vitus roof?"

Doris was chatting in the desperate manner of one compelled to entertain an idiot child. He accepted a cocktail in a silver glass, and reverting to his formula explained that he was a stranger in town. It was hard to perform all these small actions without moving his feet, but by a furious concentration and considerable muscular control he managed to sway from the waist, keeping his legs and feet immobile, and so silencing for a pregnant interval his chatty yellow boots.

"Oh, you must! They have an awfully heavenly jazz band. There's something so romantic about the Hawaiian music, don't you think? And they have the funniest man at the bass drum—awfully funny—pink and yellow lights in the drum. I'm taking solo dancing from Lothario; don't you think he had an awfully fascinating method?"

Buddy was wondering if he would be expected to say "awfully," when a man at the big white-and-gold doors announced dinner. He surged forward with the rest, walking with a stiff lifting step which seemed to control the music of his shoes.

"It was only a few steps to the electric chair," he had once read in the account of someone's passing; he had the feeling that in any event he was in the power of his executioners. They shoved him into the presence of many etched goblets and golden plates. He took the chair which he was told to take and found himself facing a row of silver instruments laid out on the white cloth with a precision suggesting surgery. He recognized the useful domesticated knife and fork among the curiously tined and twisted strangers. But what of these little tridents, polite broadaxes, silvery spears and stilettos—a confusing row of them on either side of his plate?

"We want you to be like a member of the family," Mrs. Blint had coyly whispered; and he was settled near the foot of the table between her and the amiable Doris. This was kind of her, he thought at first. But after a long sterile period he came to the conclusion that the Blints had put him there for the purpose of hedging him in and preventing his possible acquaintance with their other guests.

After a frightened inspection of the equipment round his plate he turned appealing eyes to Mrs. Blint on his right and Miss Blint on his left; but on either side he got but the cold corner of utterly unprotected shoulder blades. There must have been something in his cocktail; mixed drinks always tasted like Florida water to Buddy. Here he sat, a single mountain crow caged among birds of paradise.

He reached stealthily for his napkin and was just dragging a corner toward him when one of those silver handled surgical instruments jabbed spitefully into the hem, bounced up and was lost under the table. Miss Blint wriggled and he became horribly conscious that the thing had fallen into her lap.

"Here it is," she simpered, restoring the odd tool. "Is it customary out West to throw knives at dinner parties?"

"I beg—I beg your pardon," he blushingly declared. "I'll be all right when I get the hang of this game."

"I merely wished to know what to expect," she giggled, and edged away toward the beautiful Mr. Hurler, who had been occupying her attention.

Two servants were now offering platters of curious baubles. Quite apparently it was something to eat, but just what it was, besides being very fancy, Buddy couldn't guess. Architecturally the baubles were of similar design—a circular raft of toast supported a layer of yellow hash; topping this was a little rose carved from a beet, and coiled in its center a small animal body, which to Buddy's uninitiated sense appeared to be a pickled worm. A manservant presented a platter at Mrs. Blint's elbow, and the lady with a curiously dexterous twist of her limber wrists got one of those rosy worm's nests between two silver instruments and lifted it over her left shoulder to her plate.

Was Buddy McNair expected to do that?

He sat there frozen with horror. It seemed but the briefest moment before a similar platter appeared at his own elbow, a maidservant leaning toward him like a cussed damosel. Never before had the man from Axe Creek been called to so cruel a test of nerve. With the feeling that eleven pairs of eyes were focused critically upon him he took careful survey of the fashionable food.

Across the silver edge of the dish lay a hermaphrodite fork and a similar spoon, handles pointing at him.

He devitalized his wrists and reached over his shoulder, striving to copy the Blint technic. With the tines of the spoon-fork he attempted to coerce one of the rose crowned elaborations on to the fork-spoon. It eluded his first attack and skidded halfway across the dish, where it lay cowering among its companions. His second assault upset it so that the pickled worm together with a spoonful of mysterious nourishment was spilled across the silvery surface. By using the fork-spoon as a shovel he got control of the rosebud at last, but the worm lay forever lost amid the wreckage of the raft.

"You got a very poor helping, Mr. McCall," he heard the solicitous voice of Mrs. Blint remarking.

"Never mind, mahmah," icily trilled Miss Blint, applying a napkin to her gown; "I got most of it."

"I guess it's the change of climate," said Buddy, attempting to cover his confusion. The beautiful Mr. Hurler was evidently saying something quite humorous, for Doris was giggling merrily.

"You find the change very severe, don't you?" asked Mrs. Blint, making a maddening effort to be kind.

"From nine thousand two hundred and twenty-six feet to sea level is a drop that has killed many a better man than me," he ventured to say.

"Tell me all about the West," she besought him; but Buddy had scarcely begun pointing out a few glories of mining-camp life when it was apparent by her set smile that she wished he had stayed among them.

"Doris," she smiled, talking across him, "you must listen to Mr. McNair's fascinating tales of the West."

She had gotten his name right at last. Buddy was appropriately flattered.

Doris abandoned her Mr. Hurler, and it was evident that she was furious at the interruption.

"Mahmah's crazy about guidebooks," she told him, giving him the benefit of her most perfect condescension. "I think they're awfully stupid, don't you?"

"Awfully," agreed Buddy. "I'll take you to the movies, if you'll go, and show you more about the West in an hour than I've learned in a lifetime."

She revealed no encouraging sign, so Buddy, with a cautious glance across the table, asked in a whisper: "Who's the chisel-faced boy in the Tuxedo—the one with the quinine mouth, talking to the lady in blue?"

"Sh-h-h," she cautioned; then with the air of one who has been asked by an Italian immigrant what the big

Was Buddy McNair Expected to Do That? He Sat There Frozen With Horror

statue with the spiked crown in New York Harbor is, she explained

"That's Middleton Knox."

"Oh, yes"

"You don't know him?"

"Can't say I do." He wanted to add that he hoped he never should.

"I thought not. He's related to everybody who is anybody in New York. He's the famous wit"

"I thought so," Buddy allowed himself to say. "I just heard him tell the lady in blue that she had a mind like an anteater."

"Middie is always insulting—especially to women," she informed him. "He's famous for that. He's dreadfully awful; he goes everywhere."

She had done her duty by him apparently, for she turned eagerly back to the overdone Apollo on her left.

Strangely enough at this instant Buddy gave a passing thought to the girl on the D. & R. G. With all her cunning and skillful duplicity she had managed to give the impression of genuine human sympathy. This Doris Blint impressed him as something enameled to the heart. Actually she might be quite genuine, which would be no sadder paradox than the honest-seeming falsity of the girl on the D. & R. G.

A little later he got a shred of fish on his plate and a smear of sauce on his sleeve by means of the same loose-wristed spear-and-scrape process. He gained courage with practice and began to feel a growing familiarity with the new art, though when ices were served he all but immersed his portion in a glassy bowl of water which had been placed before him on a golden plate. Doris Blint helped him out of this tangle, flipping a saucer and a doily with prestidigitatorial grace; and he would have thanked her for the service save for the painted look she gave him.

Something she said to Mr. Hurler set that elegant person cackling.

"Oh, Doris, Doris! But that isn't the way I heard it," and lowering his voice he retailed his own accepted version. Mrs. Blint was then busily engaged with the stout gentleman at her right, and Buddy sat, a silent island in a sea of noise. The way Mr. Hurler had heard it was evidently an improvement, for Miss Blint shrilled again and again, her spare shoulders growing rosy in the exercise of mirth.

"Shall I tell Mr. McNair?" asked Miss Blint, suddenly conscious that Buddy was at the table.

"At your own risk," spluttered the Greek god.

"It's an awfully snappy thing about a drummer who got off at a strange town," began Miss Blint, employing a half whisper as her hard carmine lips came close to Buddy's ear. "Have you heard it?"

Buddy was sure he hadn't, though it reminded him of something Doc Naylor used to tell visiting miners out back of Jerry's corner.

Miss Blint at once launched forth in a highly spiced version of Doc Naylor's old favorite.

After the first episode she paused bashfully and insisted, "Stop me if you've heard it."

"Well," said Buddy, "I've heard it."

His tone must have implied more than his words of what was in his mind, and his blushes underscored it, for Miss Blint spoke to him sharply:

"Am I being rebuked?"

"Well, you remember what the upstairs boarder said when he shot the burglar: 'No offense intended, but you've busted into the wrong story.'"

"Very clever, I suppose; meaning that I have been badly brought up."

Her shallow brown eyes, close set and lively as a monkey's, were fastened on the third button of Buddy's waistcoat.

"I beg pardon, Miss Blint," he floundered. "It's change of climate, I suppose. You see I'm not used to sea level yet."

"That's quite obvious," she told him, and again gave him the close-up of her shoulder blade.

During the rest of the dinner he had the satisfaction of hearing her appreciative cackle after Mr. Hurler's anecdotes. He was somewhat less lonesome, however, because he became engrossed in an observation of Mr. Middleton Knox, across the table. That gentleman, as though studying to offend, was wearing a dinner jacket. Buddy rather liked his clothes, which were not fussy or elaborately tailored like the costumes of the other men round the table. His neat black tie, his round-cut waistcoat, his moderately high, square-winged collar all expressed the same thought—that they belonged to Middleton Knox and had been found suitable. Buddy, whose mind was running morbidly on the subject of clothes that night, sat comparing Knox with his fellows. Blint, Hurler and the fat man to whom Mrs. Blint gave so much of her attention wore too many buttons and frills. The only thing Buddy didn't like about Knox's clothes was Knox. He had a sly, acrid, sarcastic, servile, cowardly face; Buddy could have shied a finger bowl at him for the way he was bulldozing the little woman in blue.

The ceremony of rising and permitting the ladies to retire came at last as a decided relief to Buddy, who now felt that the worst was over. Coffee, liqueurs and cigars of maximum caliber brought Knox within snubbing distance of Mr. Hurler. Mr. Blint deserted the fat gentleman and the youth with the vacant stare to pull up a chair next to Buddy's and make himself generally agreeable.

Ten minutes of talk touching on the condition of Supercyanide convinced Buddy that Blint was a straightforward man, genuinely anxious to make things pleasant. The fact that his interest in Buddy was entirely a business one made his efforts no less praiseworthy.

"How do you like New York by this time?" he asked with more good nature than originality.

"As the dog said when he fell into the soft soap, 'I can't tell till I've licked some of it off.'"

Mr. Blint's laugh was good and natural.

"I hope you'll come down and take a look at our offices; you ought to be interested"

"I've got to spruce up first," said Buddy, glancing down at his untimely costume. "This suit looked pretty stylish in Axe Creek."

"Strutt & Stoll are my tailors," volunteered his host. "I'll be glad to send you round."

"Thanks very kindly." Buddy looked swiftly at Mr. Blint's rather overtailored costume with its angled pockets, braided edges and flowery waistcoat. Then just as swiftly he took in the insolent Middleton Knox, who sat bullying the self-respect out of Mr. Hurler. Knox had a better figure than Blint; possibly that was why he wore his sensible costume so well.

"How long will you be in New York?" asked the host.

"From now on," announced Buddy.

"I wish you'd be quite candid with me. If there's anything in the world I can do for you I'd take it as a favor if you'd let me know."

Buddy noted the look of genuine friendliness on the broad face, and thought at once of the thing he most wanted in New York.

"There is one thing," he began, then stopped to puff his long cigar.

"Well, don't hesitate; if it's in my power ——"

"Could you fix it so that I could meet Mrs. Pat Dyvenot?"

"Meet—what?" interjected Mr. Blint, tilting his cigar toward his shaggy left eyebrow.

"Mrs. Pat Dyvenot. For a long time I've wanted to know her."

Before the words were out Buddy was well aware that he had begged at the wrong door. Blint sat staring at him with a curious speculation, somewhat humorous, wholly misunderstanding. Finally he turned his pear-shaped figure and beckoned toward Knox, who had risen and begun a disgusted retreat toward the drawing-room.

"Middie," said Blint with the air of one who speaks familiarly where he shouldn't, "Mr. McNair wants to be introduced to Mrs. Pat Dyvenot."

Knox leaned over Buddy and smiled with stinging sweetness

"I'm getting together a little book," he drawled. "It's to be called The Hundred Best Questions of the Year. I hope Mr.— Mr. Adair won't object to being included."

Knox resumed his march.

"What's the prairie dog barking at?" scowled Buddy at the perfectly draped back of the man whose every gesture irritated him to madness.

"He knows Mrs. Dyvenot slightly, I think," said Blint in a hushed tone.

"What is it? Some lodge you've got to get into?"

They had turned on the phonograph in the white-and-gold drawing-room and several young people, who had come in after dinner, were dancing in the cleared space. As Buddy rose and followed Blint he noticed Mrs. Blint with three similarly decorated elders playing bridge in an alcove beyond.

"Let's go into the library and have a fresh cigar."

Buddy followed his host down a turn in the hall. The works of undeniable literary masters showed just what they had been bought to show—their handsome backs—in perfectly matched sets from

(Continued on Page 77)

Her Name Was Doris, and She Had Evidently Inherited Her Eyebrows From Her Mother

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If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Fair Sailing

IT IS easy to get a wrong impression of business in the United States. Almost every business concern, from railroad and steel corporation to the village grocery, feels war's restrictions. Some supplies are cut off, others are under government regulation, employees are conscripted. Scarcely any business concern escapes; and there is much uncertainty as to where and how war's restrictions will fall next.

But in spite of all that it is probably easier on the whole to do business in the United States than it ever was before. In the five months ending with May the number of business failures in the country was only half that for the corresponding period in 1915, and the liabilities of failed concerns were much less than half. Fewest failures in proportion to the number of concerns and the volume of business must mean, on the whole, fair sailing—brisk trade, good collections, easy credit.

Nobody knows what is ahead. Everybody but an idiot knows it will not always be fair sailing. At least, restrictions will increase, taxes will multiply. Always it is only a question of time when the barometer falls. Merely as a matter of the most selfish prudence the greatest possible amount of present profits should go into reserve, and the reserve should go into government securities. All past experience proves that there is surely coming a time when every present subscription to a Liberty Bond or a War-Savings Certificate will look like a life preserver to the man who has fallen overboard.

The Shoe Pinches

THE United States has not yet been tried. All that it has so far done to meet the war has been easily within its powers. Considering our resources and our achievements in fifteen months we have not much to brag about.

The test is coming. In various respects we can look forward to it with confidence. Our soldiers will not fail. In spite of submarines and scant shipping we shall get them across in steadily increasing numbers, and they will give a good account of themselves. The Government's war program is well under way and will show increasing efficiency.

But there is a coming test for the whole civilian population. In this fiscal year the Government proposes to spend about as much as the richest foreign nation at war spent in three years. Roughly, for every dollar that the people of the United States contributed to war purposes in the old year they will be called upon for two dollars in the new year. That means, for all and sundry, producing and saving on a new scale or failure to meet the situation adequately.

The individual everywhere, in every station, must take that home with him and chew on it. Aggregate income of all the people of the country in 1912 was estimated round thirty billion dollars—out of which came the whole subsistence of the population and whatever might have been saved. The Government is asking four-fifths of that this year for war. It is a staggering demand.

It can be met—not easily, not by a mere one less cigar a day, not on any business about as usual and spending about as usual plan. It means the kind of effort you make when you want to catch the two-fifteen Saturday afternoon train or when the hay is out and it looks like rain. That kind of effort will do it. Go at your budget now!

Free Speech

THE firemen are in the engine house playing checkers, comparing baseball scores and gassing about politics. A man appears in the doorway and addresses them as follows: "You are dupes. The government you work for is owned body and soul by capitalists who use it only to exploit you. There is no need of a fire company anyway. People would put out fires voluntarily if left to themselves. If you had any manhood and self-respect you'd quit this job." The firemen laugh, josh the speaker and go on playing checkers.

But next day they are fighting a bad fire, choked with smoke, showered with sparks, drenched with water, carrying the hose into what may be a death trap. The orator reappears on the scene with a megaphone. The firemen do not laugh then. They demand angrily of the police captain: "Why don't you shut that fellow up?" If the policeman does not they resent it. They feel that the administration which calls upon them to sweat and choke and permits them to be insulted while they are about it insults them itself. In time, with repetitions of that experience, they are not so zealous in attacking fires as they used to be.

No amount of seditious talk in the United States would stir up any really dangerous physical resistance to the Government. Whatever resistance might develop the Government could easily put down. Our Government does not actually need sedition laws to protect itself from its enemies. It actually needs them to justify itself to its friends. It is the policeman at the fire.

We go on the supposition that millions of normal American citizens react to common conditions substantially as we do. The Government calls upon us all to meet the war. If it permitted people to stand round and insult the effort—on the silly and ignorant theory that anybody must be permitted to say anything he pleases on any occasion—we should have a poor opinion of it. So unquestionably would a vast number of other citizens who want to be loyal, and inevitably their zeal would suffer a check.

Your Congressman

A PATRIOTIC association asks us to urge that no man be elected to Congress this fall unless he heartily supports the war.

That is not enough. A rattle-headed incompetent or a demagogic self-seeker can wave the flag and shout for the war as vigorously as the next man. There has got to be a more searching test than that. He must support the war heartily—and intelligently too.

Pretty extensively, popular representation goes by default. The first thing you really know about it four or five men have got themselves on the primary ballot. You can choose among them, but in at least fifty cases out of a hundred not one of them is the man you would pick if you had the known talent and character of the district to choose from. You might pick X, but X is not on the primary ballot. He does not care for the office; would not bother to seek it; and the men who are mainly engineering the affair behind the scenes, with their little organizations to maintain and their little axes to grind, do not care for X.

Only yesterday we heard a typical bit of gossip—namely that A, B and C—not bad men at all, by no means public enemies, but habituated players of the game of politics, with their followers and their little hand in the patronage pot—had agreed to run C for Congress. That's the way it happens at least half the time.

You know well enough what is at stake. For your rattle-head and demagogue in Congress those boys in France may pay with blood. Talk with your neighbors. Make yourself felt. If X is the best man in your district get after him! Do not wait for the habituated players of the game to set the scene. Do not leave it solely to the self-prompted seekers of the office. Start something yourself, with a determination that the best talent and character in the district shall be brought out.

The Coal Outlook

THIS year's coal requirements, as carefully surveyed by the Fuel Administration, foot up eighty million tons more than last year's production. In spite of all efforts to increase output the gain in the first five months of the year was only ten million tons. There is little chance of doing very much better than that in the remainder of the year.

On the face of the returns we have the hard fact of a deficit of fifty to sixty million tons. You know what coal deficit meant last winter. It will mean that this winter.

This deficit can be overcome by rigid economy in the use of fuel. If the two hundred and fifty thousand steam-producing plants in the country and every householder will see that the furnace is in proper condition and burn coal to the best advantage we shall have coal enough to go round. If there is the usual waste we shall suffer.

They have learned how to use coal economically in Europe—through having to pay all the way from twenty to ninety dollars a ton for it. The man who is paying that does not need any fuel administration to urge him, on patriotic grounds, to stop wasting coal. He develops the keenest interest in that subject without prompting; and he saves the coal.

If our Government took its hand off the fuel situation to-day there would be no wasting of coal next winter. The price would go to such a height that every man who burned a ton of coal would make it his personal business to see it was burned to the best advantage.

The Government will not take its hand off. It wants poor people to have a chance at fuel too. It gives the people the benefit of a not exorbitant price. They ought to show their appreciation by using the coal just as carefully as though they were paying the European price.

Profiteers

SOCIALISTS, particularly in England, used the word "profiteers" long before the war. Pretty often they meant by it whoever seeks a profit. Taken in that sense everybody in business or in a gainful occupation is either a profiteer or an idiot; for business is a quest of profit. That is its ever-constant motive. In a great majority of the ordinary everyday decisions that are made hour by hour a man takes this course rather than that because he thinks it will be profitable.

And this applies as much to the farmer, the plumber and the dentist as to Morgan. Workmen strike in the hope of profiting by it.

War has popularized the word here, but we need a definition of it. Senator Borah, commenting on the President's revenue message, in which he said profiteering existed here, recently offered a definition—to wit: "The man who takes advantage of his country's perilous situation to gather extraordinary profits; who is taking advantage of his country's stress and trial to increase enormously, unjustly and unfairly his individual gain."

If we stick to that definition the entire country can agree heartily that a profiteer is a wretch for whom no punishment is too severe. But a high rate of profit is not always evidence of profiteering. The day before these lines were written a farmer showed us a check for a drove of hogs.

He had happened to be so situated that he could feed the brutes at very low cost. His profit may have been a hundred per cent. But that's no reason for hanging him. Because an ill-equipped, poorly managed business makes only a third the profit of a well-equipped, ably managed business it is by no means three times as patriotic. The intention to take advantage of the country's stress in order to gouge is what constitutes the crime.

Wheat

IN 1879 a big wheat crop, sold at high prices, put the United States round the corner in its struggle to resume specie payments—when it was in a fair way to fail, before the farms of Indiana and Iowa were heard from. A big wheat crop, sold at high prices, put the country round the corner again in 1896, when it was trying to get out of the slough into which the panic of 1893 had cast it.

And in this year of stress, American crops—barring some extraordinary calamity between now and fall—assure the forces of liberty sufficient food in the next twelve months. There is a lot of disputation just now as to what human occupations are essential and what are not, or as to which are more essential and which are less. It is a much more intricate and dubious problem on the whole than many cocksure people suppose. But there is no doubt about wheat. It may well be that this crop will prove a prime factor in putting us round the biggest and hardest corner we have ever yet come to.

With the British in Bagdad

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

One May Catch an Occasional Tantalizing Glimpse of an Inner Court

IF YOUR sole object is "for to be'old an' for to see," the only way to get to Bagdad these days is on a magic carpet of official permission that is just so extraordinarily—to be wholly conservative—difficult to come by that in the mind of its fortunate possessor it has all the requisite qualities of wonderfulness and mystery. Bagdad! What place on earth has more fascination in its name!

The only way into the ancient city of colorful delights is by steamboat up the River Tigris, and as the boat you are traveling on rounds the last great bend after winding a tortuous course of five hundred miles up from the Shat-el-Arab the city of your desires and dreams, the city of pictures that have haunted your mind from childhood, the city of the most amazing tales ever told reveals itself all at once—a disappointment, yet strangely a fulfillment. Inevitably you would be expecting too much. You would be expecting to see something that would offer to your mind at least a suggestion of the domed and minareted Moslem city of Oriental story; but the flat-roofed and mud-colored huddle of human habitations sprawling along the high wall that lines the great sweeping curve of the palm-fringed river would appeal to you at once as being curiously in harmony with the moods of the country you had learned on your slow journey upriver to know so well in its desolate but wonderfully sunlit raggedness.

A Treat for Young Officers

THERE are mosques of course, and synagogues aplenty, but they are all quite ordinary; rather cheap, in fact—all but one. From far down the river you look across a wide stretch of open desert and see, hovering away off in a blue haze that is green-edged with the green of palm trees, the great round golden dome and the many slender shafts that rise above the mosque of Kadhimein. And if you know no more than you ought to know you will take this vision for a first glimpse of Bagdad and be wholly satisfied. But Kadhimein, one of the holiest mosques in the world and the tomb of two imams, is on the west bank of the river four miles above Bagdad, and before the city comes into view it has disappeared altogether from your range of vision.

When I arrived in Bagdad General Maude more or less turned me over to his two aids. Or did he turn his aids over to me? In any case, while I was his guest—during the memorable eight days before he died—he deprived himself constantly of the services of first one and then the other, each taking his turn in accompanying me here, there and everywhere—wherever I wanted to go. I was afraid in the beginning that to take them away from their regular duties was to make myself a good deal of a nuisance all round, but I soon learned that I was a kind of godsend to a couple of earnest but average young men who had done nothing for one solid year but attend to business. To go about with me, seeing things and exploring the city and its environs, was not a chore; it was a privilege.

The only other visitor they had ever had to take care of was an energetic bishop, whose chief interest in life naturally was the spiritual welfare of everybody concerned. I have read what he wrote about his visit, and I think the task of accompanying him could hardly have been regarded by anyone as a release from the exactions of laborious and methodical duty. Not all the soldiers are in the trenches, you know, and this bishop seems to be a great and most effective fighter. He began each day with a dedication somewhere and ended it with a confirmation, having filled in the intervening hours with services of various kinds and with painstaking inspections of all the chapels, hospitals and Y. M. C. A. quarters within a radius of a day's toilsome round. And he made hay while the sun shone at the rate of about one hundred and fifteen degrees, even in the shade of the few sheltering palms. But I am not laughing at him, of course. I am laughing at the young A. D. C. who had to keep up with him.

The only thing I have against the bishop is that he went down to Babylon and got caught in an Arab raid. He came within about ten seconds of losing his life, and because this happened to him General Maude decided that I was not to be allowed to make that most interesting of all pilgrimages. Going to Babylon is the principal thing you do when your operations are based on Bagdad. That is, if going to Babylon happens to be in the nature of a fairly safe possibility; which it cannot be so long as the hostile Arabs continue their hostile demonstrations in the open desert.

Most of the things the aids showed me they saw for the first time with me, and they were as keen about it all as I could possibly be though they had been in Bagdad nearly a year. The army commander bent his brows in mock severity and threatened to count against them as leave all the time they spent with me, but he, too, was interested; to my surprise Bagdad as a place to be visited was more or less a closed book to him as well as to the rest of us, and after spending the morning on the big job at headquarters he came home to luncheon each day with a demand that we tell him all about our doings.

Tactful Aides-de-Camp

THE aides-de-camp were surprisingly young to be in the official family of an army commander, but I soon learned that they knew a number of things besides the proper way to pull in a belt and wear a tunic. To begin with, and so far as I was concerned, they knew how, when and how much to be enthusiastic, and that helped considerably. It was better than being conducted by a learned 'ologist of some kind. Oh, much better! Because learned 'ologists have a way of being too overweeningly learned and of assuming that one knows more than one naturally could. When they find out that one knows practically nothing at all they get lofty and uncommunicative and are not unlikely to be fatiguing, not to say positively depressing. At least that has been my experience on a few occasions. In their opinion unless you know all about "periods" and "roots" and "combinations" and all that sort of thing, and unless you can call the various intricacies of ancient mysteries by their right names, you might just as well be

A Military Convoy in Mesopotamia

A Pontoon Bridge Across the Diala River at Bakuba

A Typical Bagdad Street

dead. Well, I don't and I can't, so if there are any archæologists present they might much better be somewhere else.

Bagdad as the City of the Caliphs and of Harun-al-Rashid's benevolent strolls is absorbingly interesting, to be sure, but I was far more interested in observing the effects of modern events and of the occupation of the historic city by a British army. I was not lost to the lure of the ancient fascinations, but I was fascinated by the great thing that is being done. However, to begin with it was like turning the leaves of a great picture book for the first time. I shall come to the pictures, but first let me say that if you should be carried by aëroplane from a far place and dropped down bound and blindfolded into the center of Bagdad to-day, turned round three or four times and then set free, you would open your eyes, look about you and say:

"Well, I don't know what town this is, but whatever it is the Germans beat me to it!"

The last thing the commander of the Turkish forces in Mesopotamia did before he gave up the fight to hold Bagdad was to send a polite message across to General Maude asking him to refrain from dropping shells or bombs into the city. The British thought this rather humorous at the time, since the most devastating thing their army commander ever dropped or ever intended to drop into Bagdad was a limited edition of a proclamation calling upon the people to preserve order and to fear nothing from British troops. But the sublime cheek of it was realized when they began later to shovel and dig their way into certain sections of the city through the ruins of British property.

Looking Eastward From the River Over the Roofs of Bagdad

Evidences of German Spite

THERE had been a bank and a number of good business and office buildings that were built and occupied before the war by British firms engaged in international commerce, and all these were reduced to heaps of dust and rubbish. Not a single piece of British property was left standing except the Residency, a rather imposing building on the river front which reminds one forcefully of the days when Great Britain maintained a special and somewhat stately relationship with the Turkish Empire. And without a doubt the Residency also would have been destroyed had it not been in use at the time as a Turkish hospital. It must have cost the German officers some bitter pangs to leave it, because nothing in Bagdad is quite so eloquent of dignity and permanently established strength.

And at that it was in a sorry condition. As a hospital it was dirty and unkempt beyond anybody's power to describe, and the British found it filled to capacity with wounded Turks who had been abandoned. They had been deserted! Absolutely! Left behind without a medical officer or even an orderly to attend to their needs! This is one of the few bad counts the British have marked up against the Turks. And they wonder about it. One of the medical officers who entered the city with General Maude's army and who had much to do in the early work of establishing adequate hospital facilities for British wounded told me about it, and he summed up the situation as "the most horrible mess" he had ever encountered. That any army medical service could perpetrate such an outrage against its own wounded was a thing beyond his British comprehension. He was ready to concede that leaving the wounded behind might have been a necessity, but he could imagine no circumstances under which it might be necessary to leave them without medical or nursing attendance. Most of the cases were stretcher cases of the worst kind; very few of the men could move at all, and those who could were not able to take care of their hundreds of helpless comrades. So the helpless ones simply had to lie in filth and misery—tortured by feverish thirst, their wounds uncared for, their bandages unchanged—and wait for the arrival of the British conquerors. And it was three days after the evacuation of the city by the Turkish communication services, including the medical service, before the British came in!

Needless to say no wounded men of any nationality ever got better care than those Turks. They might have murdered Armenians by the hundreds of thousands—though the soldier type of Turk does not do such things if one is to believe the testimony of men who ought to know—but they were men wounded in battle with the British Army; they had been atrociously abused, and my doctor friend told me in still angry recollection that he wanted almightily to go on a rampage and soundly thrash everybody in Bagdad who might have taken care of them and did not.

But Bagdad was then in the grip of fear of battle at its gates, and was defending itself, moreover, against the wild lawlessness of marauding desert Arabs.

As for the wanton destruction of British private property there is no doubt in anybody's mind so far as I have been able to discover that it was ordered by German officers in a spirit of vindictive hatred. Just as nobody doubts that the stripping of the British graves at Kut-el-Amara of the simple crosses that marked them was a German-inspired outrage. When the British under General Maude recaptured Kut they found the pitiful cemetery of the fearful siege which ended with the capitulation of General Townshend nothing but a naked waste of little mounds, though each grave had been marked as it was made with the usual cross bearing the name of the fallen man, the name or number of his regiment and the date of his death. For some inexplicable reason these little crosses were all removed by the temporarily victorious enemy, the dead being left without that sweet shelter of identification that means so much to the loved ones left behind.

It may be that it is wronging the Germans to lay at their door all such unnecessary outrages against human decency, but if it is, they have nobody but themselves to blame. The reputation they bear is surely the result of their own unaided efforts; efforts magnificently organized and ably directed wherever they happen for the time being to be in command of things.

But the Turk—it is rather a curious situation as regards the Turk. In spite of considerable evidence to the contrary and the number of tremendous shocks he has received the average Englishman has never quite surrendered the idea that in a general sense the Turk is a gentleman. A gentleman, to be sure, who commits wholesale murder and crimes so overwhelmingly atrocious that they cause a whole world of men to quake with horror, but a gentleman nevertheless who as a rule is incapable of petty meannesses. Is that not astonishing?

The Decency of the Turks

THERE is no doubt at all that in straight battle the Turk fights in a spirit of "may the best man win." He endeavors with admirable determination to prove himself the best man, but he never stoops to unfair advantage and he never displays in any way that soul-searing quality of hatred with which the German people have made the world so appallingly familiar. I was never more surprised in my life than when I was told by a British officer that in Mesopotamia the British do not require gas and liquid fire because the Turks have always steadfastly refused to employ such things against them.

This is worth a moment's special consideration. On both sides the Mesopotamian war has been fought with shot and shell, and so far as is known—aside from the uncertainty as to the fate of British prisoners in Turkish hands—the Turks have broken no established rules and have refused throughout to adopt modern German methods of inhuman terrorism and frightfulness. They have observed all the hitherto internationally customary courtesies and decencies with regard to the wounded and the dead on the battlefields; they have respected the Red Cross as their own Red Crescent has been respected; they have exchanged captured medical men without question; and have displayed throughout a tendency to maintain the conventionalities and to uphold the ethics of what was once known as "civilized warfare."

It is all very curious and one fails somehow to understand. It would surprise us very little if the "terrible Turk"—surely convicted before the world of terribleness—should resort to barbarous methods even against such a

(Continued on Page 24)

This Extraordinary Street is Casually Known as New Street and is Now Bagdad's Principal Thoroughfare

Duty and The Republic

RISING tire prices point straight to Republic Tires. It is every man's duty, now, to find tires that last longer.

The investment which the individual user must now make, whether he buys one tire or a full set, is too large for careless choosing.

He must be sure of the longest possible tire life.

Users by the thousand say bluntly:—"Yes, Republic Tires *do* last longer."

Thousands of cars, driven by dealers from motor car factories, prove the same thing.

When they are equipped with Republic Tires they arrive at their destination with much less evidence of wear.

The tread—made tougher by the Prōdium Process—is little more than rubbed in most cases.

Motor car dealers say that the Prōdium Process makes the tire wear down slowly and evenly, like steel.

Proofs of Republics' longer life are all around you.

Prudence and economy demand that you put these Republic proofs to the test.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

Republic
STAGGARD
Tread

Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 22)

respected enemy as England. But it seems he has not, and I have yet to hear an Englishman refer to the Turkish enemy, as such, in any terms but terms of respect. And always with the simple idea that he must be "licked into line" at whatever cost; the ultimate fate of Turkey being from an international viewpoint a most important issue of the war.

There are a great many thoughtful and intelligent Turks who realize, as I know from personal contact with them in Constantinople during the war, that Germany is playing with them her favorite bully's game of "heads I win, tails you lose." But for some unexplained and as yet inexplicable reason the Turks go on playing it.

The British Residency at Bagdad was soon emptied of its pitiful hundreds of wounded Turks and became General Headquarters for the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force. The Turkish infantry barracks inside the wall on the river bank, the tremendous cavalry barracks outside the old North Gate, and a number of other more or less suitable large buildings in the city were quickly cleaned out and remodeled for hospital purposes, while the Turkish General Hospital—a very creditable modern institution, but also occupied by deserted Turks and in a very Turkish state of uncleanness—was put in proper condition according to British ideas almost overnight.

And this reminds me that I really should be writing reams about hospitals and the medical services of Mesopotamia. But when the whole world is a hospital the subject has an ache of monotony in it that fairly numbs one's mind, an ache one cannot escape in a war zone where day after day in the ordinary round one is led through one long avenue after another of perfectly kept beds—usually occupied—in perfectly kept wards, and all alike.

The item of particular interest about the hospitals of Mesopotamia, with their forty-odd thousand beds and their excellence of equipment and condition, is that they exist at all. And one really wants to offer a tribute of recognition to the men who have established them in the face of all but insuperable difficulties and who keep them up to standard in spite of the fact that they are a million miles from nowhere. In hospital facilities the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force is as well provided for as any force engaged in the war anywhere; and that means more than anyone can realize who fails to appreciate the remoteness of Mesopotamia and the conditions that were encountered when the British took possession of the land.

The Picture Book

A few doors below the Residency, now G. H. Q., was a house that had been occupied at different times by both Von der Goltz Pasha and Khalil Pasha, and this General Maude chose for his own residence, while his officers took possession of other deserted Turkish houses here and there throughout the city. The main British force continued in pursuit of the Turks to the northward, took Samarra, seventy miles up the Tigris, and was spread out over a wide-curving line of defense which, when General Maude died, rested at one end on the Euphrates at Ramadi and at the other on a certain point near the Persian frontier. Lieutenant General Sir William Marshall, who succeeded General Maude in the supreme command, was then corps commander on the Eastern Front with field headquarters at the picturesque little town of Bakuba. Since General Maude's death General Marshall has altered the line considerably as a result of offensive operations on the Euphrates and to the north of Samarra.

And now for the picture book. The junior A. D. C. and I climbed into a low gray service car in front of the general's house and whirled away at the usual nerve-trying speed of an army car driven by a soldier chauffeur. We rushed past the Residency with its mud-brick wall skirting a ragged dust-powdered garden; past low-roofed residences buried in unkempt greenery; past a few coffeehouses, where crowds of picturesquely clad citizens sat cross-legged on wooden benches drawing lazily at the long stems of nargiles; and so on into a wide, torn-up, extraordinary street off which here and there one caught glimpses into deep dim bazaars or into side streets that were piled high with the débris of deliberate destruction.

The extraordinary street is casually known as New Street and is now Bagdad's principal thoroughfare. It was cut by Khalil Pasha on the advice of the Germans, and it was ruthlessly done. No Turk would ever think of doing such a thing on his own initiative, the Turks being partial to narrow airless ways and sunless passages. The Germans, however, believe in wide streets and plenty of room; and they are quite right. But to hew a street as with a battleax straight through the heart of such a city as Bagdad required some lack of consideration for the feelings of the inhabitants and the property owners. There was no question of proprietary rights. The street was simply cut through. And some of the property owners were so cast down by it that to this day they have not troubled to remove from the half-sliced-away buildings the evidences of human occupation. They left pictures to dangle forlornly on the walls of rooms, and furniture here and there to become weather-beaten and unsightly. They look horribly exposed and ashamed, these rooms do.

Gratitude to the British

The whole street is lined on either side by jagged wall ends and open caverns, and only here and there does one see any evidence of attempts at reconstruction. Even a mosque which lay in the way of the straight line marked out for the street had one corner hacked away, and so to desecrate a mosque is in the mind of the orthodox Mussulman an unforgivable offense. No more unpopular thing was ever done in any city, yet on the whole it was a good thing to do and the British have reason to be thankful for it. That they have reason to be thankful that it was done while the Germans were in control goes without saying. The street was needed; it was made on the gentle, generous, German plan; the Germans got all the execration and hatred; then the British came along and are reaping a reward of gratitude and trust by undertaking, to as great an extent as possible, gradually to reimburse the property owners and to assist them in rebuilding and in reëstablishing themselves in business. Possibly it is unjust to damn the Germans for this. They may not have been in the least responsible. But you could not make the Bagdad people believe they were not, because they know the Turk too well to suspect him of intuitive or voluntary progressiveness. In any case, where the mere improvement of conditions is concerned he is not given to acting like a mad bull in a china shop.

When the Turks left Bagdad they left everything in such a state of dilapidation that one wonders how they themselves ever managed to get along. Even this new avenue was so cut up with ruts and holes that for automobile transport it was all but impassable, and the first thing the British had to do was to level it up. The British labor corps has worked from the beginning in squads of thousands and is working constantly now to put and to keep the city in livable condition. But, as I have said, your first guess would be that the Germans had surely been there.

Bagdad has a population of about one hundred and forty thousand, but it is compactly built and overcrowded and one gets an impression that it is a small town on a holiday, with everybody in from the country for miles round. As I drove through the heart of it I tried to get a vision that would stay in my mind in photographic detail of the strange multicolored and intermingled life that I was seeing for the first time. But it was not possible. There were too many different kinds of people and too many curious angles and contours of life. Then there were the khaki and gray—the colors of war that one saw as by far the most important and interesting thing to be seen, yet that contrasted so sharply with the general scheme of things.

We had to turn out into a ditch to get past a long convoy of guns that was lumbering and clanking along, accompanied by many officers on handsome horses, while on the other side of the street, disputing the way with automobiles and donkeys, was a long line of camels ambling disdainfully through the mob under heavy loads of army duffel of varying degrees of lumpiness.

In many of the gaping frontless houses and in tiny bits of garden here and there were Persians and Arabs and Oriental Jews at their everlasting drowsing over coffee and hubble-bubbles, there were women, hundreds of them, unveiled for the most part out wrapped from head to feet in gorgeous-hued and all-enveloping abas, Kurd porters staggering under unbelievable burdens, and other Kurds wearing the same black pot hat that was worn by their forefathers thousands of years ago—as is proved so often by the picture records discovered in the buried cities; droves of coolie women all but lost to view under loose enormous bundles of twigs and desert grass roots that are carried in for fuel; lordly turbaned Moslem elders looking very important in black flowing robes; red-fezzed Jews in misfit European clothing; handsome Persians in high white lamb's wool caps and long silken coats of many colors; slaves—slave women and slave men from East Africa, black as ebony and with shifty eyes full of inquiry and resentment; and Christians—Christian peoples from the north and Christians of ancient Chaldean stock who are Arabian so far as costume is concerned but who are unlike their Ishmaelitic brethren in that they are as white as Germans, many of them, and have eyes as blue.

We came at last to the old North Gate, where the new street ends. The North Gate is a ragged remnant of the ancient city and has great, heavy nail-studded doors swung back. Out beyond is a vast expanse of nothing, in the yellow sandy midst of which stands the enormous modern building that was a cavalry barracks in Turkish days and is now Indian Stationary Hospital, Number 61, with a capacity of more than thirteen hundred beds.

It was our intention to drive round the city on the outer embankment of the dry moat that skirts what was once the wall, and this we proceeded very bumpily and uncomfortably to do. Bagdad had a wali once upon a time who conceived for some reason the noble idea of destroying the old wall, filling in the moat and turning it all into one grand boulevard. A Germanly inclined critic would be likely to say: And were the Germans responsible for that? No, probably not, else it would not have been done in such a delightfully human and haphazard fashion. It was a laudable plan, perhaps, but it was carried out with customary Turkish leisureliness and graft, and in the result one sees much more of the preliminary destruction than of the intended subsequent improvement.

The Blocked Gateway

The road we traveled was indescribably awful, and the comment of the A. D. C.—jerked out rather comically between bumps—was to the effect that it was "no—kind o—va road—over which to ta—ka lady—j—oy riding!" But I assured him that it was quite all right because the view was per—fectly su—perb!

Looking westward through the afternoon haze toward the palm-fringed Tigris the City of the Caliphs seemed to be almost all that one might wish it to be. Its domes and minarets are covered with bright-colored tiles or mosaics, and viewed at close range they look rather tawdry. But from out there in the desert one saw the grace of them, and their colors seemed to blend into a radiant glow.

We rolled, rocked, bumped and teetered down off the fearful moat road and came into a vast Mohammedan burial ground in the midst of which stands the mosque-like tomb of the Caliph Omar. Then we plunged up again and on to the one-time East Gate of the city, through which a succession of conquerors has marched in triumph into Bagdad. It seems a great pity that the Turks did not realize General Maude's intention. He came up to the city on a river boat, entered it with a minimum of pomp and spectacle, and marched his troops by the shortest and easiest route on to the northward in pursuit of the retreating enemy. If the Turks had known he would do this the interesting ancient gate of the conquerors might have been spared. There is a tradition that whoever marches through this gate victorious in arms establishes a lasting rule in Mesopotamia, so before they left the Turks added considerably to its destruction and filled in the remaining fragment of its beautiful arch with a solid block of masonry. They were taking no chances on the establishment of permanent British rule.

A short distance outside the South Gate, by which we reëntered the city, we came upon two very small and very snug foreign cemeteries. They lie close together, but they are definitely apart. Each is surrounded by its own high mud wall, and each is shaded by a few tall dusty palms and low feathery tamarisk trees. One is British. The other is German.

One is British—a British cemetery of peaceful days when Britons lived and died in such far places as Bagdad in the pursuit of diplomacy, commerce, scientific research or the mere idle delights of wanderlust. Wonderful German word!

The other is German—a German cemetery of peaceful days when Germans lived and died in such far places as Bagdad in the pursuit of the German variety of diplomacy, of commerce and scientific research and of the almost never merely idle delights of wanderlust, as we have learned to our astonishment and sorrow.

In the German cemetery they buried Von der Goltz Pasha, who died in Bagdad in 1916. But his body was subsequently exhumed and sent back to Germany, where one imagines that the Pasha of his Turkish honor and glory will not be too conspicuously displayed upon his tomb. Since he was a German I have only a vague idea why one should imagine this, but it is said that the Turks loathed him with a mighty loathing, and nobody pretends to believe that he died a natural death. As a matter of fact he died as General Maude died—of cholera! And he died in the same room in which England's clean big man gave up his life.

The Gallant Six Hundred

Five or six hundred—I don't know the exact number—of the men who went into captivity with General Townshend at the surrender of Kut died when they reached Bagdad and are buried in a palm grove on the other side of the river. They were not given graves; they were merely put away under leveled ground, the location of which the British might never have learned had it not been for some Arabs who helped to bury them and some sisters in a French convent who begged and obtained permission to nurse them when they were dying.

For this devoted service the British Government recently conferred upon these sisters a war decoration of a high order; and they are greatly beloved in Bagdad to-day. They are just a small company of humble little nuns, but they are French, and who can tell what they must have suffered during the thirty-two months of war when the Turks and Germans controlled Bagdad!

When the British learned where the Kut prisoners were buried a number of them wanted to have the bodies taken up and reburied with all the honors of war in the new military cemetery outside the North Gate—the cemetery in which General Maude now lies. But General Maude said No. He was strongly opposed to any such course and positively refused to sanction it.

"Poor fellows," he said, "let them lie where they are. It is their own spot and nothing we could possibly do would add anything to the honor that is already theirs. Some day we will make a little park of their burial ground and give them a monument—all their own. That would be better, much better than to disturb them now." And at once everybody agreed with him.

I can quote General Maude exactly, because it was he who told me about it. And afterward I had reason to remember it. When he died there was considerable talk in various circles about the probability that sooner or later his body would be sent home to England. But his officers said: "We know his beliefs and sentiments on that point if we know anything. He expressed them very freely and forcefully, and they should be regarded. He should lie where he is always!"

There is not much in Bagdad to remind one of the grandeur and the greatness of its past, but when I walked lingeringly under the lofty arched gateway of the citadel one morning I quite felt that I was stepping out of the grinding and grueling now into the restfulness of the finished ages in which we delight to wander. But the first thing I saw was a recently captured Krupp gun standing out on Harun al Rashid's parade ground—so I came straight back.

There is an old bronze cannon just outside the portal that has been there for no telling how many generations; and though it would be a wonderful prize to set up on a British greensward somewhere, it is perfectly safe where it is because to take it away would be to rob the women and children. I don't know how or when it acquired its wizard's power, but it possesses such power, and no man child is born within reach of it who is not brought by his mother and held for a moment in front of its muzzle

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Styleplus Clothes

The new clothing situation

The clothing market has been radically affected by the war.

This advertisement is to explain what the conditions have been and what they are today so you can see why clothing prices have advanced.

When war was declared the government of the United States went into the market to provide military clothing for her fighting men.

Quick action was necessary. Great quantities of wool were immediately required for the making of uniforms, shirts and underclothing.

The next step was to weave the wool into cloth in time to have the finished garments manufactured and supplied to the soldiers before cold weather. To do this required every available loom. The textile industry almost stopped making civilian fabrics and began to work on goods for the Army and Navy.

This summer the outfitting of a far greater number of troops for the coming winter is the problem of the nation. Nearly every woolen mill is on government work.

How has all this affected civilian clothes?

The demand for such large quantities of wool has drawn upon the reserve supply in the United States and has sent the prices soaring. Just recently the government fixed the price, *as of July 30, 1917*—about 65c against 20c in normal times.

The increased cost of clothing today is due to the increased cost of wool and the increased cost of labor going into the manufacture of woolens and the finished garments.

Is there going to be an inadequate supply of clothing for civilian use?

We do not believe so.

The whole situation resolves itself into the question of raw material shipping and manufacturing.

More wool is being grown. And ships are being built. The woolen mills of this country are the largest in the world—but labor shortage has been and will continue to be a serious handicap.

Furthermore the majority of looms must keep on making military fabrics because the soldier comes first. In consequence less civilian fabrics can be made.

This does not mean that you will go cold. It means that you must be considerate. Buy only the clothes you actually need.

Time is needed to keep ahead with the production. By buying only what you need you co-operate instead of going contrary to the industrial plans of the nation. This is the spirit behind the request of the government when it says "Do not hoard."

So much for conditions! What about Styleplus Clothes?

Styleplus during the past spring and present summer have sold in two grades, $21 and $25. For the coming fall, Styleplus suits will sell at $25 and $30; Styleplus overcoats at $25, $30 and $35, the higher grade including the heavier storm fabrics and the longer coats.

The policy behind Styleplus Clothes is to supply the public with stylish, serviceable garments at reasonable price. This policy works harder for you today than ever before. At prices never considered unusual for a good suit or overcoat, you can secure a Styleplus.

The price increase from season to season does not tempt you to hoard. You will practice intelligent economy. You will make both sides of your dollar count when you wear Styleplus.

But no matter what make of clothes you decide on—don't buy more than you need. Give Uncle Sam a chance to work out from under the problem of getting organized on a war basis over night.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

Trade Mark Registered

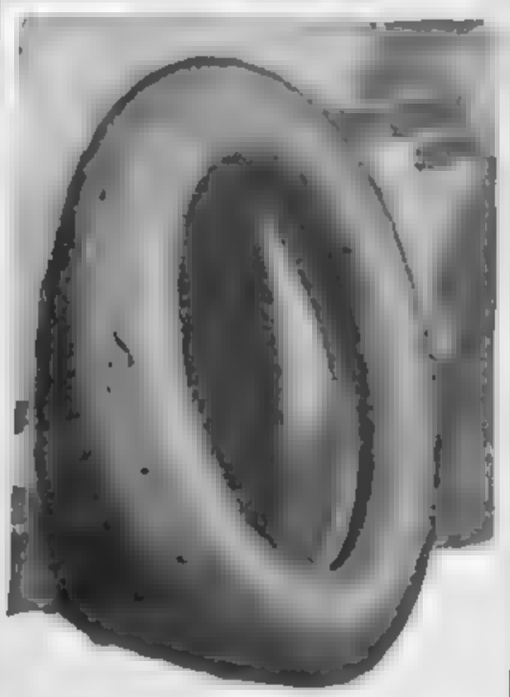
Styleplus Clothes

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

War Substitutes

Economy for Waste.
Co-operation for Criticism.
Knowledge of Prices for Gossip about Profits.
Cornmeal and Oatmeal for Wheat Flour.
Fish for Beef and Bacon.
Vegetable Oils for Animal Fats.
The Garden Hoe for the Golf Stick.
Performance for Argument.
Perishable for Preservable Foods.
The Beef You Do Not Eat for the Rifle You Can Not Carry.
Saving for Useless Spending.
Marketing for Telephoning.
Production for Pessimism.

—*Canadian Food Bulletin*



Don't Throw That Old Tire Away—

Reinforce it with a Goodyear Inside Tire Protector and get many extra miles.

FEW tires are completely worn out when thrown away. Most of them are capable of considerable extra mileage if given a little help. The Goodyear Inside Tire Protector is designed to provide complete and dependable reinforcement for the worn or weakened casing. Carefully made, of fine materials, it is a means of getting at low cost many miles that would otherwise be lost. Try a Goodyear Inside Tire Protector in one of your worn tires. It costs little and saves much. Remember, the last thousand miles are the cheapest.

The Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit is an assortment of the most needed tire accessories handily arranged in a compact package. Your car should carry one.

GOODYEAR

TIRE SAVERS

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

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while she mutters the incantation which, by the gun's magic virtue, puts upon him a spell of human excellence.

I was comparing this delicately decorated instrument of the polite warfare of a better age than this with the shining black businesslike and murderous-looking Krupp, when the commandant came hurrying out of a cavern of early-world wickedness to welcome me.

It must have been a cavern of wickedness. It is impossible to imagine its walls echoing anything but the moans of the tortured and the sibilant whispers of sin. The commandant took me at once to see what had been detaining him. We walked through a low door in a massive ruined wall, went down some crumbling steps and came into a long, perfectly preserved gray baked-brick corridor that could not have been more than five feet wide and was certainly not less than thirty feet high. And it was wonderfully vaulted overhead. It was a passageway of some sort in the ancient palace of the caliphs.

Along one side of it there were numerous openings in a wall about four feet thick, which led into the deepest dungeons that imagination could picture. And it was in the dungeons that the commandant was interested. In them the Turks had stored a tremendous quantity of lead in long round bars that were laid in even rows running away into the depths of the gloom as far as one's eyes could penetrate. That they should have attempted to destroy such indestructible material is rather amusing; but they did, and in doing so they at least gave the British some extra and arduous labor. Most of it escaped and was being moved out and stacked in a courtyard to wait for the process which would convert it into bars bearing the stamp of the British supply department. But in some of the dungeons the fires the Turks started continued to burn until the metal was melted down into solid masses. And now these masses were being attacked with picks and drills, and the lead was coming out in great ragged shining chunks. I thought it was the most interesting bit of mining I had ever seen.

And outside, in the lee of a wall that was built about the year 800, a number of Britishers were feeding rubbish and desert grass roots into a long improvised brick furnace over which were suspended a half dozen common-looking kettles filled with molten lead that bubbled and boiled, while a number of other men were engaged in pouring the metal into molds that were strung out in rows along the ancient flagstones.

Recaptured Guns

The citadel is little else than a vast walled inclosure now, but it once contained a number of marvelous buildings, as the ruins of the palace of the caliphs marvelously prove. And the walls themselves are wonderful. They are about forty feet across and consist within of great chambers that stretch away city blocks in length, their vaulted ceilings being upheld by mammoth pillared arches of brick.

These magnificently built walls surround three sides of the stronghold, and along the fourth flows the broad slow-moving Tigris, held within bounds by a high embankment of time-pitted masonry which, continuing upward in a splendid sweeping curve, forms what was once the outer wall of the palace and suggests scaling ladders and all the old-world paraphernalia of war.

In the inner-wall chambers the Turks stored modern munitions, and there was a fairly satisfactory haul of shells of various calibers to go with the captured guns. But the most precious prize the British secured with Bagdad were the guns that were taken from General Townshend at Ctesiphon and Kut. The Turks did a few things to them and left them behind in the citadel. They turned out to be rubbish more or less, but they meant more to the Englishmen than all the other loot put together. And one of them was sent home to the King.

Then there was a great arsenal filled with small arms and small-arms ammunition, and behind this, in what seems to have been the area of destruction and where the British guns were found, was a stack of forty thousand rifle barrels. The rifles had been fed into a bonfire and all the wood on them had been burned away, but the barrels, lying in a huge haphazard heap against a high wall, were at least interesting. They looked like a mountainous pile of fire-blackened and altogether useless giant reeds. A number of Arab coolie women were engaged in the task of sorting them out as to sizes and styles, while inside many others were deftly sorting ammunition and putting things to rights generally.

I afterward saw these women going through the process of getting out of the citadel, and it was not easy. There is always a chance that one of them may try to get away with a weapon of some kind; so the examination they have to undergo is both strict and methodical.

The Turks really attempted a wholesale destruction before they left, but either they were in too much of a hurry or the construction of the old buildings is such as to defy even high explosives. They planted dynamite in the pillars of the wall chambers of the citadel, but the only damage observable consists of a few cracks and jagged holes. Whether or not the dynamite traps that were found in a number of buildings here and there throughout the city were purposely left is not known. It is charitably supposed that they were all charges that had failed to explode. But they greatly endangered the lives of hundreds of British workmen, and it is merely chance that no serious accidents have occurred. When they were hastily remodeling and equipping a certain industrial school building for use as an automobile repair shop they came upon enough dynamite planted under the flagstones of the floor to blow up the whole neighborhood. This was the first discovery, and you may be sure that everybody afterward worked in such places very warily.

The Ancient Prison

I was not sure I wanted to visit the prison. Its sinister walls seen across the wide parade ground were enough to make me think to myself; "Oh, well, prisons are prisons." But the commandant seemed to be rather keen about it. And besides, he had given nearly two-thirds of the prisoners a half day off from work on a new road up the river in order that I might see them. Moreover, the prison was in a part of the palace of the caliphs, and there was no other such prison anywhere on earth. So he said. But I always approach prisons with my heart in my mouth. It is not fear. It is horror. The thought of a prison is quite enough to restrain my criminal inclinations. Though maybe criminal Arabs are not exactly people.

A heavy modern steel door hinged on an ancient six-foot wall swung open a few inches and we went in. We were met by the warden—an Englishman in Mesopotamia in civilian clothes!—and were conducted into an inner court round three sides of which the prisoners were standing in an uneven stoop-shouldered row. They were barefooted, clothed in heavy gray woolen sacklike coats and short trousers, and a majority of them wore leg chains. A more villainous-looking crew no writer of lurid fiction ever pictured.

The warden barked a sharp command in Arabic and they all dropped to their haunches. Another command, and they spread their hands out, palms up, in front of them.

Off in one corner by themselves was a group of very respectable-looking citizens of Bagdad in their own voluminous and rather attractive garments, and as they obeyed the warden's order to sit down and hold out their hands they looked like nothing so much as a lot of long-black-whiskered bad boys doing a ridiculous kind of penance.

"What are the otherwise dignified gentlemen in for?" I asked.

"For not paying their debts to the government" was the rather startling answer.

In the good old Turkish days government was not such a positive quantity as it is now, and it was not nearly so regularly conducted. Such a creature as a tax collector who could not be induced for a consideration to underestimate property values and to overlook many of a man's belongings did not exist. In fact there was no fixed system of assessment and a man paid to the Turkish collector any indefinite sum, while the collector paid into the coffers of the state the amount decided upon as his district's quota, an estimate which left him always with a sufficiently wide margin of personal gain to make the job attractive.

But the British came in and changed all that. They instituted a system of equitable assessment on established British lines, and the taxpayer gets a notice to betake himself to a certain place and pay a fixed sum within a fixed period. Most persons are satisfied to accept this innovation because they see in it a positive benefit. Moreover, they see that all moneys collected and vast sums besides are being spent on public improvements. They have been able to get along always without good roads, clean streets, decent sanitary arrangements and all other modern necessities, but once these are provided they begin to appreciate the value of them, and there are not many Mesopotamian natives who fail to realize the advantage to themselves of British occupation.

But these respectable-looking old men in durance vile were among the few who liked the old way better and who refused to conform to the new order of things. Their sentences were indeterminate in that they would jolly well have to stay right where they were until they made up their stubborn minds to come across and accept the responsibilities along with the privileges of citizenship. That was the way it was put up to them, and the warden laughed and said they spent hours every day sitting round mumbling and grumbling about it and going over long columns of figures together.

We went on round the court, into the immaculate kitchens, the workrooms of various kinds—tailor shops and carpenter sheds—and at every door the warden spoke the guttural, harsh-sounding words that brought the prisoners up standing with palms out. I understood the wisdom of such precaution when a man in the kitchen—a terrible-looking, black-browed brigand with bad-conduct stripes on his chest—laid down a big meat knife in order to obey.

A deputy watched the inner court while we explored the cells that were once dungeons but have been lighted and ventilated for the sake of the British conscience; then we came down past a row of large rooms with barred steel doors that open into the court. All round sat the awful band of criminals watching every move we made, and as we passed one of the barred doors a long arm reached out and a bony hand clutched at me. I am not trying to be melodramatic, but I never felt a more unpleasant thrill in my life. Behind the barred door were seventeen men, and they had ranged themselves in a line, all leaning suppliantly forward, while he of the long arm and bony hand pressed against the bars and whined a petition in which I could catch but one word—*mem-sahib*. He was addressing me.

Studying the Breed

The warden and the commandant stopped and listened. And I should like to remark in passing that the British always seem to have good men who can speak the language of the tribes they have to deal with. They showed no signs of impatience or anger. They merely listened.

"What does he say?" I asked.

"He says they all want justice and only justice; that they can get no hearing and that if you who are the only lady ever seen within these walls will appeal for justice for them they know their cases will be taken up and that they will be at liberty shortly to return to their families." He spoke in a commonplace singsong, like a man translating, off-hand.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"All men condemned to death."

"But they have been tried in the usual way, have they not?"

"Certainly!"

"What were their crimes?"

"Murder mostly—though a few of them were caught giving information to the enemy."

"Then what can they hope to gain by such an appeal?"

"Oh, nothing. It is Arab habit to make appeals. We leave them practically outdoors, as you see, and let them do more or less as they please. And everything they do teaches us something about the breed. We really want to know as much about them as possible. It simplifies the task of handling them justly and rightly."

On the flat roof overlooking the beautiful palm-shaded Tigris—they showed me the scaffold. It was a double one but rather antiquated, and they dwelt at some length on the advantages of a new one that was about to be substituted. Then we had quite a conversation about capital punishment in general, and to my surprise I found that my supposedly case-hardened companions were quite sentimental about it. They hated it abominably. But the warden thought that as long as it is retained on the

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ROBT BURNS
Invincible 10¢
(Exact Size)

You wives of men who smoke "too much!"

"YOU smoke too much," my better-half protested. But wife o' mine spoke just too late, for I had made a change the week before.

"The trouble *was*—not is," I made reply. "True, my cigars have been *too strong*. But now, my dear, I've turned my back on smoking of that kind and taken up mild Robert Burns instead.

"No more for me, those harsh cigars that storm my thoughts and nerves and breed regret. My tactful Robert Burns treats nerves with due respect. He's wondrous mild—yet with a vigorous kind of mildness, too, which says, as plainly as tobacco can, 'I'm Cuban born.'"

* * *

YES, Robert Burns' Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

A mild cigar for modern men, in short, is Robert Burns!

Have you tried one lately?

Rob't Burns

10¢ and 2 *for* 25¢

Little Bobbie

Remember Little Bobbie, a small cigar but very high in quality, 6c.

DEALERS: If your distributor does not carry Robert Burns, write us.

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC. 119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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supposition that it discourages criminal propensities it should be made as unpleasant as possible. And he told me about a Mohammedan he had to hang once who announced from the scaffold that he did not mind in the least; because he had killed a Christian, he was dying with his face to the east, and he was sure he would go straight to paradise.

"Whereupon," said the warden, "so as not to give his family and friends too much cause for rejoicing I readjusted him and turned his back to the sunrise!"

After that the citadel was a good place to get away from. And really one should go out on the river, and perhaps across to Kadhimein. It takes only a little while—unless you linger too long on the way.

The senior A. D. C. and I started out one morning to explore the opposite bank. We sent our automobile across early because the single pontoon bridge that spans the river opens at certain hours to let the boat traffic through, and at other times is likely to be closed to ordinary traffic for the benefit of long military convoys. And to break a military convoy for personal reasons is Offense Number One in a war zone. We crossed at our leisure in the army commander's launch, and being privileged persons went cruising on the way through the maze of marvelous things afloat which make of the Bagdad river front a scene of inexhaustible fascination.

First there is the pontoon bridge; then there are the goufas! A boat bridge of some description has spanned the Tigris at Bagdad for ages, it being impossible it seems to build an ordinary bridge across a river that has an annual rise of more than twenty feet, but the one now in service is a 1917 British model and is not too thrillingly interesting after one has seen some others—less substantial perhaps, but far more historic—farther down, where crossing and recrossing the river under the withering fire of a determined enemy were so much a part of the British experience "when Maude went north."

The goufas are wonderful! And I suppose they should remind me of something besides the "three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a tub." But nobody else who has written about them has ever thought of anything else in connection with them, so why should I bother? That is exactly what they remind one of. They are perfectly round reed baskets, "pitched within and without with pitch." They have curved-in brims and they look for all the world like enormous black bowls floating uncertainly about. They are the only kind of rowboat the Bagdad people seem to know anything about, and the river at times is literally crowded with them. They roll round among the larger and more possible-looking craft like a thousand huge inverted tar bubbles; and the way they are laden is a marvel and a mystery.

Saint Paul's Shipwreck

Many of them ply back and forth as ferryboats, and it is not at all unusual to see one of them carrying two donkeys, half a dozen sheep, a dozen people and somebody's entire stock of earthly belongings in bundles and bales. They are most pleasing to the eyes when they are carrying reeds from the marshes upriver. The reeds are cut with their feathery blooms still on and are packed in a goufa in upright sheaves, the effect being a gigantic imitation of a Scotch thistle, out of the top of which, as often as not, protrude the turbaned head and brightly hooded shoulders of an Arab passenger. The men who propel the amazing craft squeeze themselves in under its curving brim and wield long paddles and poles with a skill that nothing could surpass.

Then there are the mahaylas. On the way upriver one sees hundreds of these. They are great high-hulled cargo boats and they creak along under sail or are towed by long lines of men who, with bent backs and a steady trudging stride, labor along a path on the shelving bank and manage to make of themselves such pictures as one sees on ancient pottery pottery found in the graves of men who died thousands of years before Christ was born.

When Saint Paul was shipwrecked in the Ægean Sea the chronicler of the incident wrote that "fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day." The inspector general of communications liked to refer to this, and he read somewhere once that because anchoring by the stern is against all nautical procedure this passage engaged the earnest attention of the wise men who made the King James version of the Bible, and there was much discussion about it. The wording of it was regarded as either a mistake in the original translation or a slip of the pen on the part of the writer. But the subject having been referred in all solemnity to certain savants of the East was immediately dropped when it was learned that many ships ply up and down the Ægean coast and on the inland waters of the ancient and unchanging world behind it that are identical as to bow and stern and can anchor either way.

They are exactly like the toy boats you make for your little son out of sheets of notepaper. You use a match or toothpick for a mast and a square bit of paper for a sail, and there you have it—an exact replica in miniature of the boats one sees all up and down the Tigris or lying at anchor before the Mesopotamian towns and cities. It takes one of these boats a month to make the journey from Basra to Bagdad, but there are hundreds of them and they creep up and down, day after day, an endless chain of slow but sure cargo carriers.

The Single Minaret Above the Flat Roof Line of Amara

Fast River Boats

For an exciting experience I can recommend a spin in a glisseur through a waterway crowded with this kind of slow-moving cumbersome traffic. The glisseur—wonderfully descriptive French word—and the goufa—also descriptive if you get a sufficient oof in it—are the antitheses of things afloat, the glisseur being a flat-bottomed surface skimmer with a powerful engine that drives a great wind wheel at the stern. The impertinent, dangerous thing makes from thirty to forty-five miles an hour, and more noise than anything else that moves. I went in a glisseur one day to visit the veterinary hospital about five miles down the river, and when I pulled up at the bank at the end of about ten breathless minutes I found the commandant waiting for me. He said that he was sitting in his office and had heard me start. And that is how fast and noisy a glisseur is.

Goufas and glisseurs, mahaylas and dhows—hundreds of these; then there are the big gray paddle-wheelers, stern-wheelers and tugs with their satellite barges, and always a Red Cross boat or two lying up against the river wall under the Turkish infantry barracks, which is now an enormous hospital for British wounded. And besides all these there are the monitors and tiny river gunboats crouching like terriers of war against either bank. All these carry antiaircraft guns, and when Fritz comes over on a bombing party—all Turkish flying men are German, if you don't mind my living up to my Irish name—they get busy and make a noise out of all proportion to their size. They have never hurt any Fritzes in the air that anybody knows about, but they bark well, and coming up the river in coöperation with General Maude's army they did considerable execution in the Turkish ranks, and some of them are quite magnificently battle scarred.

The Bagdad Terminal

The A. D. C. and I climbed ashore up the steep clay bank opposite G. H. Q. and found our motor car waiting for us, our Tommy chauffeur having just begun to worry himself with the thought that he had probably misunderstood his orders and gone to the wrong landing. But he had not. I selected that landing. It was near the terminal station of the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad, and I was interested in that. This unprecedentedly historic railroad, having been completed by the Germans between Samarra and Bagdad, is now the main line of communication with the principal British Front in Mesopotamia, and its business end is there at the Bagdad terminal, where acres of sidings and sheds, long lines of freight cars, many shunting engines and hundreds of laborers coming and going in the methodical process of handling supplies—combine to form a picture that could hardly be expected to please any German.

And from the terminal of the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad to the tomb of Zobeide, favorite wife of Harun-al-Rashid! One's thoughts are led in a rapid zigzag course from age to age in this wonderful land! But in connection with the little that is left of old Bagdad it seems so difficult to separate fact from the fascinating fictions that abide in such delightfully hazy outlines in one's memory. Zobeide, however, was real enough, and her almost perfectly preserved tomb, they say, is authentic. It is like a gigantic yellow pine cone and it stands at the far end of a great Mohammedan cemetery that sprawls, a waste of ill-kept mounds, across the desert roadway that leads to Kadhimein.

Then this road cuts into the queerest little highway on earth; a highway that skirts the River Tigris, is lined on either side with date palms and dusty ragged gardens and is distinguished for possessing the only street-car track in all Mesopotamia.

The track is twenty-seven inches wide and the cars are narrow, two-storied structures unlike anything else that ever ran on wheels. The cars are always crowded inside and out with a motley throng of pilgrims to and from the sacredness of the ancient mosque, and each of them is pulled rattlingly and recklessly along the toy track by two hot disgusted-looking, knock-kneed dwarf horses that lean against each other in utter dejection every time they are told to stop, and whinny about what an awful place the hell for horses is and about how they wish they had been good before they died in a better world than this.

I wondered if those I met on the way knew that they were serving nobody but the faithful and that their heavy loads of chattering humanity had cleansed themselves at holy fountains and prostrated themselves in prayer for their own souls. Foolish mental meanderings perhaps.

The mosque of Kadhimein is surrounded by an Arab village that for griminess and gloom surpasses anything I have ever seen anywhere.

It is a noisome horror of narrow streets lighted only by the gleam of gold on the domes and minarets, and the only reason we were able to drive through it in a big touring car was that we were willing to try. And one visits a mosque anyhow, I think, for no reason but to convince oneself of the uselessness of doing so—though one may gaze upon the splendidly tiled gateways and catch an occasional tantalizing glimpse of an inner court and of graceful fountains round which the faithful are forever engaged in devout ablutions.

The Mosques of Bagdad

No infidel—it does seem strange to be classed as an infidel—is allowed to enter a mosque in Bagdad or any other holy Mohammedan city; and so scrupulously is this Moslem principle respected by the British that they post Mohammedan Indian sentries outside all mosque entrances in order to discourage any Tommy who in a moment of exuberance might be tempted to break in for a glimpse of the so carefully guarded mysteries. They say the British soldiers have some to-do to restrain themselves.

If the mosques were wide open and free to anyone who might wish to enter they would be no temptation at all. But forbidden ground!

What normal man is not familiar with the insistent temptation to trespass on forbidden ground?

And one day a Tommy actually did get into the most sacred of all the sacred mosques of Bagdad—the mosque of Abdul Gilahin Quadhir. He went in disguised as an Arab, with aba, *kuffiyeh*, sandals and everything. But his disguise was not perfect in all its details—one can imagine a young Britisher trying to act like an Arab!—and he was seized and dealt with very severely. It is a wonder he escaped with his life. But they let him go. Then he was imprisoned for disregarding regulations and was afterward sent out of the country in disgrace, while the British officers offered courteous apologies to the Moslem elders, who were graciously pleased to accept them.

No story I think better illustrates the methods of the British with subject peoples whose faiths are different from their own. And no story serves better to emphasize why with peoples of alien beliefs the British are always a success.

Men of Our Punjabi Guard and an Arab Searcher in Old Turkish Trenches

United States Tires are Good Tires

Good, because they are made by the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

Good, because they are made in plants with advanced facilities our size alone makes possible.

Good, because our tremendous production enables us to obtain highest grade materials at prices others pay for lesser quality.

Good, because at each step in their making they are subjected to painstaking inspection.

Good, because there is a United States Tire for every purpose—each the ultimate in quality.

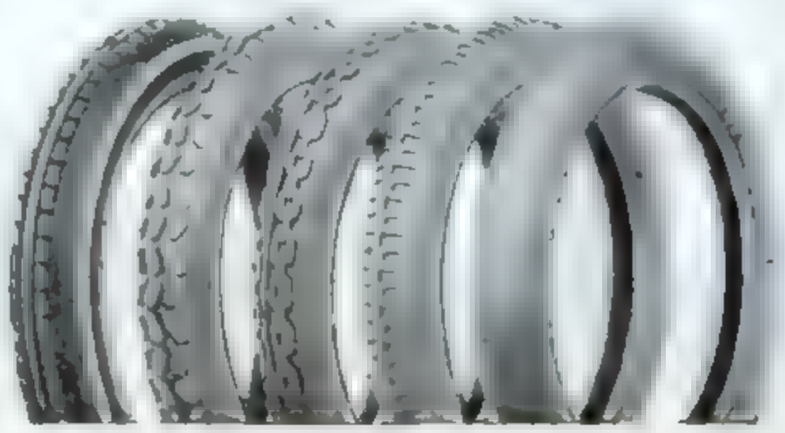
Good, because the tremendous demand *proves* the goodness hundreds of thousands of motorists find in them.

Good, because "good" to us means *best.* That is our idea in building tires—the idea that has brought about the vast and ever growing sales of United States Tires.

For passenger cars: 'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco', and 'Plain'. Also Tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — US — RUBBER SERVICE

'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'



ACCURATE and courteous handling of all telephone calls is a vital point of service and here Hotel La Salle meets the most exacting standards.

To insure your receiving all messages promptly a double record is kept—one at the main desk and one with the clerk on your floor.

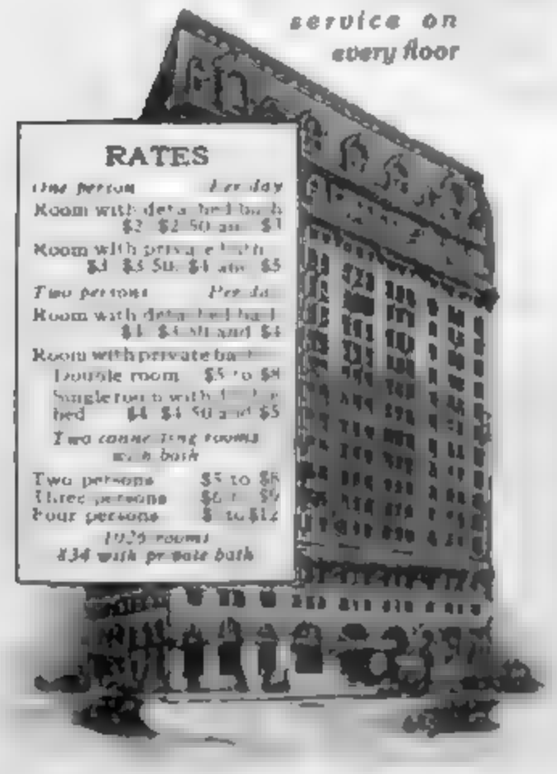
This careful co-operation is an example of the forethought and efficiency which have earned for Hotel La Salle the title of

Chicago's Finest Hotel

Hotel La Salle

La Salle at Madison Street, Chicago
Ernest J. Stevens, Vice Pres. and Mgr.

The only Hotel in Chicago maintaining floor clerks and individual service on every floor



TRENCH ESSENCE

(Continued from Page 4)

only swinging back to form a sort of irregular square in the center.

Here, in the heart of things communal, the gray church reared its bulk above all lesser structures, with the school and the town hall facing it, flanked one side by the town pump and the town shrine and the other side by a public pond, where the horses and the cows watered, and grave, plump little French children played along the muddy brink. But this place had an air of antiquity which showed it antedated most of its fellows even in a land where everything goes back into bygone centuries.

Indeed, the guidebook in peace days, when people used guidebooks, gave it upward of a page of fine print—not so much for what it now was, but for what once upon a time it had been. Julius Cæsar had founded it and named it—and certain of the ruins of the original battlement still stood in massy but shapeless clumps, while other parts had been utilized to form the back ends of houses and barns and cowsheds. One of the first of those pitiable caravans of innocents that swelled the ranks of the Children's Crusade had been recruited here; and through the ages this town, inconsequential as it had become in these latter times, gave to France and to the world a great chronicler, a great churchman and at least one great warrior.

What a transformation the mere coming of our troops had made! In the public pond a squad of supply-trainamen were sluicing down four huge motor trucks that stood hub deep in the yellow water—"bathing the elephants" our fellows called this job. Over rutted paving stones that once upon a time had bruised the bare feet of captured Frankish warriors Missouri mules were yanking along the baggage wagons, and their dangling trace chains clinked against the cobbles just as the fetters on the ankles of the prisoners must have clinked away back yonder.

In a courtyard where Roman soldiers may have played at knucklebones a portable army range sent up a cloud of pungent wood smoke from its abbreviated stack, and with the smell of the fire was mingled a satisfying odor of soldier-grub stewing. Plainly there would be something with onions in it—probably "Mulligan"—for supper this night.

Under a moss-hung wall against which, according to tradition, Peter the Hermit stood with the cross in his hand calling the crusaders to march with him to deliver the sepulcher of the Saviour out of the impious hands of the heathen, a line of tired Yankee lads were sprawled upon the scanty grass doing nothing at all except resting. There were wooden signs lettered in English—"Regimental Headquarters," and "Hospital," and "Intelligence Offices"—fastened to stone door lintels which time had seamed and scored with deep lines like the wrinkles in an old crone's face. Khaki-clad figures were to be seen wherever you looked.

The Doughboy's Song

Up the twisting and hilly street toiled a company belonging to my particular regiment, and as they came into the billeting place and knew the march was over, the wearied and burdened boys started singing the Doughboys' Song, which with divers variations is always sung in any infantry outfit that has a skeleton formation of old Regular Army men for its core, as this outfit had, and which to the extent of the first verse runs like this:

Here come the doughboys
With dirt behind their ears!
Here come the doughboys—
Their pay is in arrears.
The cavalree, artilleree, and the lousy
engineers—
They couldn't lick the doughboys
In a hundred thousand years.

To the swinging lilt of the air the column angled past where my cart was halted; and as it passed, the official minstrel of the company was moved to deliver himself of another verse, evidently of his own composition and dealing in a commemorative fashion with recent sentimental experiences. As I caught the lines and set them down in my notebook they were:

Here go the doughboys—
Good-by, you little dears!
Here go the doughboys—
The girls is all in tears!
The june ferns and the gassongs
And the jolly old mong peres—
Well, they won't furgit the doughboys
For at least a hundred years!

The troubadour with his mates rounded the outjutting corner of the church beyond the shrine, and I became aware of a highly muddied youngster who sat in a cottage doorway with his legs extending out across the curbing, engaged in literary labors. From the facts that he balanced a leather-backed book upon one knee and held a stub of a pencil poised above a fair clean page I deduced that he was posting his diary to date. Lots of the American privates keep war diaries—except when they forget to, which is oftener than not.

Three months before, or possibly six, the boy in the doorway would have been a strange figure in a strange setting. About him was scarce an object, save for the shifting figures of his own kind, to suggest the place whence he hailed. The broom that leaned against the wall alongside him was the only new thing in view. It was made of a sheaf of willow twigs bound about a staff. The stone well curb ten feet away was covered with the slow lichen growth of centuries. The house behind him, to judge by the thickness of its thatched and wattled roof and by the erosions in its three-foot walls of stone, had been standing for hundreds of years before the great-grandaddies of his generation fought the Indians for a right to a home site in the wilderness beyond the Alleghanies.

What the Sergeant Said

But now he was most thoroughly at home—and looked it. He spoke, addressing a companion stretched out upon the earth across the narrow way, and his voice carried the flat, slightly nasal accent of the midwestern cornlands:

"Say, Murf, what's the name of this blamed town, anyhow?"

"Search me. Maybe they ain't never named it. I know you can't buy a decent cigarette in it, 'cause I've tried. The 'Y' ain't opened up yet and the local shops've got nothin' that a white man'd smoke, not if he never smoked again. What difference does the name make, anyway? All these towns are just alike, ain't they?"

With the sophisticated eyes of a potential citizen of, say, Weeping Willow, Nebraska, the first speaker considered the wonderfully quaint and picturesque vista of weathered, slant-ended cottages stretching away down the hill, and then, as he moistened the tip of his pencil with the tip of his tongue:

"You shore said a mouthful—they're all just alike, only some's funnier-lookin' than others. I wonder why they don't paint up and use a little whitewash once in a while. Take that little house yonder now!" He pointed his pencil toward a thatched cottage over whose crooked lines and mottled colors a painter would rave. "If you was to put a decent shingle roof on her and paint her white, with green trimmings round the doors and winders, she wouldn't be half bad to look at. Now, would she? No cigarettes, huh? Nor nothin'!" Inspiration came to him as out of the skies and he grinned at his own conceit. "Tell you what—I'll jest put it down as 'Nowhere in France' and let it go at that."

On the following day my friend, the lieutenant colonel, brought to the noonday mess a tale which I thought carried a distinct flavor of the Yankee trench essence. There was a captain in the regiment, a last year's graduate of the Academy, who wore the shiniest boots in all the land round about and the smartest Sam Browne belt, and who owned the most ornate pair of riding trousers, and by other signs and portents showed he had done his best to make the world safe for some sporting-goods emporium back in the States. This captain, it seemed, had approached a sergeant who was in charge of a squad engaged in policing the village street, which is army talk for tidying up with shovel and wheelbarrow.

"See here, sergeant," demanded the young captain, "why don't you keep your men moving properly?"

"I'm trying to, sir," answered the sergeant.

"Well, look at that man yonder," said the captain, pointing toward a languid buck private who was leaning on his shovel. "I've been watching him and he hasn't moved an inch, except to scratch himself, for the last five minutes. Now go over there and stir him up! Shoot it into him good and proper! I want to hear what you say to him."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant, saluting.

With no suspicion of a grin upon his face he charged down upon the delinquent.

"Here, you!" he shouted. "What do you mean, loafin' round here doin' nothin'? What do you think you are, anyhow—one of them dam' West Pointers?"

Floyd Gibbons, who was so badly wounded the other day, rode last month into a battery of heavy artillery on the Montdidier Front. A begrimed battery man hailed him from a covert of green sods and camouflage where a six-inch gun squatted: "You're with the Chicago Tribune, ain't you?"

"Yes," answered Gibbons. "Why?"

"Well, I just thought I'd tell you that the fellows in this battery have got a favorite line of daily readin' matter of their own, these days."

"What do you call it?" inquired Gibbons.

"We call it the Old Flannel Shirt," answered the gunner. "Almost any time you can see a fellow round here goin' through his copy of it for hours on a stretch. He's always sure to find something interestin' too. We may not be what you'd call bookworms in this bunch, but we certainly are the champion little cootie-chasers of the United States Army."

Body vermin or wet clothes or bad billets or the chance of a sudden and a violent taking-off—no matter what it is—the American soldier may be counted upon to make a joke of it. This ability to distill a laugh out of what would cause many a civilian to swear or weep or quit in despair serves more objects than one in our expeditionary forces. For one thing it keeps the rank and file of the Army in cheerful mood to have the mass leavened by so many youths of an unquenchable spirit. For another, it provides a common ground for fraternizing when Americans and Britishers are brigaded together or when they hold adjoining sectors; for the Britisher in this regard is constituted very much as the American is, except that his humor is apt to assume the form of underestimation of a thing, whereas the American's fancy customarily runs to gorgeous hyperbole and arrant exaggeration.

Doesn't Care for Kings

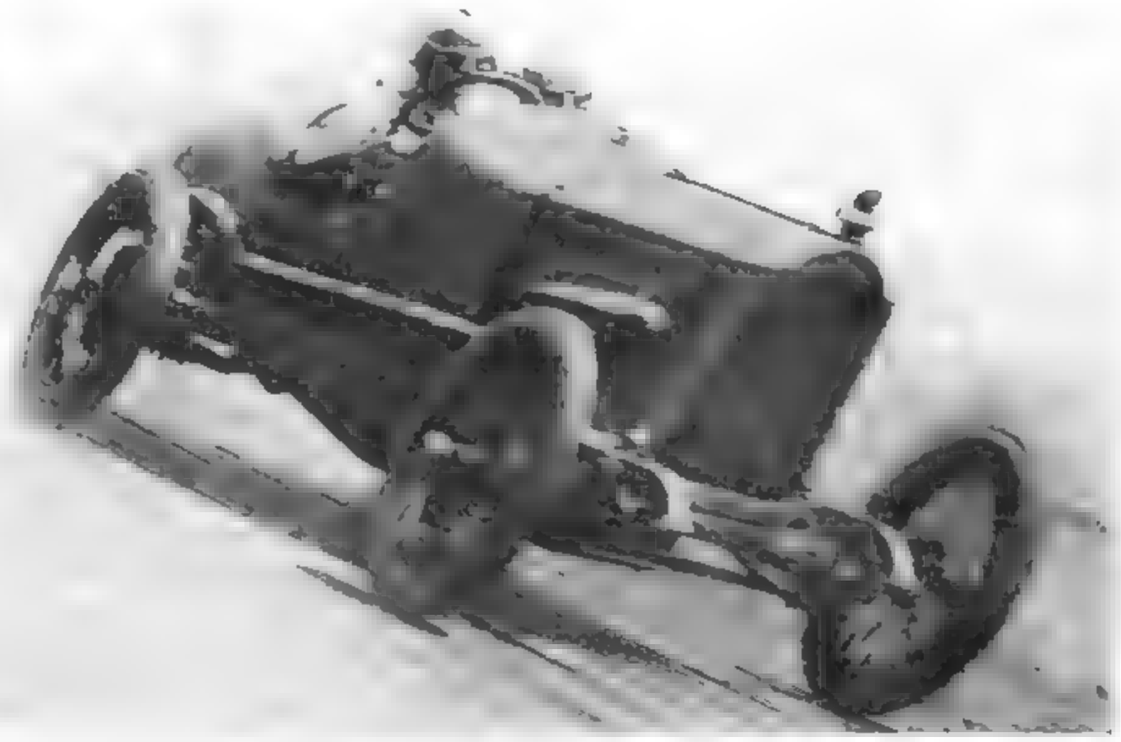
In a certain Canadian battalion that has made a splendid record for itself—though for that matter you could say the same of every Canadian battalion that has crossed the sea since the war began—there is a young chap whom we will call Sergeant Fulton, because that is not his real name. This Sergeant Fulton comes from one of the states west of the Great Divide, and he elected on his own account and of his own accord to get into the fighting nearly two years before his country went to war. In addition to being a remarkably handsome and personable youth, Sergeant Fulton is probably the best rifle shot of his age in the Dominion forces. This gift of his, which is so valuable a gift in trench fighting, was made apparent to his superior officers very soon after he crossed the Canadian line in 1915 to enlist, whereupon he very promptly was promoted from the ranks to be a noncom, and when his command got into action in France he was detailed for sniper duty.

At that congenial employment the youngster has been distinguishing himself ever since. Into the rifle pits young Fulton took something besides his ability to hit whatever he shot at, and his marvelous eyesight—he took a most enormous distaste for the institution of royalty; and this, too, in spite of the fact that when he joined up he swore allegiance to His Gracious Majesty George the Fifth. His ideas of royalty seemingly were based upon things he read in school histories. His conception of the present occupant of the English throne was a person mentally gaited very much like Henry the Eighth or Richard the Third, except with a worse disposition than either of those historic characters had. Apparently he conceived of the incumbent as rising in the morning and putting on a gold crown and sending a batch of nobles to the

(Concluded on Page 33)

Getting More Miles from Your Gasoline

by Ralph DePalma



"For a number of years I have been making a careful study of motor performance and fuel economy.

"My work has been carried on in conjunction with the engineering department of various well known automobile manufacturers. The part that I have taken in various speed events has been almost entirely in connection with this engineering work.

"Therefore, while driving racing cars and endeavoring to get as *much speed as possible out of each gallon of gasoline*, the real object has been to discover means of getting *more miles per gallon of gasoline*.

"I do not say this to imply that I have not gone in to win every event possible, but simply to emphasize the fact that racing has always had a more serious side for me—that of gathering necessary information to be utilized in my engineering work.

"As every motorist knows, one of the big problems of recent years has been that of economy. The fuel that we are obliged to use has gradually, yet consistently, deteriorated in quality. Engineers for various automobile companies have spent thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of dollars in an endeavor to solve the problem of getting better performance and greater economy from the present-day gasoline.

"Practically no carburetor has been marketed for passenger cars that will handle this heavier gasoline in a manner to allow the motor to get full efficiency from the gasoline used; i.e., part of the fuel entering the motor is unused. This fact is easily proven by the troubles that motorists today have with carbon. Carbon deposits on the cylinder walls, piston head, and spark plugs are nothing more than heavy residue from the gasoline that is not exploded. A still greater portion of this unused fuel goes out through the exhaust.

"The problem confronting engineers, therefore, has been one of discovering some method whereby the gasoline could be gotten into the cylinders in a form that would insure a combustion of every atom.

"In my engineering experience I never discovered a way to approximate this until I was first induced to give ECCOLENE a trial. This happened seven months ago, and I must say that the results that I have had, and the results that I personally know others to have had, are the only reasons why I am issuing this statement.

"It is my sincere belief that the use of ECCOLENE will be a great boon to motor drivers. I have experimented with it in practically all types and sizes of motors. In an experimental way I have also used ECCOLENE in some of my racing cars. The results have always been the same—freedom from carbon—

Dealers, Supply Stations and Garages will find ECCOLENE a most profitable specialty. Write or wire for prices and terms.

Sales Dept.: E. A. CASSIDY CO.
283 Madison Ave., New York City

Special—*Above illustration shows Ralph DePalma at the wheel of his famous racing car. Since the accompanying article was written Mr. Ralph DePalma, as is generally known, won the annual Memorial Day race at Sheepshead Bay, New York, using Eccolene-treated gasoline. DePalma has since established a world record for 24 hours' driving.*

Bellevue, Ohio—New York City Test Run

A recent test of ECCOLENE was made when 10 new six cylinder cars left Detroit from the factory for New York City. At Bellevue, Ohio, ECCOLENE in proper proportion was added to the gasoline; and regardless of the fact that the motors were new and somewhat stiff, cars with ECCOLENE treated gasoline showed a decided economy over those using plain gasoline. Following is a complete summary of results:

RECAPITULATION OF TRIP FROM BELLEVUE, OHIO, TO NEW YORK CITY 651 MILES
FROM 4-24-1918—8 A. M. TO 4-26-1918—9 P. M.

Eccolene-treated Gasoline

CAR NO.	GASOLINE CONSUMED	MILES PER GALLON
1	50½	12.6
2	50	13.0
3	55	11.7
4	53	11.7
5	51	12.8
Average Miles per Gallon		14.2
Gasoline Consumed		268½ Gallons

Cars Using Plain Gasoline

CAR NO.	GASOLINE CONSUMED	MILES PER GALLON
6	75	10
7	62½	10
8	56	11.4
9	68¾	11
10	64	11.5
Average Miles per Gallon		11.5
Total Gasoline Consumed		326 Gallons

Gasoline saved on trip by the use of Eccolene—58 Gallons.
Increased mileage—23.4%
Cost of Eccolene 3½ Qts., at $7.00 per Gallon—$5.83
Saving in Gasoline, 58 Gals., at 26½c—$15.25
Saving less cost of Eccolene—$9.42
Pistons of cars using Eccolene were almost free from carbon, the others were considerably carbonized

clean spark plugs at all times—greater acceleration—motor performance better in every way; and with carburetor perfectly adjusted there is a worth-while saving in the cost of gasoline."

(Signed) Ralph DePalma

* * * * * * * * * * *

What Is ECCOLENE?

ECCOLENE is a product compounded from seven oils—when added to gasoline in a proportion of one ounce to five gallons it has the following effect:

By a chemical action it breaks up the gasoline coming through the carburetor and so transforms it that *nearly every atom will be burned*.

The result is practically perfect combustion—there is no waste, no residue. Maximum efficiency is obtained from every ounce of gasoline used. The motor performance shows almost immediate improvement—you can in thirty minutes' running sense the new life, power, smoothness, quick response and greater acceleration.

Best of all, you are actually saving fuel and *getting more miles from your gasoline*, because *all* the fuel is being burned.

The proof of this rests on the fact that the motor in which ECCOLENE is used does not become carbonized—the spark plugs remain clean. Moreover, ECCOLENE also causes such complete combustion that its use gradually causes carbon deposits to disappear, which in itself is proof that the carbon deposits are simply unburned parts of gasoline.

While, in the broad sense of the word, ECCOLENE is a new product, we have been manufacturing it for the past two years, and all of this time has been spent thoroughly testing out and proving the product—not simply in demonstrating cars, but in the hands of automobile owners. By personal efforts we have placed ECCOLENE in the hands of owners of practically all the various well known makes of cars, four-cylinder cars, six-cylinder cars, eights and twelves. In [illegible] owners have now been using ECCOLENE consistently for nearly two years. We can furnish the evidence of any number of well known business men who have given ECCOLENE a most thorough trial, and who today consider it most wasteful to operate their car on gasoline alone.

ECCOLENE is positively non-volatile. It is in itself not an explosive and should be compared in no way to ether or picric acid—two highly powerful volatiles which are known to render gasoline much more explosive, but which are [illegible] besides being *expensive*. As stated above ECCOLENE simply acts as a vitalizer in the gasoline by rendering it more completely combustible. It is absolutely non-[illegible] to any metal.

Results Are Guaranteed

We absolutely *guarantee* that ECCOLENE used in your gasoline in the proper proportion will give you a better performing motor, will keep your motor free from carbon, and will give you a decided increase in mileage per gallon of gasoline used. This increase in economy is guaranteed to be at least 25%.

We want every car owner to try ECCOLENE *on a "money-back" guarantee basis*. For this reason, and to introduce the product quickly, we are putting ECCOLENE out in a two dollar trial size. This can contains one quart of ECCOLENE enough for 160 [illegible] miles.

ECCOLENE is used with the gasoline in proportion of one ounce to five gallons of gasoline, with the average four-cylinder car. This means that the two dollar size is sufficient for from between 2000 to 3000 miles of actual operation, or an average of about one [illegible] For a six-cylinder car the proportion of ECCOLENE [illegible] slightly greater than that of a four-cylinder, but the gasoline [illegible] is also greater in proportion.

Larger Can More Economical

Large size can of ECCOLENE contains one gallon, and retails at $7.00. This is really the most economical way to buy the product. The seven dollar can contains enough ECCOLENE for a season's use. It will pay for itself many times over during the season in an actual saving in fuel, as well as giving you a better performing motor in every way.

It Is Also Sold by the Five-Gallon Can

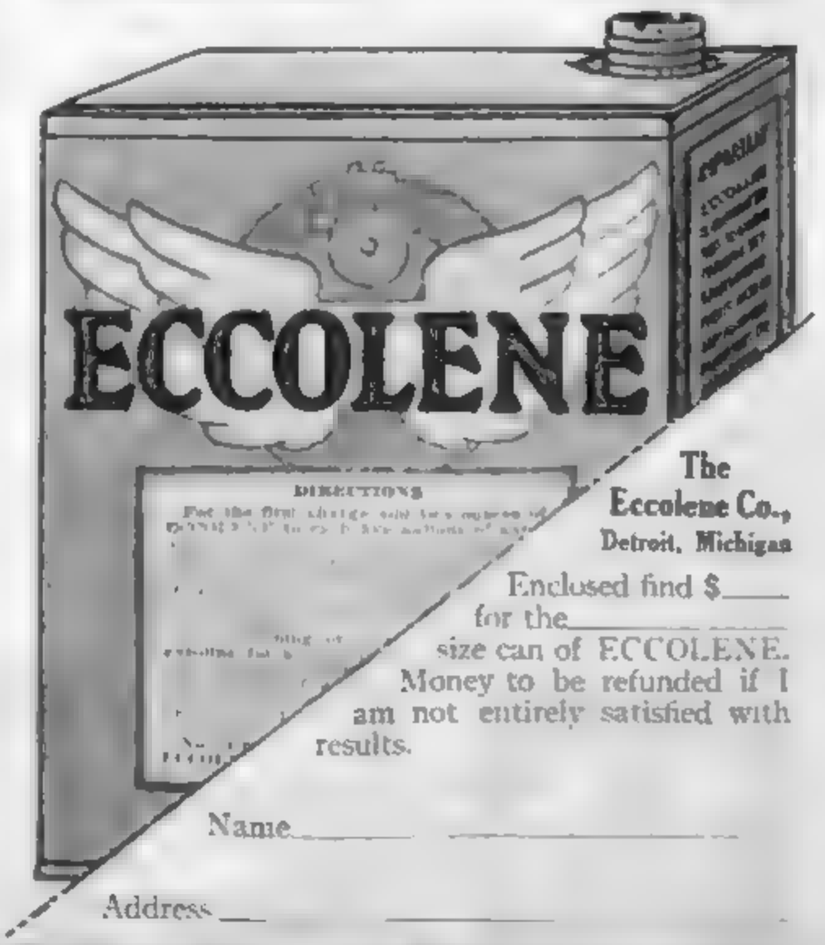
ECCOLENE is also sold to owners of large fleets of trucks by the five-gallon can, and is mixed by our formula into the gasoline before the fuel tanks are filled.

Order a Can Today

Send the coupon today for the trial size can or the full season's can of ECCOLENE and start getting better performance from your motor at once.

You run absolutely no risk in placing your order for ECCOLENE. As stated above, it is sold on positive guarantee to do what we say and to produce absolute satisfaction for you. If after operating your car 100 miles on ECCOLENE, you have not noticed a decided improvement in performance and reduction of carbon troubles—you have only to return the remainder and we will immediately refund your money.

THE ECCOLENE COMPANY
David Whitney Building **Detroit, Michigan**



The Eccolene Co.,
Detroit, Michigan

Enclosed find $____ for the_____ size can of ECCOLENE. Money to be refunded if I am not entirely satisfied with results.

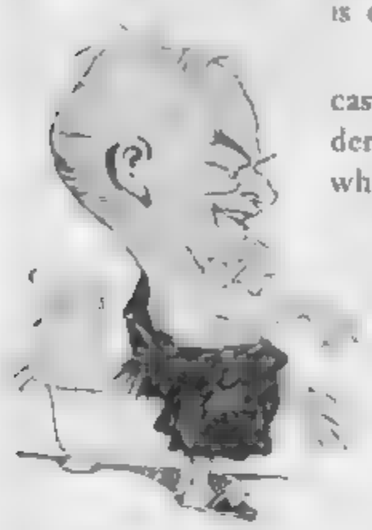
Name_____

Address_____

The whole family uses

Dad is a great thinker

He is one of those logical chaps who reason from cause to effect. "Why is baby so comfortable on a hot day, while I, with the hide of a rhinoceros, itch all over and get chafed so I can't even enjoy a ball game?" he queried. So he gum-shoed around during baby's bath. Ah! ha! the secret is out.



"Say, Nurse," he asked casually, "what is this powder you dust the kid with; what's it for?"

"Mennen's Borated Talcum, Sir," she said. "It makes the skin smooth—sort of slippery—so there is no friction between clothes and skin or where his fat little legs rub together."

"Hum! Would it—er—damage the skin of an adult?"

"The idea! It's a great comfort for anyone on a hot day."

Next morning, after his bath, Dad borrowed baby's talcum and shook most of it over himself. He felt so good after he was dressed that he actually felt queer. His clothes seemed too big. His belt did not bind. His collar wasn't tight. Even his shoes felt loose. He was cool and snappy and stayed that way all day.

Bobby caught the idea

They wished onto him some new shoes which hurt. He is quite a thinker himself for his size. He sprinkled talcum in the shoes. They slipped on like the old pair and didn't hurt any more. He also dusted the blisters on heel and toe with Mennen's Kora-Konia. The pain stopped almost at once and the blisters dried up quickly.

Brother Bill will try anything once

He's very modern—believes in progress. He sent 12 cents to Jim Henry, Mennen Salesman, for a Demonstrator Tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream. Always before, he had rubbed lather into the stubble until his finger tips were numb, but he followed Jim Henry's instructions, squeezing half an inch of cream onto his brush and working it into a thick, creamy lather for three minutes with the brush only, using three times as much water as with the old soap. Then he enjoyed a most glorious shave. His beard was so soft, it almost seemed he could rub it off with a towel. His face felt fine afterwards—smooth and soft—no smart or dryness. Bill says Jim Henry is his best friend now.

Sister Sue has pretty arms—but they will burn

Grandma told her what to do. Grandma knows more about comfort than all the rest of the family put together. She's a great believer in Kora-Konia, which a doctor recommended as a dusting powder for chafing, sunburn and all skin irritations. Susie sprinkled it onto her sunburnt arms and shoulders, and the pain eased before long. The redness faded to a pretty pink, and she didn't have a bit more trouble.

Kora-Konia must not be confused with Talcum Powder. It has somewhat the same soothing, healing action, but contains in addition several ingredients of recognized medicinal value, which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, adhesive, moisture-resisting, and is soothing and healing. Thousands of doctors advise it—especially for bed patients and for diaper rash.

Mother is the least bit plump

On hot, perspiring days, she uses Mennen's Ruvia. It neutralizes all unpleasant odor—instantly. It doesn't clog the pores and won't stain dainty garments. It is absolutely harmless. Ruvia is sweet as a rose, snow-white and easy to use. Mother has tried everything and thinks Ruvia is the best.

Beatrice is a Beauty

She knows all about how actresses keep their looks and fine complexions. So she uses Mennen's Cold Cream freely. Beatrice is the beauty of the family. Mennen's Cold Cream is up to the Mennen standard of purity and high quality.

The doctor brings his own soap

When he was called in to sew up Bobby's scalp, and the time he removed baby's tonsils, he pulled a cake of Mennen's Borated Soap out of his bag and retired to the bath room. He says clean hands are the beginning of good surgery. He suggested to Nurse that she use Mennen's Borated Soap for the baby's bath because it is so cleansing and soothing to tender skin.

Hazel has glorious hair

A shimmering cloud of dusky gold. Ask her to take it down for you some time. It's a treat. She always shampoos it with Mennen's Tar Shampooing Cream because it doesn't discolor her hair or leave it unmanageable afterwards, and it makes the scalp soft and pliable. Tar is the best for shampooing, but Mennen has combined it with antiseptic ingredients which produce a quick-lathering cream. Mennen's Tar Shampooing Cream comes in a collapsible tube and is easy to use, does not mess and is very economical. "You'll like it immensely," says Hazel.

Mennen trial packages

Mennen samples will be sent on receipt of the following sums:

Mennen's Borated Talcum—Borated, Violet, Flesh Tint, or Cream Tint, Talcum for Men—for 5 cents a sample.

Mennen's Shaving Cream—a Demonstrator Tube with enough for a month—12 cents.

Mennen's Kora-Konia—10 cents.

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.
Laboratories:
42 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.
Canadian Factory, Montreal, Quebec
Sales Agents in Canada,
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

MENNEN'S

(Concluded from Page 30)

Tower, after which he enacted a number of unjust laws and, unless he felt better toward evening, possibly had a few heads off.

Acquaintance with his comrades at arms served to rid Sergeant Fulton of some of these beliefs, but despite broadening influences he has never ceased to wonder—generally doing his wondering in a loud clear voice—how any man who loved the breath of freedom in his nostrils found it endurable to live under a king when he might if he chose live under a President named Woodrow Wilson.

One morning just at daybreak a Canadian captain—who, by the way, told me this tale—crawled into a shell hole near the German lines where Sergeant Fulton and two other expert riflemen had been lying all night, like big-game hunters at a water hole, waiting for dawn to bring them their chance. One of Fulton's mates was a Vancouver lad, the other a London Tommy—a typical East-ender, but a very smart sniper.

"Cap," whispered Fulton, from where he lay stretched on his belly in the herbage at the edge of the crater, "you've got here just in time. Ever since it began to get light a Fritzie has been digging over there in their front trench. I've had him spotted for half an hour. He has to squat down to dig; and that's telling on his back. Before long I figure he's going to straighten up to get the crick out of himself. When he does he'll show his head above the parapet, and that's when I'm going to part his hair in the middle with a bullet. Take a squint, Cap, through the periscope and you'll be able to locate him, dead easy. Then stay right there and you'll see the surprise party come off."

Royal Appreciation

So the captain took a squint as informally requested. Sure enough, a hundred yards away, across the debatable territory, pocked with ragged shell pits and traversed by its two festering brown tangles of rusty barbed wire, he could see the flash of an uplifted shovel blade and see the brown clods flying over the lip of the enemy's parapet. He kept watching. Presently for just a tiny fraction of time the round cap of a German infantryman appeared above the earthen protection. The sergeant had guessed right, and the sergeant's gun spoke once. Once was enough—a greenhorn at this game would have known that much.

For there was a shriek over there, and a pair of empty outstretched hands were to be seen for one instant, with the fingers clutching at nothing; and then they disappeared, as their owner collapsed into the hole he had been digging.

Then, according to the captain, as the sergeant opened his rifle breach he turned toward the Cockney who crowded alongside him, and with a gratified grin on his face and a weight of sarcasm in his voice he said "There goes another one, eh, bo? For King and Country!"

The Londoner answered on the instant, taking the same tone in the reply that the American had taken in the taunt. "My word," he said, "but Gawge will be pleased w'en 'e 'ears wot you done fur 'im!"

In May three of us made a two-hundred mile trip by automobile to pay a visit to the old Fifteenth New York Infantry, which is a colored regiment. The results more than repaid us for the time and trouble. One of the main compensations was First Class Private Cooksey, who, because he used to be an elevator attendant in a Harlem apartment house, gave his occupation in his enlistment blank as "indoor chauffeur." It was to First Class Private Cooksey that the colonel of the regiment, seeing the expression on the other's face when a *Minenwerfer* from a German mortar fell near by on the day the command moved up to the Front, and made a hole in the earth deep enough and wide enough and long enough to hide the average smokehouse in—it was, I repeat, to First Class Private Cooksey that the colonel put this question:

"Cooksey, if one of those things drops right here alongside of us and goes off, are you going to stay by me?"

"Kurnal," stated Private Cooksey with sincerity, "I ain't goin' tell you no lie. Ef one of them things busts clost to me I'll jest natchelly be obliged to go away frum here. But please, suh, don't you set me down as no deserter. Jest put it in de books as 'absent without leave,' 'cause I'll be due back jest es soon ez I kin git my brakes to work."

"But what if the enemy suddenly appears in force without any preliminary bombardment?" pressed the colonel. "What do you think you and the rest of the boys will do then?"

"Kurnal," said Cooksey earnestly, "we'll spread de word all over France 'at de Germans is comin'!"

Nevertheless, when the Germans did advance it is of record that neither First Class Private Cooksey nor any of his black and brown mates showed the white feather or the yellow streak or the turned back. Those to whom the test came stayed and fought, and it was the Germans who went away.

It was a member of the Fifteenth who in all apparent seriousness suggested to his captain that it might be a good idea to cross the carrier pigeon with the poll parrot so that when a bird came back from the Front it would be able to talk its own message instead of bringing it along hitched to its shank.

Speaking of carrier pigeons reminds me of a yarn that may or may not be true—it sounds almost too good to be true—that is being related at the Front. The version most frequently told has it that a half company of a regiment in the Rainbow Division going forward early one morning in a heavy fog for a raid across No Man's Land carried along with the rest of the customary equipment a homing pigeon. The pigeon in its wicker cage swung on the arm of a private, who likewise was burdened with his rifle, his extra rounds of ammunition, his trenching tool, his pair of wire cutters, his steel helmet, his gas mask, his emergency ration and quite a number of other more or less cumbersome items.

It was to be a surprise attack behind the cloak of the fog, so there was no artillery preparation beforehand nor barrage fire as the squads climbed over the top and advanced into the mist-hidden beyond. Behind, in the posts of observation and in the post of command—"P.O." and "P.C." these are called in the algebraic terminology of modern war—the colonel and his aids and his intelligence officers waited for the sound of firing, and when after some minutes the distant rattle of rifle fire came to their ears they began calculating how long reasonably it might be before word reached them by one or another medium of communication touching on the results of the foray. But the ground telephone remained mute, and no runner returned through the fog with tidings. The suspense tautened as time passed.

Suddenly a pigeon sped into view flying close to the earth. With scores of pairs of eager eyes following it in its course the winged messenger circled until it located its portable cote just behind the colonel's position, and fluttering down it entered its familiar shelter.

An athletic member of the staff hustled up the ladder. In half a minute he was tumbling down again, clutching in one hand the little scroll of paper that he had found fastened about the pigeon's leg. With fingers that trembled in anxiety the colonel unrolled the paper and read aloud what was written upon it.

What he read, in the hurried chirography of a kid private, was the following succinct statement: "I'm tired of carrying this derned bird."

A Lesson in American

In London one night toward the end of February Don Martin, of the New York Herald, and I were crossing the Strand just above Trafalgar Square. In the murk of the unlighted street we bumped into a group of four uniformed figures. Looking close we made out that one was an American soldier, that one was a lanky Scot in kilts, slightly under the influence of something even more exhilarating than the skirl of the pipes, and that the remaining two were English privates. We gathered right away that an international discussion of some sort was under way. At the moment of our approach the American, a little dark fellow who spoke with an accent that betrayed his Italian nativity, had the floor, or rather he had the sidewalk. We halted in the half-darkness to listen.

"It's lika theea," expounded the Yanko-Italian, "w'en I say 'I should worry' it mean—it mean—why, it mean I shoulda not worry. You getta me, huh?"

He glanced about him, plainly pleased with the very clear and comprehensive explanation of this expressive bit of Americanism, which had come to him in a sudden burst of inspiration.

The others stared at him blankly. It was one of the English men who broke the silence.

"You 'ave nothin' to worry habout hat all, and so you say that you hare worryin'—his that hit?" he inquired. The American nodded. "Well, then, hall Hi can say his hit sounds like barmy Yankee nonsense to me."

"Lusten here, laddie, to me," put in the Scotchman. "If you've naught to worry about, why speak of it at all? That's whut I would be pleased to know."

"Hoh, never mind," spoke up the second Englishman; "let's go get hanother drink at the pub."

"You're too late," stated his countryman in lachrymose tones. "While we've been chin-chinnin' 'ere the bloomin' pub 'as closed—it's arfter hours for a drink."

But the canny Scot already was feeling about with a huge paw in the back folds of his kilt. From some mysterious recess he slowly drew forth a flat flask.

"Lads," he stated happily, "in the language of our American friend here, we should worry, because as it happens, thanks to me own forethought, we ha' na need to concern ourselves wi' worryin' at all, d'ye ken? Ha' the furst nip, Yank!"

This recital would not be complete did I fail to include in it a paragraph or so touching on the humorous proclivities of—guess who!—the commander of a German submarine, no less; a person who operated last winter mainly off the southernmost tip of Ireland with occasional incursions into the British Channel. This facetious Teuton was known to the crews of the British and American destroyers that did their best to sink him—and finally, it is believed, did sink him—as Kelly. Indeed in the derisive messages that this deep-sea joker used to send over the wireless to our stations he customarily signed himself by that name.

A Wireless From Kelly

One day shortly before Kelly's U-boat disappeared altogether a commander of an American destroyer was sending by radio to a French port a message giving what he believed to be the probable location of the pestiferous but cheerful foe. It must have been that the subject of his communication was listening in on the air waves and that he knew the code which the American was that day employing. For all at once he broke in with his own wireless, and this was what the astonished operator at the receiving station on shore got:

"Your longitude is fine, your latitude is rotten. This place is getting too warm for me. I'm going to beat it. Good-by. Kelly."

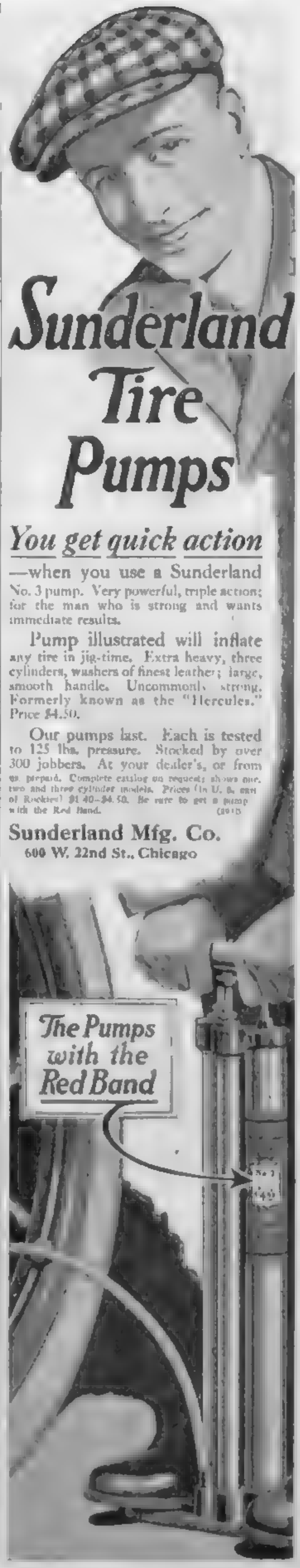
Shortly after the first division of our new National Army reached France a group of fifty men were sent from it as replacements in the ranks of an old National Guard regiment which had been over for some time and which had suffered casualties and losses. When the squad went forward to their new assignment the general commanding the brigade from which the chosen fifty had been drawn sent to the commander of the regiment for which they were bound a letter reading somewhat after this style:

"There are no better men in our Army anywhere than the fifty I am giving you, in accordance with an order received by me from General Headquarters. Please see to it that no one in your regiment, whether officer or private, refers by word, look, deed or gesture to the circumstances under which these fifty men entered the service. Drafted men, regulars and volunteers are all on the same footing, and merely because my men came in with the draft and yours to a large extent came in a little earlier is no reason why any discrimination should be permitted in any quarter."

A few weeks after the transfer had been accomplished the brigadier met the colonel, and recalling to the latter the sense of the letter he had written inquired whether there had been any suggestion of superiority on the part of the former National Guardsmen toward the new arrivals.

"General," broke out the colonel, "do you know what those infernal cheeky scoundrels of yours have been doing ever since they joined? Well, I'm going to tell you. They've been walking to and fro in my regiment with their noses stuck up in the air, calling my boys 'draft-dodgers'!"

It's the essence of the trenches. And it's that—plus the courage they bring and the enthusiasm they have—which is going to help win this war sooner than some of the croakers at home expect it to be won.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by Basil King

It is a story which appeared a few weeks ago in The Saturday Evening Post, and which has now been issued in book form because so many people wrote in, not for a copy, but for twenty-five—fifty—to give to their friends who thought they had lost their dear ones. It is going to you—to anyone who has not yet learned the Great Lesson, the happiness "not to have to be afraid any more—never again to have to worry or be anxious"—the knowledge of God as "the One Vast Certainty." Basil King has been inspired in this great story—and he has given to the world a message of comfort needed as it has never been needed before. Let us urge you to get a copy at your bookseller's today. The nominal price is 50c, or we will send it to you postpaid for 55c.

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HIS ESCAPE

(Concluded from Page 16)

But Borden grinned, held up a protesting hand, and warned, in a voice above Bent's:

"Just a minute! Hear the evidence! The wrapping paper and string weren't all I found in the wastebasket. I found two torn letterheads of the Elliott Hotel, on the backs of which you and Otto Lachner had constructed the headlines to go over the story. At any rate, the handwriting is mostly yours. The other hand, no doubt, is his. You two sat down at a table and worked out the headlines—trying 'em several different ways until you got 'em to suit you. You wrote on the back of Elliott Hotel letterheads, and you brought the sheets over here to make a fair copy from. Careless of you to toss 'em into the wastebasket! I have 'em now."

"And where do you think you'll get with all this stuff?" Bent burst forth, glaring. "I'll fire you! You're a booze fighter; a souse! You can't keep sober six months running to save your life. Every newspaper in the country knows your reputation. You couldn't get another responsible job to save your life. Tanks aren't wanted any more. You've been stuffing yourself with candy and fruit the last two days trying to stave off a spree. Everybody on the staff, down to the youngest cub reporter, knows the signs. They've all been nervous as cats to-day, expecting the usual thing—you in the ditch for three days, then in the hospital for a week, and the paper going at sixes and sevens. Why, no other newspaper would let you run the freight elevator! I have kept you on here just from good nature. I'll fire you, and you may get a job peddling shoe strings."

For a long moment after Bent's angry voice ceased the room was quite still, Borden staring at the fat man—or, rather, staring beyond him. He put a lean hand up to his bushy mustache and said, in a lower key, absently:

"All of which is perfectly true, Bent—perfectly true. I've been a hog for fifteen years. . . . As a matter of fact, I was thinking of suicide when you went out to dinner this evening. I've thought of it before; but this time it came close. Partly that was because of Tommy Scott. I was fond of Tommy; everybody was who knew him—a fine, bright lad. Young Tommy was dead over there in France, you see, for a cause he believed in and was willing to die for; and old Joel Borden was a hog here in Great Bend, trying to stave off another spree that would put him in the gutter once more, and degrade his wife and children once more—and feeling right down in his gizzard that he wasn't going to stave it off. Seemed to me there was only one answer I could make to the thousand hot little devils in *my* brain that were yelling for whisky; and that was to take the old forty-four out of the second drawer of my desk and blow them out. . . .

"Then I went into the composing room and discovered your story about Mark Gardner. You see, this old Times is my paper a lot more than it's yours or the chaps' that have paid some money for the stock. I grew up with it. I've thought for it and worked for it about all my life. Your Gardner story was a sort of last straw. You meant to put this good, honest old Times, that used to fight for the flag, down into the gutter too. You were going to make a skulking traitor out of it."

Bent pulled out his watch, saying: "I'm going to the composing room."

Heaving his bulk out of a chair, however, was a matter of some difficulty, and before he had got the proper leverage Borden interposed sharply:

"Hold on, now! You've got a couple of minutes more; plenty of time then to make up that front page of the Bulldog. I'm about through."

Bent settled back, scowling; and the managing editor continued more rapidly:

"I'm right at the nub of the story. Instead of blowing out my brains I went to Ted Parks. I told you Ted had written an article he hoped to sell to a magazine. His article was about this paper—how this mysterious syndicate got control of it; how you came in. He described very cleverly, with illustrative details, how, without any overt disloyalty, you changed the whole tone and effect of the paper—made a prize slacker and crape hanger and discourager of patriotism out of it.

"There was nothing the Secret Service or a court could really act on. But when the evidence was cleverly put together, as Ted put it together—like your killing my Tommy Scott obituary and putting a cold-dishwater little stickful in place of it—it made a mighty convincing story. A court wouldn't hang you on it; but you can bet public opinion would. He showed how Otto Lachner had been fluttering round here in the background. It was a good piece of work.

"You see, I was certain Ted had written that story, because he had talked to me about it. He told me he wasn't satisfied with it, and so hadn't really finished it and sent it to a magazine. But in my gizzard I knew better; I knew the reason he didn't send the story off was because he couldn't write it truthfully without showing me up for what I was—a stinking coward. That's just what I was, Bent—a stinking coward! When Ted talked to me about the story it gave me cold feet. I was afraid that, if he did write it and get it published, I'd be fired; and I knew well enough what trouble I'd have in getting a responsible position on any other newspaper, with my reputation. Booze fighters aren't wanted any more. In my young days it was different; but nowadays a man looking for a first-class newspaper job might about as well have smallpox as have the reputation of going off every few months on a week's spree without notice.

"You don't know what an awful coward I was, Bent. So long as I could hold this job I could at least provide a good living for my family. To imagine myself looking them in the face and telling them I'd been fired, and we'd probably have to move into a three-room flat on a back street, where I might get a desk job at thirty dollars a week, was more than I could stand. I hung to this like a shipwrecked man hanging to a plank. I didn't dare to tell Ted to go ahead and print his story and show up the treason here, and let me take my chances. I was some coward, Bent!

"That was exactly the trouble with me—do you see? When any man lets a vice master him you don't need to dope him with bromides. I took a cure twice. And you don't need to dope him about heredity and environment and economic conditions. There's something wrong in that man's own soul. Tell him to cure that. I've been a drunkard because I've been a coward. I've lived craven. I've been afraid of the booze; afraid of my job; afraid of myself. I haven't had the guts to stand up to my enemy, eye to eye, and smash him in the face. That's been the trouble with me. I know it now—absolutely.

"So I went to Ted to-night to tell him to go ahead with his story, cutting out some less effective stuff and adding this last little touch of the Tommy Scott obituary; but more especially adding this last straw of your slam at Mark Gardner—explaining, you see, that Otto Lachner was here; that you and he were at the hotel together; that he gave you the manuscript of the story and the electroplates of the letters; that you and he built the headlines on Elliott Hotel stationery. It's mighty convincing, Bent. I'm a good judge, and I tell you it will make a corking story."

Bent grasped the arms of his chair to heave his bulk out of it, his face in the deepest scowl its excessive fatness would permit. As he got to his feet he said:

"You're a sneak and a traitor to your paper!"

By all the traditions of the craft, treason to one's paper is a black charge to bring against a newspaper man. Borden rose too—between the fat man and the door—quite tense, his lean, stubbly-bearded face thrust forward.

"And what have you been a traitor to, Bent?" he asked. "What about you? What have you been betraying?"

"Rats!" said Bent, in deep disgust for what the questions implied. "I look out for myself. Get out of the way!"

But Borden still stood in his path, not looking like a man to be lightly pushed aside.

"It's you that have been a traitor to the paper!" he said. "Do you suppose forty thousand Americans would have been buying it every day—and fifty thousand the weekly edition—if they'd seen what you were trying to do with them? They're the paper. You've been putting ground glass in their bread. Why did your backers pick out the Great Bend Times? Why did they want this Gardner story to come out in it? Because of its solid old standing. Because people have confidence in it. Because a lot of honest men have worked to make a reputation for it. You're cutting their throats."

"To hell with you!" Bent retorted angrily. "Get out of the way! You're fired right now! You'll be drunk to-morrow and begging for a job next week. You're done! And don't forget this, you dirty sneak: Mark Gardner will be as dead as a doornail to-morrow too. Let Parks go ahead with his magazine story if he wants. It will come out a month after the funeral. I'll know what to say to it by that time. You're a fool, Borden! I think you've gone nutty."

He put a ponderous hand to the managing editor's shoulder and pushed him aside. But Borden caught his arm, exclaiming:

"Let's see, now." With the other hand he drew an ancient openface silver watch from his dangling vest. "It's two minutes of one. I'd rather you waited two minutes more; but if you're bound to go now——"

Without finishing the sentence he stepped quickly to the door, threw it open and called "Oh, Jimmy!"—standing on the threshold and holding the door so as to block Bent's exit. "I've got something to show you," he said over his shoulder to the fat man, close behind him; and almost in the same breath, addressing the snubnosed office boy who had answered his call, he directed: "Fetch the Bulldog."

As the boy ran back to Borden's room the managing editor explained to Bent, whose paunch pressed against him and whose scowling face was just above his shoulder:

"I'm the boss here when you're not about. When you're out of the building what I say goes. You ought to have remembered that."

Jimmy came up, with a freshly printed paper, which Borden took from his hands. Unfolding it, he explained further:

"I put the Bulldog to press an hour ahead of time to-night—at a quarter past twelve. We'll miss some news; but this will make up for it."

With a finger that trembled slightly he pointed to the top of the front page. Across three columns at the right-hand side—above the position Bent had intended for the beginning of his slam at Mark Gardner—appeared, in big black letters: A Traitorous Plot Exposed! And beneath that, in somewhat smaller type: A Statement to the Readers of the Times by Joel Borden, Managing Editor.

"That's Ted Parks' story of what you've done to this paper," said Borden, "edited and extended by me with the Gardner-letters stuff. It's a corking story, Bent!" he added exultantly. "It kills you dead! It kills your gang! It kills Slippery Sam! It puts the old Times right—back under the flag where she belongs. It's been on the presses three-quarters of an hour. It's in the mails. It's going on the four winds. The Associated Press has been sending it out for half an hour. The devil and all his works can't stop it now!"

His fingers still trembled; but his face shone. He peered closer at the page. The title of the paper was printed across its top in ornamental type; beneath the title was the device of an eagle, with wings outstretched for flight, beside an American flag—just as in Colonel Mosely's time. Modern journalism, with its preference for plain letters, considered that amusingly old-fashioned; but Borden peered at it with a sort of hungry affection. He turned somewhat, in order to face Bent more squarely, and smiled slightly; men of his sort usually do when expressing emotion, as though that was something to be apologized for.

"There's the story the old paper carries to-night, Bent," he said. "And be damned to the enemies of the United States!"

Bent seemed to be grinding his teeth, and he spoke thickly:

"Drunk! Go and get drunk!"

But Borden's smile broadened triumphantly as he replied:

"You don't get the whole point of my story yet: It's a personal story; my story—the cure for cowardice! I've won! I'm going home right now to wake up my wife and show her this paper, and tell her I'll never take a drink again as long as I live. I know that—absolutely! There's no more fear of it in me. I've gone over the top, you fat slob!"

Phez

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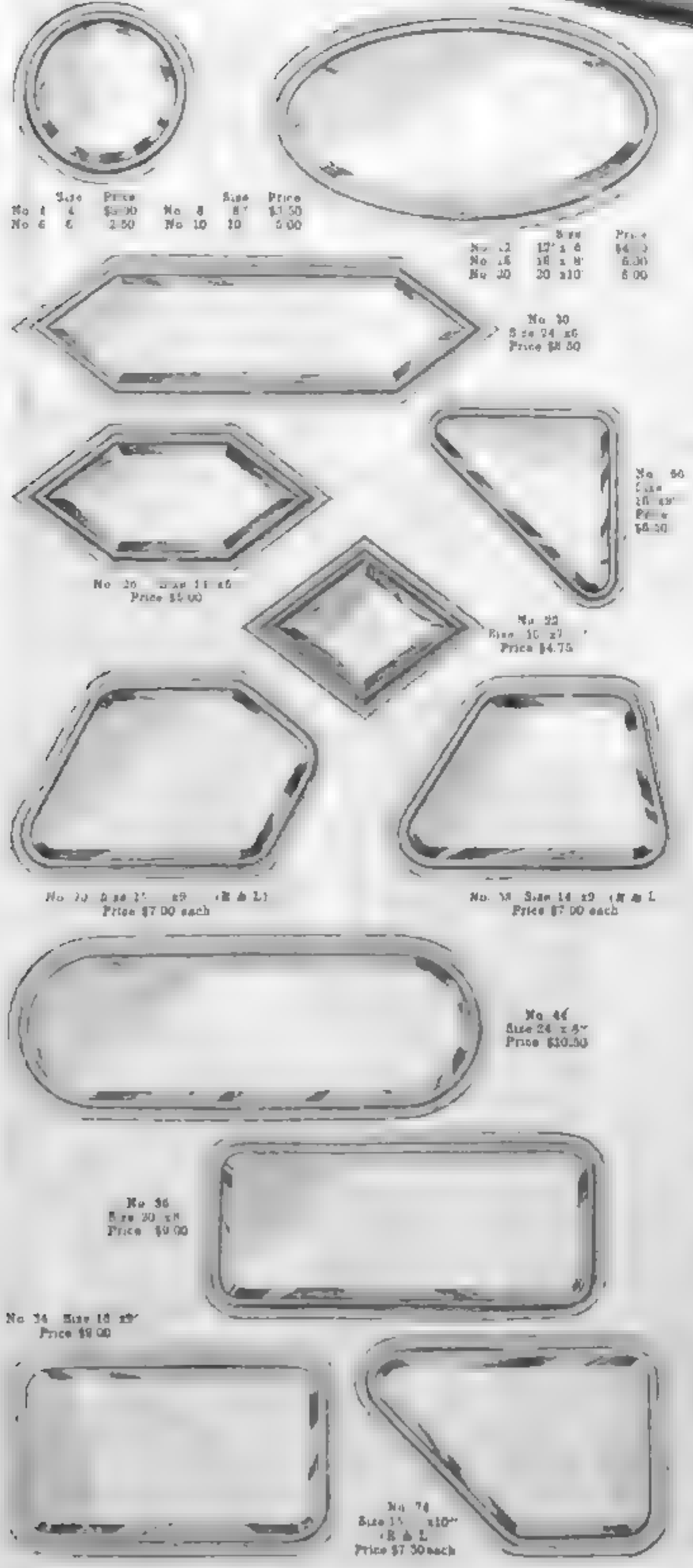

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ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE

By Thomas Beer

SERGEANT COBB replaced another noncommissioned officer, suddenly commissioned, at the recruiting station on South Street, Zerbetta, Ohio, during that simmering week when the nation lurched into war. He found this unknown town far less tedious than its census rating had suggested upon his inquiry. It held, pressed between the courthouse and the railroad yards, a munitions plant—the Zerbetta Tool and Machinery Works; and an entire regiment of the State National Guard was quartered about the untidy factory, patrolling the bridges for a dozen miles each way, and raising the recruiting average so that his clerk and medical corporal rather complained. Boys of all shapes peered into the doorway and studied the posters with speculative frowns. Drawling farm hands came in to talk it over with the sergeant and went away to consider. Worthy ladies leaped on him from corners of the square and requested exact shadings on the subject of military vice. He had no leisure for love or poker, and shipped, on Saturday night, twenty recruits to Columbus.

"An' half of 'em named Hoffmeister or Himmelgarten," he said to the clerk.

"Well, the whole country round here's half German," the clerk yawned. "The church these Germans go to is the biggest thing in town. My girl's German—German as Pilsener. Let's go beat a brass rail some."

They invaded the largest bar of the square, and Cobb, smoking a cigar of merit, observed the flag above the courthouse, made radiant every seventh minute by the searchlight circling over the factory. It swayed and heaved like some curious gigantic blossom. He grew sentimental, being a brave man.

"If I was ten years younger," he muttered, "I'd get back into the line an' stay there. I wish I was a kid. I was in 'ninety-eight. But hell! I've forgot my drill an' everythin'; I dunno a platoon from a colonel, no more. I ——"

"Say, sergeant,"—a National Guardsman leaned over the damp table—"how young'll you take a boy?"

"Nothin' under eighteen without parents' written consent," said Cobb with parrot promptness.

"I thought so. There's some kids been askin' me."

"Send 'em along, buddy. We're open six in the mornin' to six at night. If I was a kid," he mused, watching the flag, "I'd bust into it somehow—with or without."

"I bet," said the clerk, "there's a lot of mammas wishing it was twenty-eight 'stead of eighteen."

"Prob'ly; but if I was a kid—I'd be eighteen," Cobb declared, "no matter how my birth certificate read."

He repeated this several times, sipping beer and watching the flag. Strolling back to the office he encountered his rival, the emissary of the United States Navy, on a corner, arguing with a gentleman of distressed appearance, before a grocery store.

"I tell you," cried the collector of heroes, "it ain't going to do the boy a bit o' harm. S'posin' he does get tattooed? It ain't ever hurt me."

"Well," wavered this parent, "I'll think it over. George, he's awful young to go way from his mother an' ——"

"That's right," said a female in the shadow of the grocery awning; "that's right, Misder Graham. Don't you let Georgie go off from his mother—to git killed in this fightin' ——"

She locked a door and stepped under the corner lamplight. The cones of gas burners were still pink inside the show window and her garments shed a scent suggestive of long companionship with many onions.

"Well, Mis' Obermuller," George's father asserted coldly enough, "if George was as big an' strong as your Otto I'd say yes in a minute. But ——"

"Otto," she retorted, the accent very clear now, "iss not yet sefenteen, an' he stays right here at home—see? Up to eighteen he stays, see? Then if the Allies is still fightin' I gan't stop him, see? But they won't be," she chuckled.

"Look here, Mis' Obermuller," gasped Mr. Graham, "you oughtn't to say things like that! You'll get into trouble."

"What for? I ain't said nothin', have I? The Allies won't be fightin'—no. They'll of wibed Germany clear off the map, yes! An' the Star-Spangled Banner in driumph shall wafe!"

With this she turned and tramped off, her feet falling on the bricks of the square in a series of cheerful flaps. She resembled an Egyptian column as to outline and her solidity impressed Cobb. He listened to the recessional with awe.

"An' it's no wonder they walked over Belgium," he said.

"She'd ought to be locked up!" sputtered the yeoman. "Gee, this is a fierce town! Why, this ain't America!"

"Yes, 'tis!" Mr Graham's civic spirit was roused "but she's a real German. Conrad Obermuller, he was al. right an' his father fought in the Civil War; but Conrad, he married her down in Cincinnati She took Otto out of high school 'cause the principal said the Kaiser'd ought to be hung. I guess I'll let George go, Mr. McCarthy, but I'd like it if you'd see he gets a nice ship where there's a good doctor. His stomach ain't very strong."

"Sure," said the naval emissary gravely and kindly; "I'll look out for the kid. I'll write an admiral I know pretty well about him. Good night. If you'd hit Georgie with an ax," he informed Cobb presently, "you'd have to hunt up a grindstone right after; but they're all like that—a kid's folks"

"That Dutch woman," Cobb pondered, "ought to get stuck in one of these eternment camps. I expect she's got a iron cross in her top drawer now."

Next morning he noted her as he walked from very early breakfast, laying out cabbages under the awning. She was, he thought, a formidable woman. She reminded him extraordinarily of Quartermaster Sergeant Kelly's wife, who in his sight had dragged her husband from the bar of the Continental Hotel and conducted him across all Cheyenne by an ear to the sober boundaries of Fort Russell. The soapy yellow hair and the glittering blue eyes were the same; likewise the breadth of shoulder. He shuddered, passing on, but vaguely saw a curly-headed hulking boy inside the shop. Otto, he assumed. He pitied Otto profoundly.

Business that morning was rather slack. The candidates for Flanders were to be admired more for their zeal than their physical qualities. Cobb found time to wander over to the naval branch for some professional gossip, came back somewhat dispirited and was much soothed when four lads trickled in, a little nervous and giggling a good deal. Three were mere healthy, prosperous-seeming objects; the fourth cheered the sergeant and made the slim clerk blink as he stood stiffly by the desk.

"Son," he said jovially, "it'll take a heap of grub to keep you goin'. You'll be a awful expense to the Government."

"I don't eat much," protested the applicant, very red and wriggling under his shabby suit, too small in all dimensions.

"Well, kid," Cobb assured him, "you'll get plenty. Now you boys give Henry, there, your names an' your folks' names, an' so on, he'll tell you what; an' then let's see what you look like in your birthday clothes."

He bustled off into the farther room, where the medical corporal was drowsing over a paper. "Hey, Johnson! Take a look at what the cat brought in! Nine feet long an' four feet thick."

Johnson glanced through the door and puckered his lids, appraising expertly.

"Pret-ty good! But he ain't eighteen."

"That? Why ——" The morning sun against the boy's face halted his denial. "I dunno. He's not old at all. Say, big boy, how old are you?"

"Eighteen."

He flushed quaintly. A visor of red slid up from his worn shirt collar to his egg-colored curly hair. Another boy giggled sharply, then bit his mouth shut. Plainly this was a lie, but Sergeant Cobb had no interest in the matter beyond amusement.

"Well, you ought to know, bud."

He saw a superb pair of legs for all purposes military, and very proper arms, one of which he pinched as the boys shuffled warily into the examining chamber. Army regulations require a complete survey at this point of a recruit's progress, a prelude to the more thorough inspection at the recruiting depot, and Cobb was used to manifold revelations on this removal of civilian dress—a failure of shoulders to support a padded promise, legs that arch wildly, tragedies of design. The phrase "magnificent specimen of manhood" had no meaning for him. He watched the three lesser prizes, hopping solemnly, naked, on one foot about the oilcloth, in series; and leaned on the door, waiting for the last exhibit. The large lad sat nursing a knee under his discarded peg-hung breeches, awkward and still flushed.

"Now you," said Cobb, "let's see if you've got busted arches."

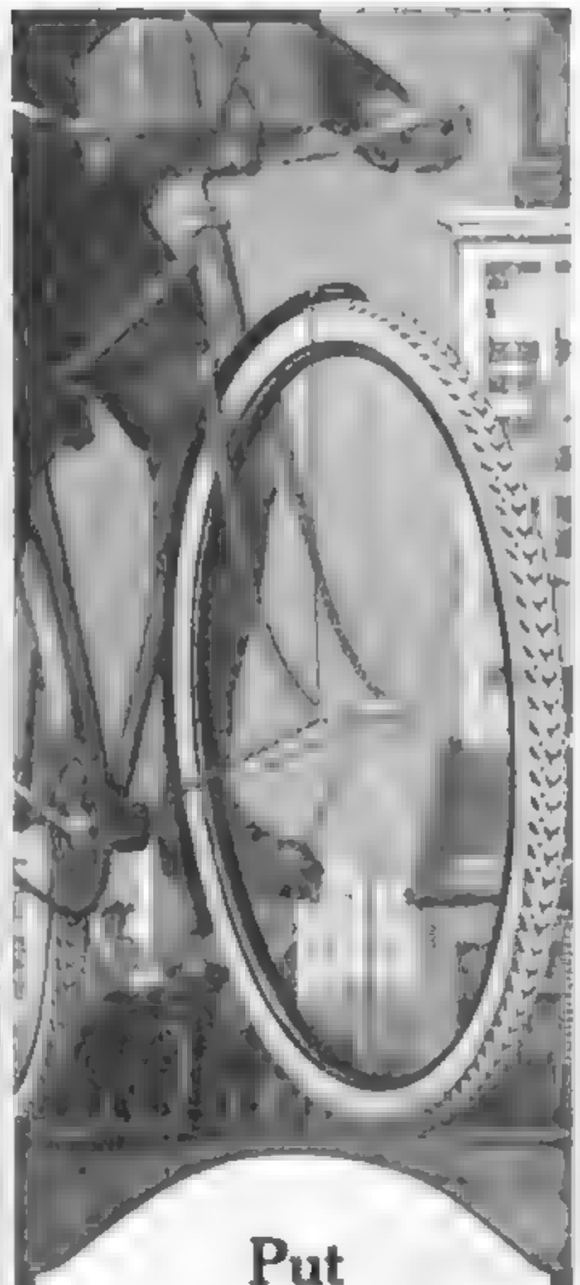
The condition of the left arch was never demonstrated to the recruiting sergeant. Just at the completion of the first circle the door panels heaved against his back, the door opened far enough to admit a section of black skirt before he jammed it shut again.

"Otto," yelped Mrs. Obermuller, "you come right on straight home from there! You hear me?"

"Lady," squealed the clerk outside, "you can't go in there! Them boys ain't got nothin' on. They ——"

"A lod I should care! Otto!" Her weight terrified Sergeant Cobb. A panel cracked he thought; and the respectability of the United States Army Recruiting Service was maintained solely by his muscles.

"You clear out, Mrs. Obermuller," he panted.



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57

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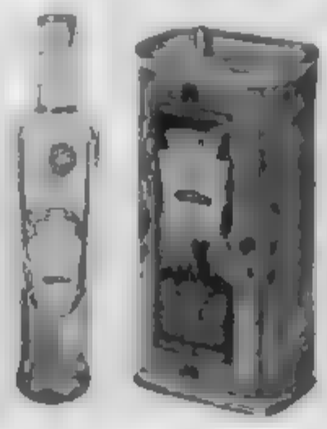

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"You gif me Otto that's in there ant I clear oud! Otto, I seen you sneakin' off! You come out or I'll ——"

The panels complained. The boys had scattered, frantic, on the search for essential garments; but Otto stood, one foot suspended, miserable and red.

"Kid," gasped Sergeant Cobb, "it ain't no good! Oh, I'll send him right away, lady. Only ——"

The matron desisted. Otto dropped his foot and cleared his throat, emitting a wabbling voice:

"Mamma, you go home. I'll ——"

"And I stay here while you come out!"

"Kid," said Cobb, "get your duds on an' get her away. I can't have things like this all goin' on."

There was a hiatus in the affairs of the Zerbetta station until Otto sniffling faintly was bundled through the portals of rejection and Cobb wiped his forehead. He jumped at the violence of a single slap, applied directly. He looked for marks of this when, in midafternoon, he came upon Otto squatted on the granite base of the still fountain which marked the square's center.

"Bud," he said bluntly, "those pals of yours say you ain't havin' an awful good time at home."

Otto took his eyes from the sentry pacing before the courthouse.

"I ain't German," he muttered. "Papa, he wasn't neither. She took me out of high school, an' I was on the football team. An' she ain't poor. It's the best grocery in town."

"I guess she ain't very patriotic. Well," Cobb continued, clumsy from kindness, "those kids are startin' down to Columbus on the four o'clock."

Otto's short nose worked. Two tears rippled down his creamy cheeks, converged on his chin and dropped as one to the sunny dust.

"Aunt Elsie's let her kids go, an' one of 'ems only seventeen," he mourned. "If papa hadn't of gone off an' died! An' I can't even go to the movies 'less someone take me. 'Cause they got fillums about Bel——"

"Yes, that red-haired kid was tellin' me."

Recruiting sergeants are permitted to wear trousers. An act of great delicacy was born in Cobb's soul by this unhappiness. There existed a hole in his right pocket. He shifted two silver dollars, which presently slid chilly down his calf.

"If I'd got a mother like that," he stated, "I'd go a-w-o-l pretty damn quick!"

"What's a-w-o-l?"

"Absent without leave from post of duty," said the sergeant, moving away.

"Here, mister, you dropped some ——"

"No, kid," Cobb grunted, "I ain't got nothin' to drop."

Even the solace of twenty films in prospect did not console Otto Obermuller. He sat jingling these coins and staring wretchedly at the pompous sentry. The courthouse clock, its gilt hands glittering, said quarter of four. At four Bob and Jim and Nelson would leave for Columbus. Friendship demanded that he see the last of them. He got up sullenly and started down South Street, much bedecked with cheap small flags. The dollars jingled in his pocket. Through the recruiting-office window Sergeant Cobb watched him slouch along.

"If I was that kid," he reflected, "I'd hop the train to Columbus. They wouldn't know him from Adam's aunt down there."

Immediately Otto stopped. Then his bent neck stiffened. He began to run. His shoes twinkled on the pavement. He vanished and left the sergeant somewhat dazed.

II

SAN ANTONIO has a wicked charm which wakes at dusk. The old city sheds its daytime ugliness like a dirty dress at the first star above the Alamo. The tin arcades catch down the light of gaudy shop fronts into a jeweled gleaming along the narrow streets suddenly fluid with restless, roaming folk. Little rivers wander crookedly under the main promenades, and some Spanish spirit has fastened colored lamps in the trees of their gullies, something Latin survives, besides the Mexican chatter heard now and then; music mellows the roar, and the legendary vice of the frontier has a gay frankness in the jostle.

July, 1917, saw many regiments belting the town, and night poured a khaki flood into the heart of this allurement. The flood boils most furiously on the stretch of East Houston Street, and male bubbles stray from the rush to linger and admire the mixed life that compensates briefly their dusty cantonment or the barracks on Fort Sam Houston hill, with young excited eyes. A medical major passing in a continuous flicker of salutes drew aside into the safety of a hotel entrance, his arm weary, promptly meeting a lieutenant who as promptly saluted.

"Oh, Lord, Brown," said the senior, "I've been flapping my hand all over the town! We ought to wear blinders. It's ghastly!"

"It is," the lieutenant agreed; a tall, thick fellow, wilted about the collar. He regarded East Houston Street keenly, a trifle absently. "I've been running round in circles. There must be ten thousand twenty thousand enlisted men in town."

"Yes, I've saluted about that many times. Come on and sit down."

"Sorry, major, I'm sleuthing."

"When did they transfer you to the Military Police? Sleuthing? Anyone could see you a mile off."

Lieutenant Brown chuckled.

"Well, I'm trailing my orderly. I gave him ten dollars this morning, out of the goodness of my heart; and now I'm scared. I'm watching him spend it. He's been to three movies and he's had twelve ice-cream sodas. 'Tisn't safe. He'll probably die. He's over in that soda joint now. I can see him from here."

"What on earth did you give him ten dollars for? That's wild extravagance. You bachelors!"

"I don't know why I did. He's so awfully military, though. He never calls me 'you,' and he's nothing but a rookie. April vintage. He's such an ass," said Brown, trying to defend his conduct, "that it tickles me. He thinks he's a brigadier general. There he is! And he's got a box of candy! I ought to stop him."

He beamed. Actually he was delighted with his favorite's harmless diversions, and the swagger of Private John Smith crossing East Houston Street was a marvelous thing. He walked with a hand on either starched hip, and the light made his flawless leggings gleam like a mahogany table newly polished. His chin strap, nicely blackened, made an oval in his tan, and his hat had the exact ripple of the brim that spells perfection to the enlisted dandy.

"Fine," said the major generously. "He's been using lime to get his clothes that white. Vanity, all is vanity."

"He's a good sort of kid," remonstrated Lieutenant Brown, mildly offended.

Private John Smith took position by a support of the iron arcade and lounged on it, dripping caramel papers at intervals, becoming rigid when an officer appeared and saluting with a sweep that threatened his hat's safety. Meanwhile, through his haughty mask of satiety, there glowed a rapture. His eyes roamed; he devoured the parade.

"Small-town kid," the major guessed.

"No; Columbus, Ohio, on his service record."

"He looks," the surgeon commented, "truly rural. How young they are! How young!"

"Of course they are," Brown said. "And the younger they are the better they do. They get into the traces. Now, you can turn any old thing into infantry, really; but artillery's different. You have ——"

"It's queer," the major interrupted. "Colonel Coy was just telling me at dinner how perfectly impossible it is to shape up infantry unless you catch 'em young. He says anything with two legs can be made into artillery; but ——"

Lieutenant Brown sniffed his derision. He was lighting a cigar when a howl, feminine but blood-curdling, sheared the woven noise of East Houston Street, and Private Smith wobbled from the arcade post, spilling caramels. His feet slung aimlessly as if thrashing water. His mouth became the slit of a tragic mask. He leaped up the sidewalk in wild ungainly steps and whirled

(Concluded on Page 41)

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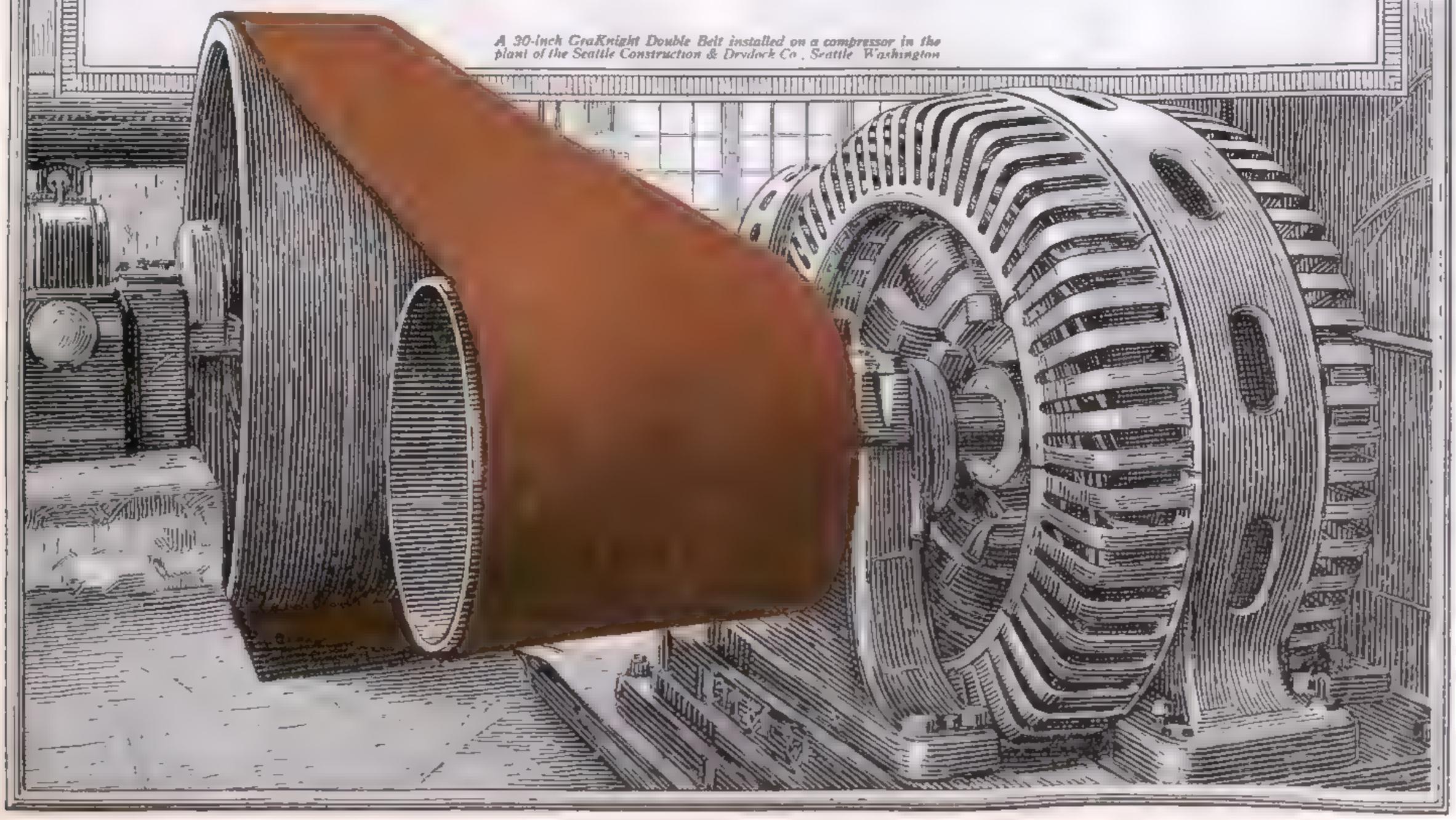

(Concluded from Page 38)

about a corner. A flight of small boys swooped on the caramels, and through their activity galloped a large unattractive lady, her bonnet covered with blue cornflowers tilting over an eye; and as she galloped she howled.

The crowd took up this pastime with deep zeal. A dozen worldly women gathered their gay skirts and trotted. A wedge of soldiers outdistanced the pursuer yelling blissfully. A colonel, a fireman, a civilian constable and six quartermaster second lieutenants flocked after. Brown wriggled and ran among this press, but the business ended in the darker cross block with a confusion of silly questions, an episode of San Antonio's night; and the puzzled officer drifted off to the park edge where his car waited and drove up to Fort Sam Houston just as the bugles chanted their final order of the soldier's long day.

Next morning he learned the aspect of the distracted glance, Private John Smith furnishing the source of knowledge. Outwardly the big obedient creature was unchanged, except for this symptom, but his eyes rolled left and right, and he rode behind Brown with constant turnings through the desolation then called Camp Wilson, a tormented slope of porous soil sprinkled with unfloored shacks. The regiment, sweating nobly, showed its ability to cover five miles without sunstroke, and the adjutant was pleased.

"But what's the matter with your dog robber, Brown?"

"I don't know, sir." Brown beat the buff powder from his shirt front and looked after Private John Smith, who was leading the soiled mounts away from the mess veranda. Fort Sam Houston parade ground offers a fine perspective. The drooping horses and the uneasy figure waned toward a wide hollow lined with stables and gun sheds. In the cruelty of noon his dejection hurt Brown.

"He looks all in," said the adjutant; "I expect this heat's pretty hard on these Northerners. Oh, by the way!" He raised his voice, briskly assuming control of the regimental group. "There's a circular from department headquarters, and Colonel Seeley had me on the phone this morning. There's a boy in some artillery outfit, enlisted under age. His mother's come down hunting him. The colonel says she's a holy terror. Got the general out of bed some ungodly hour. Colonel Seeley wants action. She's making a nuisance of herself. I've got a description of him. Please come to the office after mess and look it over. He's using a fake name, of course."

The battery commanders nodded wearily.

"I don't see why they can't be a little more careful at the recruiting stations," a captain complained. The medical major lifted an ironic eye to Brown above a frayed English weekly, as the lieutenant strolled near him.

"Good-by, orderly," he whispered.

"Oh, hell!" said the lieutenant, "I suppose so, the poor pup! And I was going to make a corporal out of him!"

His bitterness swelled when Private Smith came to clean boots after lunch, and his innocuous glory freshened the dull room.

"Will the lieutenant want the polo pony this evenin'?"

"No, I won't." Brown shook his head.

"Very good, sir."

Private Smith collected the boots and a handful of spurs, his hat, with the red cord still unfaded, dangling on a thumb, and tiptoed to the door.

"Smith!" cried the officer.

"Sir?"

"Oh—nothing." Then his sympathy washed away a mountain chain of army regulations. "If I go talk it over with your mother ——"

The spurs jangled on the floor.

"It won't do no good, sir. She—she's German."

"How old are you?" Brown growled.

"Seventeen next September. Oh, I dunno why I ever sent Lottie my picture! That's it; that done it! I s'pose she went pokin' round in drawers an' things. I dunno why I did that! It hadn't any name signed to it. Lottie's my sister, sir."

Evidently in his vainglory Private Smith had sent a postal photograph to gladden Lottie, and with crossed cannon on his collar and a San Antonio postmark there would be sufficient clews. Meanwhile no military code yet published directs a lieutenant how to deal with an enlisted man who sits on his bedroom floor, weeping.

"I'm awfully sorry for you, Smith," he said.

Otto Obermuller took up the refrain of his woe, and Lieutenant Brown listened, finally advised.

"The war won't be over for a long time, Smith. You can enlist again when you're eighteen."

"I'll have to go home, an' everybody's gone. Couldn't the lieutenant——"

"I can't lie you out of this!" Brown snapped. "Look here, clean those things up and—and stay here."

"Very good, sir."

Even in his extremity the soldier was correct.

Brown walked through the horse-reeking hollow past the stables and up into the Old Post of the fort, a gracious half-moon of ancient trees and green stone houses. He was stewing with mutiny and the sun chewed his neck. Seven years' immersion in this world told on his conscience. Why should a mother, beyond beggary, drag her son out of the one road? He fretted, glaring at the somnolent dignity of department headquarters. The sentry at the Carson Street gate came to present arms with a click, and the pride of service stood embodied for the officer. He turned up the line of shops and boarding houses at the infantry stride, whistling between his teeth, and came to the army bank.

The subsequent report of an inspector into the matter of the desertion of Pvt. John Smith, actually Otto Obermuller, from Battery B, 495th F. A., established the following facts:

That Private Smith was observed leaving the quarters of 1st Lieut. Madison Brown, F. A., commanding B Battery, 495th F. A., between the hours of 4 and 5 P. M., carrying a suitcase, the property of 1st Lieut. Brown;

That Private Smith was then acting as orderly to Lieut. Brown, and that on being questioned by 1st Serg. Michael Fritzhugh, B Battery, 495th F. A., Private Smith stated that the suitcase contained garments of 1st Lieut. Brown which he was taking to be pressed;

That Private Smith was last seen by Corp. Henry Latour, B Battery, 496th F. A., boarding an Alamo Plaza street car about 6 P. M.;

That Private Smith was reported absent without leave the following morning;

That 1st Lieut. Brown admitted ordering Private Smith to take certain garments; namely, a civilian suit of blue serge and a raincoat, to a tailor to be cleaned and pressed; that these garments had never been delivered; that Private Smith when last seen by Lieut. Brown was in a depressed state of mind and unattentive to his proper duties; that Private Smith had no government property in his possession beyond his own wearing apparel, and no funds within the knowledge of the enlisted men acquainted with him.

This report, duly rendered and backed in blue paper, was forwarded in duplicate to Mrs. Christina Obermuller, Zerbetta, Ohio. The original reposes at department headquarters, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

III

THE major had lately seen so much salt water that another stretch, however famous, simply irritated him by the prophecy of more seasickness. The channel, beyond this English roadstead, looked sulky under the charming sky; and the sands, barely speckled with bathers, did not attract him. He idled an hour of the delay at luncheon in one of the brick hotels that lined the ocean drive, watching a convalescent subaltern repel waitresses who hovered about him with unasked chutney and extra soda bottles. He read a lengthy letter published in the local paper on the Irish conscription question and found it amazingly dull, even to an accompaniment of brandy and water. The subaltern concluded his boredom by approaching him.

"I dare say, sir, we're waitin' for the same thing. Seems we'll be here until five o'clock. Stupid, isn't it?"

"It's not wildly exciting," said the major.

"Oh, rather not! But I hear some nice old ladies are doin' a garden party for the Red Cross, and two of your destroyers are playin' baseball, lendin' their services, and so on. We might barge along and give it the look over ——"

"Once over," the major amended, seizing his cap.

"Ah, yes, quite so. Once over."

They meandered in the background of the little town, discoursing amiably of hospitals and the idiocies of the amateur nurse, coming at last to an ivy-coped gateway in a wall posted with advertisements of this fête, and a loud professional voice wailed "Strike—one." After a doubtful silence there was applause. The major chuckled, following the subaltern up a path between booths and the necessary smiling ladies of a Red Cross fair.

The game was in progress and a deep fringe of polite Britons stood observing it with earnest gravity. The Boy Scouts and the crews of the contesting destroyers supplied such noise as was current on this circle of glossy bush and summer gowning. But the teams were heated to a happy disregard of audiences. For the enlightenment of spectators, an ensign told the major, one team was wearing white, and the accumulated grass stains were astounding.

"The grass," said the subaltern, "is rather long for a decent pitch."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Dare say I'm wrong. Cricket, y'know. Er—what's the lad with the basket on his head about?"

"That," the major said, "is the umpire."

The pitcher of the white team contorted his trunk, causing a sedate ripple among the watchers, who would, the major thought, believe this healthy youth in great pain. Directly the familiar crack started a yell. A blue player slid home and picked himself up, scarlet, his overshirt mightily torn.

"Oh, Eddie!" said the bench, in falsetto horror.

"Eddie" sidled into a laburnum thicket with a friend or two, and an unabashed native of New York City wandered engagingly forth after a brief seclusion, hunting pins. The major lit a cigarette.

"I think," he said, "I'll have a look at Eddie."

"I don't think he seemed hurt, sir." The subaltern was surprised into the protest.

"No, but—one minute."

The committee on repairs had finished its labor and Eddie was polishing his chin with a borrowed handkerchief. As the major put aside a bough he spoke sorrowfully:

"An' it comes out of my pay too!"

"Well," said a friend, "it ain't so much."

"But I'm tryin' to save money. I owe a fellow fifty dollars —— 'Ten-shun!"

"Rest!" the major ordered.

The other sailors melted back from this interview, puzzled.

"Well," said the officer, "and what's your name?"

"Eddie Johnson, sir."

"You seem to stick to good ordinary sensible names," the major grinned.

"Sir?"

"Don't be silly! I'm not going to cable Zerbetta, Ohio."

"No," said the deserter; "the major's a friend of Lieutenant Brown's, ain't he? I used to see you with him last summer. An'—where is the lieutenant?"

"Captain Brown—I might see him in a day or so. Any message?"

"If the major'd tell him, I've got thirty dollars saved up—and where could I send it? I—I've got to pay him back."

"Of course," said the major, "I don't know anything about your debts, Eddie Johnson."

"No, sir that's so. Well--just tell him the Navy's all right, but I wish I hadn't sent Lottie that post card'"

The subaltern was rather disturbed by the major's chuckles, and the game did not appear to interest the American as much as a national sport should.

"One constantly hears," he alleged, "that the Anglo-Saxon's dyin' out in the States. Now that lad you went to look after. He's as English as Westminster Abbey, y'know."

"Yes, his name's Eddie Johnson," said the major. "Suppose we start back. It's four."

However, he lingered. Eddie Johnson was coming to bat and his swagger was superb as ever. He glanced about the alien field with a condescending calm, a hand on either hip. His scarf concealed the row of pins, and his shoes, just rubbed in the laburnum shade, gleamed on the turf. His white cap was canted down to one haughty eyebrow and the tattoo shone like a jewel on the new tan of his chest.

"Born in the Navy, I fancy," observed the subaltern.

"Oh, yes," the major chuckled; "he's been in the service quite a while."

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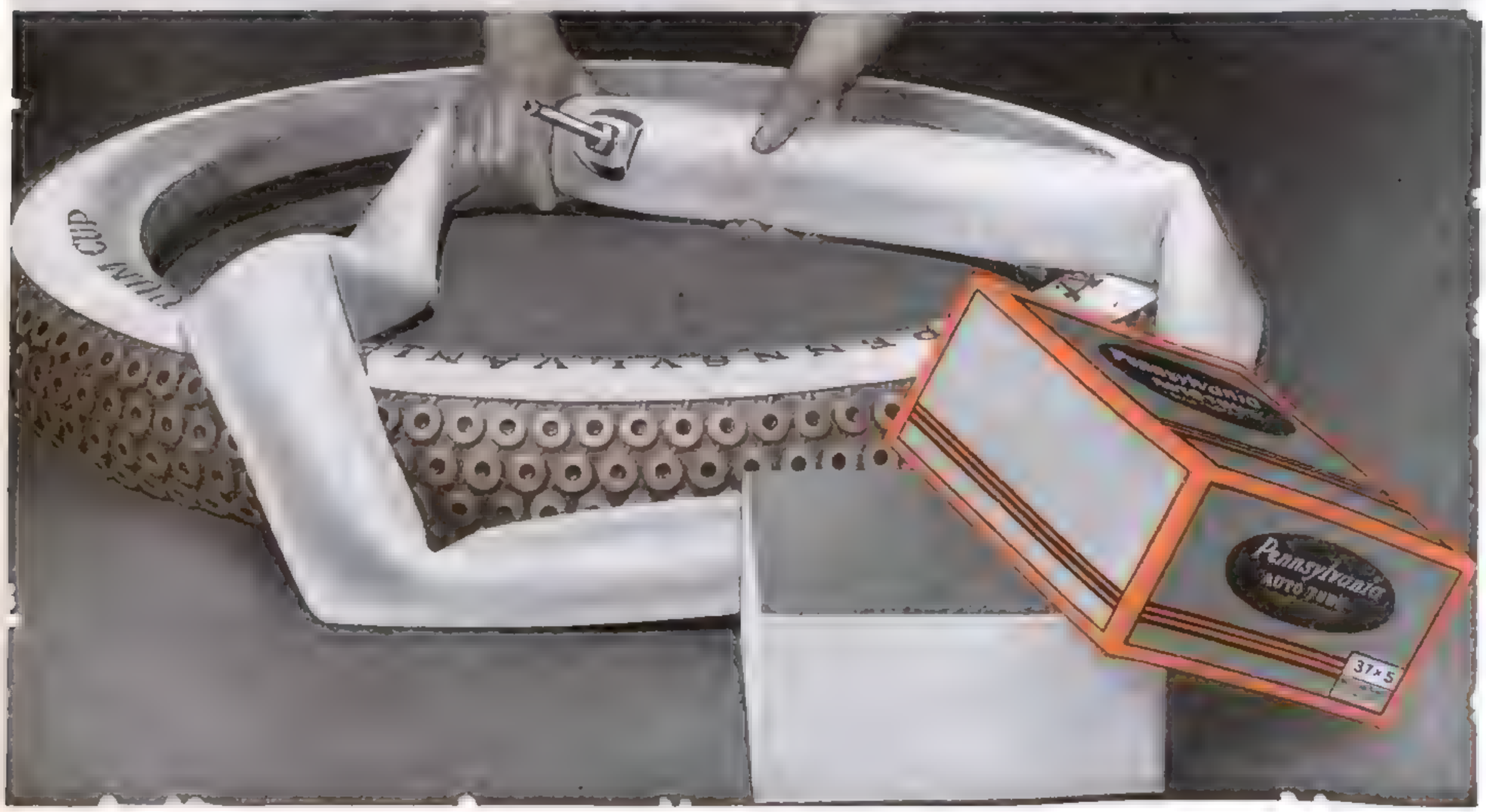


THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM GREEN

(Concluded from Page 9)

ago witch is the forth time since school started after Christmus and is getting to be quite regler dont you think so? The furst times it was not very deep and did not do Henry mutch dammidge. He was onley a little pail and wurried for a cupple days and did not go fishing on Sunday wile they lasted but he was soon all rite again and could eat his regler meels. But the last time it was a new gurl witch just started to school very fare and bewtiful. The day Henry met her furst he was going to school very lite harted and happy and never dreemed he would meat his fate and then he saw her coming up the sidewalk like litening out of a clear sky. Henry gasspt and almost swallode a peace of tar he was chewing she was so luvly. Her name was Lilly Purl to show she was pewer and preshus Henry said, and her fokes were very ritch and kept their own cow so Henry found out afterwards.

Henry was in love with her he said till last Wensday witch was the end of three bad days for him. Furst a flour pott fell out of her upstares window wile he was standing under it waiting to see if she would come and look out after he wisseld three times as a signle. It was a hevvy flour pott and would have been a grate dammidge to Henry if it fell on his head witch it did not but he onley mist it by a hare's breth, witch was a close call for Henry dont you think so?

Henry said he wated quite a wile after the flour pott came down out of her upstares windo but she did not answer the signle and he went home very mutch wurried. The next day Lilly Purl came to school very pail and decomposed and told Henry the flour pott fell out by axsident when she went to leen out of the windo and she was afrade to look out after that for feer Henry mite be dedd under the windo becaws she thought she hurd him grone when the flour pott fell out but it was probily onley the flour pott braking on the sidewalk.

When she told Henry the flour pott fell out by axsidunt it was a grate releef to him becaws if she did it on purpuss he would know she did not love him as mutch as he did her Henry said.

That was Monday and Tuesday Henry went over again about half past ate at nite and their hired man came around the corner of the house with the hose going to wotter the lawn with it and hit Henry rite neer the frunt gait between the sidewalk and the frunt steps with a new soot on. It was rite after the flour pott and made a grate impreshun on Henry becaws of coming so close together. The hose spoilt Henry for the whole evening becaws it was to late to go back after he changed his close and anyway he had to go to bed until some of them dride out on account of his uther shurt going to the wash the day before. So he did not go back till Wensday and then their dog tride to bite him and tore his pance in the middul of the back yard. Henry came home then and made up his mind he would never go to see her again. She mite have exsplaned how it happened so often but the next day she did not come to school with the meezles and by the time she came back again Henry was over it and very prowd and hotty and had anuther gurl anyway becaws there is always more when you lose one. Henry said any one of the axsidunts would be bad enuf but the flour pott and the hose and the dogg together was too mutch for him.

It was a grate strane on Henry though and he mite be a crippul for life he said if the flour pott had hit him on the head out of the upstares windo. He is still quite nurvice when he thinks about it and hard wurk and country aire mite do him good and after a few days his apetight mite come back. If you could not use both of us I would be purfeckly willing to stay home for Henry's sake and let him go alone but it would be a sevear blow to both of us but probily all for the best dont you think so?

Henry remembered yesterday how you even sent us the fair to come down on the trane with three years ago when we et the twenty bannannas in ateen miles. He said he remembered how supprized we both were when it came a cupple days after the Fourth of July so as to be safe from firecrackers Henry thought. It was sixty sense for fair apeace and probily the same now becaws we both mite go for half fair but it would be a tite squeeze.

Thare has been a lot of rane this year so it looks as if the cropp would knead a lott of help dont you think so? What does Uncle William think about it? But if he thinks he can handul it without us never mind but be sure to let us know if he reely kneads us.

The Boy Rangers Manuel you sent us is still very interesting. Henry and me would bring it along if we should happen to come down. Thare is a cupple pages about bee trees full of wild hunney witch begins on Page 86 and runs over onto Page 87. Sometimes there is enuf hunney in one tree to last all winter and Henry and me know how to find one if thare is any in the woods. If we should happen to come down we mite try some Sunday and the hunney would come in handey for all of us.

With love from both of us,

Your affectionate nephew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. Henry said he kept up a boled frunt but nobuddy would ever know how mutch he suffered over thinking about the flour pott and Lilly Purl. But she is dedd to him now. W. G.

II

MY DEAR AUNT: Henry Begg and me are very mutch pleased to have your letter about the cropps and probily kneading us both quite soon witch is a grate ressponsibility for us Henry said but we will do our best.

It is not so important about us anyway but Henry said we are glad the cropps are good for you and Uncle William's sake. Henry and me have never been so ankshus about the cropps before but it seems to be more importunt now and besides we are both mutch older and know more about it.

You did not say just about how soon you will knead us but you do not knead to put it off on our account becaws we are both reddy any time. We could start tomorrow if thare was any danger to the cropps but we will leeve it all to you and Uncle William and whatever you say will be all rite. In the meentime we are both exsersizing every day and you will be surpprized to see how strong we are. Probily no two stronger boys ever wurked for thare bored before but not many boys have sutch a fine aunt to wurk for witch makes a lot of diffurunce.

Henry said he would wurk nites to hellp a cropp from getting spoilt for you anytime witch is the way we both feel about it and is a great complymunt to you dont you think so?

Henry wanted you to know he is about over the flour pott and Lilly Purl by this time so it would not interfear any with his wurk. For a long time he was afrade it mite have a bad effeck on him but it is gone now and he is very chearful. The reesen he is more chearful is furst Lilly Purl had the meezles and then the hired man who spoilt Henry's soot with the hose fell off a waggen and broke his leg and then thare dogg got poysened after biteing a cow and so Henry said it was about even although he was sorrey for all three of them witch is the kind of a boy Henry is.

It was the dogg got poysened that tore Henry's pance in the middle of the back yard but you mite not remember it as well as Henry.

If Uncle William thinks fore o'clock is too urly we could slepe till six o'clock and milk all possibul cows then and have our brekfust about ate o'clock but we could stand fore o'clock if the cows could.

Henry did not know what time cows generlly get up but he thought it was pretty urly in order to have milk for brekfust but we can mannedge to be up onley a little wile before the cows are reddy and we would be willing to leeve it all to you and Uncle William.

Henry and me are practtissing milking up hear wile we are wating and had fare suxsess sevrel times in getting it started before the cow moved but tide up would be better.

Loose cows are harder.

Henry got kickt over a cupple times but not any dammidge from it. Henry milkt the furst cow's rong side but after he got kickt over he changed and when we practtice a littul more we will be abul to milk one anywheres.

Henry and me had lumps of sugar out of our sugar bowel to catch the furst cow but cabbidge leef is better becaws cows do not have enuf teeth for lump sugar Henry thought. Furst I would stand in frunt of the cow with the cabbidge leef wile Henry would practtice and then Henry would stand in frunt with them wile I would practtice and we both got quite a lot of milk out of onley one fare sighs cabbidge.

There is no cropp up hear for us to practtice on but Henry and me have cut a grate many weeds with a sithe witch we borrode. Thare is hardley any weeds left in our part of town now witch is a grate supprize to everybody when they see us wurking. A sithe is fine practtice but you have to be careful what is in the way besides weeds. Henry almost cut thare cat's tale off in the weeds back of thare house the furst time we took the sithe out to practtice with. Henry did not know the cat was in the weeds when he swung the sithe around in them and he thinks from the sound he probily cut off part of the cat's tale witch was almost the end of her Henry said.

Henry also cut down a cupple current bushes of his muther's witch was in the way by mistake but we stuck them back in the ground and thare is a chance for them yet becaws they are still standing up and onley a little withurd from the axsidunt.

We did not say anything to Henry's muther on account of having a week hart and it mite wurrey her witch Henry is very careful about. He is very fond of his muther and whenever he brakes a windo or tares his pance he keeps it from her as long as he can on account of her hart. He said the peech stoan in his littul bruther's windpipe was offle bad on her hart and he has been more careful ever since then so as not to tell her anything that would make her exsited or nurvice witch is a fine idea dont you think so?

It was quite dark when we started and Henry and me hode up a cupple duzzen strange weeds the furst thing witch turned out afterwards to be cabbidge plants hode up by mistake so we put them back in to give them anuther chance. We cuvered them up with tin cans afterwards to keep the hot sun off and so Henry's muther would not see them and get exsited if she should see them hode up and they will probily have plenty of tommatoes anyway but maybe a littul late. It was all done by six o'clock and hardley a weed left anywheres.

Thare did not seem to be any cows up at fore o'clock so probily Uncle William is rite about not getting up so urly.

It mite be too dark to milk anyway but we will leeve it all to you and Uncle William and his judgment would be the best dont you think so?

What do you think we ought to ware if we should happen to come down? Probily overawls Henry said and we mite be abul to find some somewheres between now and when we come down. We both have our straw hats from last year so thare is nuthing more to wurrey about and Uncle William mite have plenty of old overawls that the legs of could be cut off or turned up to fit us dont you think so? But we would ware our usual close on the trane coming down.

We will both ware our bear feat down thare so you do not knead to think about them.

Henry and me hope you will have a fine cropp and if we could hellp any it would be a grate creddit to us Henry said. We have done about all the practtissing we can hear but when we begin on reel wurk you will see a grate site. Henry's muther prazed us both a grate deel for what we did to the weeds and in the garden and maid us feel a littul gilty about the current bushes and tommatoes but they will probily come out all rite anyway and besides it would onley wurrey her if she knew about them and her hart is still quite week.

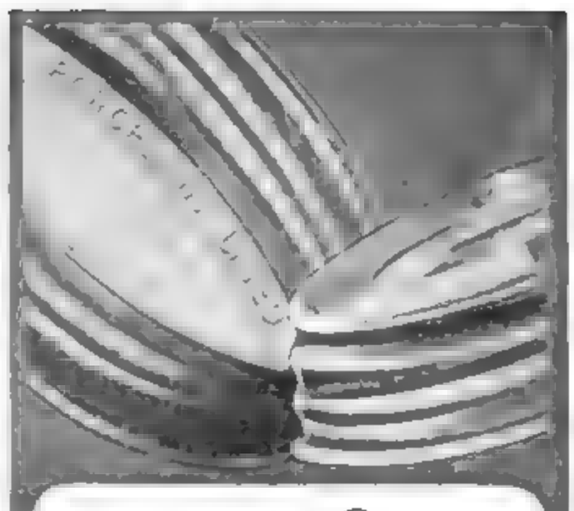
We both send love to Uncle William and any of his old overawls would be welcome unless we should get some new ones somewheres but we will see when we come down. But the straw hats are sure alreddy so we have got a good start and you do not knead to think about them.

Your affectionate nephew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. Any time you say will be all rite for us.

P. S. 2. If Uncle William does not have any old overawls tell him not to wurrey. We will come down anyway and wurk with pance on. W. G.



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KEEPING THE DOLLAR UP

By Albert W. Atwood

IF THE war ends in complete disarmament or in any other form of millennial internationalism or even in a happy league of nations one of the possibilities will be a universal, international form of money. It can hardly be said that the derangement of the foreign exchanges has been one of the most deplorable results of the war. Probably it has killed no one directly. Foreign exchanges do not visibly and immediately affect human life. But they vitally concern the fabric of civilization upon which life depends for much of its happiness, and their unsettled condition and violent fluctuations have been highly demoralizing.

Whenever a person in one country desires to transact any form of business in another country he must engage in foreign exchange operations. In this country there are at least twelve thousand licensed dealers in foreign exchange. It is impossible for a New England manufacturer of typewriters to make a sale in Montreal without engaging in foreign exchange, despite the almost imaginary nature of the line that separates the States and the Dominion. The machinery for taking care of these exchanges is normally very delicate, extraordinarily adjustable and highly competitive. But the war has almost smashed it into bits.

Suppose an importer in New York wishes to buy oil in Barcelona, Spain. With good American money, with dollars, he buys from a dealer a bill of exchange, or draft, which when sent to Spain is converted into good Spanish money, or pesetas. The amount which he pays is the rate of exchange, and this is nothing but a proportion, a ratio between the moneys, the currencies of the two countries.

It may seem strange that there should be any proportion, or ratio, between American and Spanish money except that of the intrinsic gold values of the two coins, the dollar and the peseta. Of course everyone knows what these intrinsic ratios are—or can easily find out. In the case of a country whose monetary standard is not established it is naturally not easy to discover the intrinsic or mint ratio. But at the present time the demoralization in the foreign exchanges is just as great in countries whose money standards are perfectly sound and well established as in countries that have no standards at all.

The Regulation of Exchange

There is always some fluctuation in the ratios of different national money systems for the simple reason that the money of one country may temporarily or sometimes almost permanently be in greater demand than the money of another country. This is not necessarily because it is better money but because more payments must be made in it than in the other money. If Americans must make more payments in Spanish money than Spaniards have to make in American money, then Spanish exchange will go up because the demand exceeds the supply. In other words the peseta will be at a premium and the dollar at a discount.

Normally exchanges can be regulated by shipping gold, though this is a rather costly, risky process where great distances have to be covered; and besides there is not enough gold in the world to make all the exchanges. But if Spain sells $40,000,000 of goods each year to us and we sell $30,000,000 to Spain the balance of $10,000,000 might easily be settled in gold. Very few countries, however, will let any gold go out of their borders now. It may be lost through submarine operations; or it may get into the hands of the enemy. Besides, every belligerent country needs all the gold it can lay its hands on for the support of its towering credit structure.

The New York importer cannot pay for his Barcelona oil with gold because he is not allowed to ship gold. He cannot pay with a check on his bank because that would not be money to the Spaniard. He cannot pay with American paper money because the Spaniard wants Spanish money. He must pay with a bill of exchange—exchangeable into Spanish money—which he can obtain only by purchase at the current rate of exchange. Now the intrinsic, the mint value of the peseta in our money is 19.30 cents. But within a few months the peseta has cost as much as 30 cents, which simply means that the American business man who buys anything in Spain is knocked down and trampled upon, figuratively speaking.

Ordinarily in times of peace exchange fluctuations are nominal, but at present all the forces that normally regulate them have been almost eliminated. Before the war the exchanges were always slightly in favor of England and against the smaller European countries, largely because of England's heavy exports of manufactured articles. Now England can export very little because she needs everything for war. So the exchanges on Spain, Holland, Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries have been mostly against England. Nearly all the European belligerents are obliged to restrict exports because of their enormous home needs, this rule applying to France, Italy and Austria as well as to England.

Another force that normally keeps exchange fluctuations down is the loaning of money by the banks in one country to those in another. This tends to bring about equilibrium in exchanges; but now each country is conserving its money supply. Another force in normal operation is the purchase and sale of securities back and forth. But apprehension, political considerations, and the natural desire to invest in the bonds of one's own government have stopped the free movement of securities.

The Astonishing Feature

Now the most curious, indeed the astonishing feature of the foreign exchanges since the war has been the depreciation in the American dollar in many neutral countries. It is easy enough to understand why the Russian ruble should have gone to pot or why the American dollar should stand up better than the English pound sterling, French franc, Italian lira and even the Canadian dollar. But why our money should be for so long at a discount in countries like Spain, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland and most of the South American republics as well as Japan and India is a puzzle to most people.

Before the war the most commonly accepted single national bill of exchange was the British sterling bill. A merchant in Chile who bought goods in China probably did his business by means of sterling rather than the respective currencies of the South American and Asiatic countries. But Britain has been obliged to give up this supremacy for obvious reasons, and much of it was expected to come to the United States.

In 1915 it was believed that the dollar bill of exchange would soon be supreme. America was hailed as the great creditor nation of the future, taking the place of England. It was expected that we should become the bankers of the world, and naturally our dollar bill would be accepted at par in more parts of the world than any other unit of money. A great part of this prediction has already come true. We are more than ever by far the richest of nations, but the dollar is by no means at par everywhere. It has been at a discount for more than a year in numerous countries.

Except for fairly complete demoralization at the beginning of the war the exchange relations between England and France on the one side and this country on the other have been stabilized, indeed "pegged." English and French money are only at a very slight discount as compared with American dollars, and at a discount so small and steady as to lack any serious element of disturbance. This is so in spite of our stupendous export of munitions and food to England and France.

Clearly England, France and the United States have pooled their financial resources. England and France have sent us huge quantities of gold and we have loaned them many billions of dollars. Moreover, despite the startling discrepancy in the currents of trade in favor of this country the volume both ways is so large as to make regulation of exchange rates practicable.

To regulate rates between countries whose trade relations are uncertain, fluctuating and small is extremely difficult. In the same way one would expect a more stable and dependable price for United States Steel stock on the New York Stock Exchange, where several hundred thousand shares are dealt in daily, than on a stock exchange in Four Corners. Even if the selling pressure in New York were overwhelming the fluctuations in price would be less erratic than in Four Corners.

The main financial effort of the Allies has been to stabilize exchange between the Anglo-French group on the one hand and the United States on the other. Smaller countries have been relatively neglected, partly because of their lesser importance.

But there are still other reasons why American dollars buy less in Holland, Switzerland and Spain than they do in England and France. At first sight it is curious that this should be the case, for except in Switzerland and Sweden we have a large favorable trade balance. Last year we shipped about $50,000,000 more goods to Spain than Spain sent to us. But these neutral countries still maintain extensive relations with Germany, relations that no doubt have all manner of curious effects upon their exchange ratios with Germany's enemies.

It was recently stated by a high official of the Federal Reserve Board that when we entered the war our financial facilities were undoubtedly being made more use of by Germany than by England. This was accomplished through the European neutrals. Anyone who has read how Bolo Pasha, the French traitor, obtained his pay from Germany through a chain of American banks will readily understand how by the use of half a dozen neutral countries Germany was able for a long time to carry on financial operations in this country.

Gradually the Government has tightened down on all forms of "trading with the enemy." Imports and exports are carefully supervised by the War Trade Board, which has issued various blacklists of enemy traders in neutral countries. Every foreign exchange operation must be reported to the Federal Reserve Board, and no business transaction can be conducted with neutral countries without the closest supervision of the Board.

Better Conditions Ahead

Then of course as this country scrutinizes more and more carefully its exports of food to European neutrals the relations of those neutrals with Germany will grow less. It will soon be impossible for a Dutch merchant to buy food in America, ship it to Germany at an enormous profit, while at the same time depressing the American dollar as compared with the Dutch guilder by accepting American securities from the German purchaser and selling them in America.

As time goes on it seems inevitable that the exchanges will favor this country more and the European neutrals less. We shall buy fewer luxuries and nonessentials from these countries, and shall sell them more necessaries. At least we shall sell them more food if we have it, and if we do not have it to sell they will come close to starvation. For while the neutrals in Europe have profited enormously in one sense from the war their poorer classes suffer not only from lack of food but are pretty much without such necessaries of life as cotton and coal. Then too as our merchant marine increases, all the European countries will owe us more in the way of shipping charges, one of the minor but none the less important factors in making the exchange rates.

Most interesting perhaps is the discount in Spain on the dollar and the pound sterling as well as the franc. England and France are no longer exporting goods to Spain, but are buying there in great quantity, especially because they can ship the goods from Spain to the battle line in France without any danger from submarines. England has made no special effort to strengthen sterling in Madrid, and as a result Spanish merchants have bought cheap English money in Spain with which to pay for goods in New York.

The situation is indeed curious. English money is cheap in Spain through lack of support, and almost normal in New York because of stupendous support. Spain has been meeting its very unfavorable trade balance with the United States through the medium of cheap English exchange or money.

Obviously if the Allies once began to support sterling in Madrid the way they support it in New York there would be no such chance for "triangulation," and the dollar in Spain in response to the movement of sterling would at once move up to par or even above. Naturally American importers have suffered and have urged the Treasury Department to send a shipload of gold to Spain. But Spain does not want gold, because it already has too much; and we do not want to let any gold go, both because we need it and also because it might trickle into Germany.

Suggested Remedies

Senator Owen, chairman of the Senate Committee on Banking, and one of the authors of the Federal Reserve Act, is much dissatisfied with this situation. He wishes to establish a Federal Reserve foreign exchange bank, and he believes that Spanish importers could be compelled to pay in dollar exchange rather than arbitrage or triangulate, by means of sterling bills through London. He also argues that it would be wise to raise the rate on bank deposits here to induce Spanish bankers to put out funds in this country, a process that would restore the equilibrium. Unfortunately the Spanish have not been accustomed, as have the English and French, to extending credits in this way. Finally he argues that there is a quite unnecessary amount of speculation in exchange between Spain and this country. People should not be permitted, he says, "to tamper with our financial yardstick."

Though we have increased our imports in certain directions from Japan, India and South America the depreciation in our money in those countries is at least as much due to our action in pooling our resources with England. The arrangements made with Argentina point the way out, however. It is called a credit, and works out in this fashion: American importers deposit with the Argentine Ambassador in Washington funds to pay for the goods they have purchased, plus three per cent for various charges. It is understood that no gold will be shipped to Argentina until after the war; and in the meantime the Argentine Government reimburses its own merchants who have sold goods in this country.

The decline in the dollar value of the Russian ruble from a par of 51.46 cents to 13 or 14 cents requires no explanation. Russia has issued about ten billion dollars of paper money that may have no value at all, and its military and economic collapse is sufficient to explain the low estimate that is placed on its currency. For a long time there was a vicious speculation, or rather gamble in Russian currency in this country, but the Federal Reserve Board has gradually shut down upon it.

Ordinarily 5.1826 Italian lire will exchange for one dollar, but now it takes about nine lire to do the trick. Military reverses possibly had something to do with this sad estate of the Italian lira, but the chief cause is the wholly unfavorable trade balance against Italy on all sides. Spain has an unfavorable balance with us, but a highly favorable one with England; so she can triangulate. But Italy has bought from everyone and has exported next to nothing.

The American dollar is also at a great premium in Canada, but such a condition would seem easier to rectify.

There are many temporary expedients, or devices, for regulating exchange. But in the long run the surest way to keep a nation's money in an enviable international position is for that nation to produce more than it consumes. This is especially true when war is eating up billions of dollars of wealth each year. The duty of this country both now and after the war is to produce more, and then some more.

These cars are passing at average speed. The soft Noviol light from Conaphores never confuses, never dazzles. Chances of accident are reduced to a minimum

The Conaphore has a smooth front surface. Easily cleaned. Does not clog with dust or mud

How Noviol light signals "Safety"

Why it protects you on crowded highways and country roads

NOVIOL headlights, with their unique yellow tint, flash a sure signal of safety and courtesy.

Just as a railroad engineer reads the message of the semaphore lights, you know instantly that you can speed along without risk. You know the other car is equipped with headlights that really protect you.

The soft, mellow light of the Noviol Conaphore is always easy on your eyes. As the famous double target test proves conclusively, Conaphore design keeps the beam below the 42-inch level, and yet gives the longest possible range—500 feet, with ample sidelight. No light is wasted by diffusion. No light is dumped in the foreground.

A glass of wonderful properties

If you have driven through fog, dust or snow with Noviol headlights, you know how the annoying "back-glare" is eliminated, and how distinctly you can see ahead in spite of the weather.

The same unique properties that make Noviol ideal for headlight service, have established it as the only glass which subdues glare and gives maximum range of vision when used in the goggles of an aviator or of a lookout at sea.

A product of technical research

Noviol Glass and Conaphore design were developed in the Corning laboratories, which lead the world in the art of glass making.

Hundreds of thousands of motorists testify to the success with which Corning has solved the glare problem. They know that Conaphores bring safety and comfort on the highways, just as Corning signal glass protects every great railroad of the continent.

They know, too, that Pyrex glass baking ware, Pyrex chemical ware, Corning thermometer tubing, Nonex lantern globes, and a long list of other achievements in technical glass have established the reputation which stands back of every Conaphore.

Conaphores are also made in clear glass of the same design. Conaphores in both clear and Noviol are legal everywhere.

Retail Prices (Per Pair) Sizes	Noviol Glass U. S.	Noviol Glass Canada	Clear Glass U. S.	Clear Glass Canada
5 to 6½ inches inclusive	$2.40	$1.50	$1.60	$2.40
7 to 8½ inches inclusive	3.50	5.00	2.50	1.[illegible]
8¾ to 10 inches inclusive	4.50	6.25	3.00	4.25
10¾ to 11½ inches inclusive	6.00	8.25	4.00	5.[illegible]

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Julius Rosenwald

ONE of the most informal of the multimillionaires in America is Julius Rosenwald. He is big, boyish, frank, and it is a sorry day indeed that some joking remark does not escape his lips. Recently in New York Mr. Rosenwald was presented with a gold loving cup, made in England in 1792 by Thomas Robins, and the picture above of Mr. and Mrs. Rosenwald was taken on that occasion. The cup was bestowed in recognition of his generosity in giving $1,000,000 to Jewish War Relief in 1917, and of his initiative, which brought to a triumphant issue the project of obtaining during 1917 the sum of ten million dollars for that cause.

Mr. Rosenwald is a large giver of money and time to a myriad civic and philanthropic causes. At present he is devoting practically all his time to Uncle Sam as a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense

Reginald Wright Kauffman, With Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wells as Scenery

Henrita F. H. Reid

HENRITA F. H. REID was a bitter disappointment to her father. It happened she was his first, last and only child, and he had set his heart on having a son. There being no exchange privilege with the gift, Judge Reid decided to keep the child and mitigate the misfortune by having her educated along the lines he had already laid down for the hoped-for son.

She was named Henrita, a compromise for Henry, an uncle, and her education proceeded under her father's

supervision, with an extra emphasis of Spartan thoroughness to offset the handicap of sex. The judge's experiment was a flat failure if his purpose was to make a man of Miss Reid. For she is essentially feminine, from her blue eyes to her shapely feet. It is only when one contemplates Miss Reid's achievements in the world of big business that the fruits of Judge Reid's experiment become apparent.

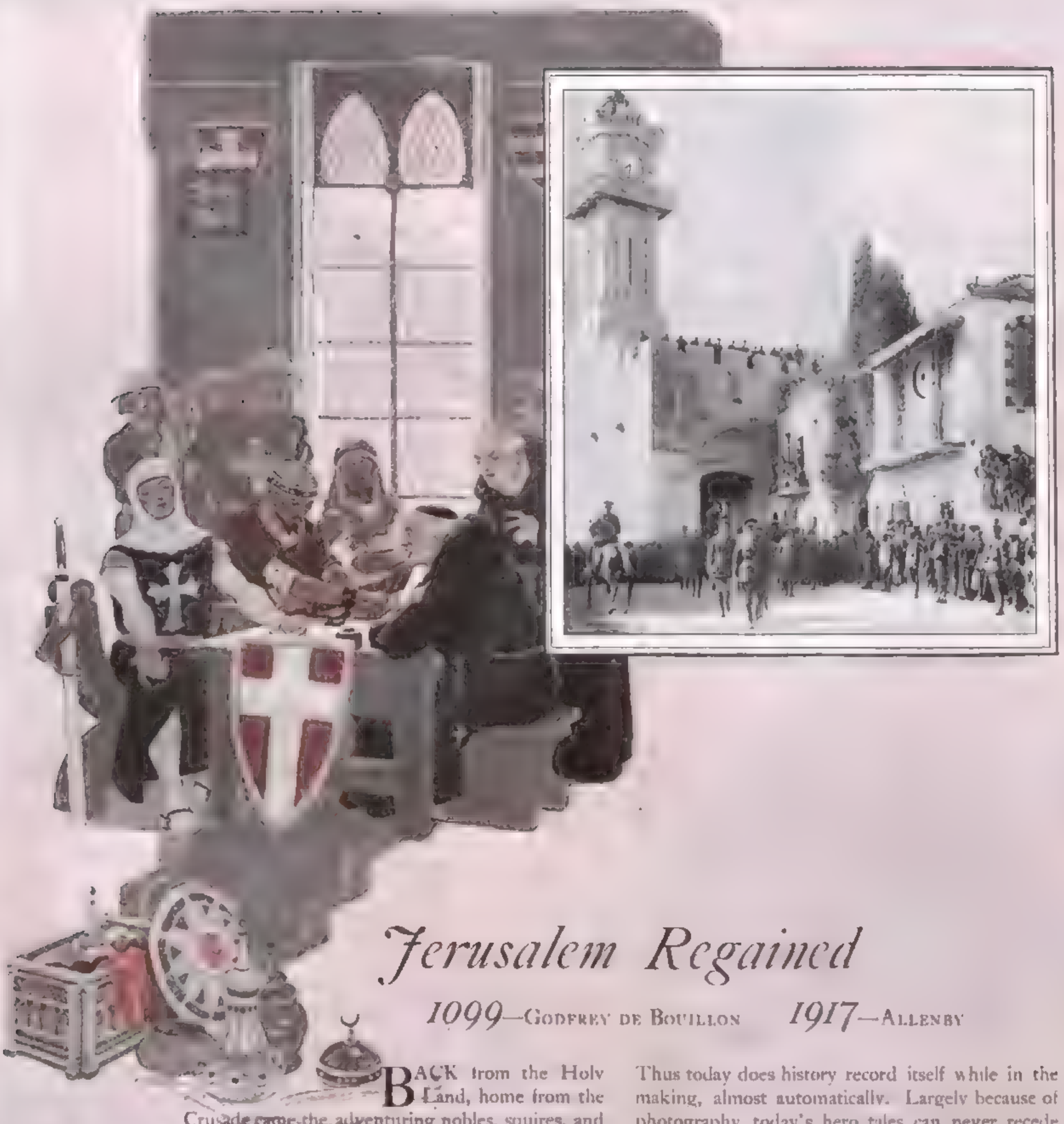
Since Irving T. Bush accepted the post of Chief Executive Officer of the War Board of the Port of New York he has perforce unloaded on to Miss Reid's capable shoulders a large measure of his executive duties in connection with his vast and varied private enterprises, involving an annual business of over $100,000,000. Miss Reid is secretary of the Bush Terminal Company, whose plant extends for a mile along the water front of New York harbor, furnishing manufacturing and transportation facilities for 276 important industrial concerns and warehousing the products of more than 4000 customers.

Miss Reid is also vice president of a giant brood of enterprises subsidiary to the Bush Terminal Company whose activities include the operation of a railroad, and of a trading company doing a world-wide import and export business; and the nearly completed 30-story, two-million-dollar Bush Sales Building and Buyers' Club at Broadway and Forty-second Street, New York, is one of Miss Reid's diversions. To keep time from hanging heavily on her hands Miss Reid is active in the comprehensive welfare plan for the benefit of the 30,000 men and women employed at Bush Terminal She is a founder of the Women's City Club and the only woman director of the Salesmanship Clubs of the World.

Arthur Stringer

ARTHUR STRINGER is a Canadian poet who puts in his time writing fiction for American magazines. He studied theology at Wycliffe College for two years so as to understand criminal characters. Then he read philosophy at Oxford so as not to be a failure at fruit farming. His fruit wins prizes at the county fairs, but he loses money at the job. So, to keep even, he runs a Western wheat ranch. When the balance is on the wrong side he cultivates a character like The Prairie Wife to pay for tractor fuel.

Though he has invented many plots, his best-known creation is probably a Sweet Catawba corn known as Candy-Top, which he Burbanked into existence by crossing Black Mexican with Minneapolis Peep-O-Day. But his latest product, as shown here, is a son and heir, yclept Robert, after either one Browning or one Fitzsimmons, as circumstances may determine.



Jerusalem Regained

1099—GODFREY DE BOUILLON *1917*—ALLENBY

BACK from the Holy Land, home from the Crusade came the adventuring nobles, squires, and men-at-arms, by devious ways, perilous and slow. In castle halls and village inns they told their hero tales of Jerusalem's first capture; and it is from scattered fragments of song and legend that we must piece together our picture of that crowning triumph of mediæval chivalry.

Yesterday a soldier of Britain set the flag of the Empire over the Holy City's temples, mosques and battlements. And close on the heels of the news came photographic confirmation as precise as Allenby's own uncolored reports to the War Office. Thus today does history record itself while in the making, almost automatically. Largely because of photography, today's hero tales can never recede into the mists of folklore; the story told by photographs remains authentic, even through another thousand years.

That which photography does for the historian is but a part of its work, not only as an art, but as a science of record contributing vitally to all science. And the Eastman Kodak Company, like a great university—because of its many co-ordinating departments, tireless laboratory research and frequent additions to the equipment of science—constantly renders the world a real institutional service.

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actually save you from $15.00 to $20.00 yearly by eliminating constant collar purchases and continual laundry bills. They never wilt, because they are Py-ra-lin stiffened instead of starched. When soiled a damp cloth and a little soap will readily remove the stain. Wearable instantly and always. A pronounced improvement upon any collar you have ever seen.

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The Arlington Works	725 Broadway, N. Y.	Ivory Py-ra-lin and Cleanable Collars
Harrison Works	Philadelphia, Pa.	Paints, Pigments, Acids & Chemicals
Du Pont Dye Works	Wilmington, Del.	Dyes and Dye Bases

DU PONT

OUT-OF-DOORS

Facts About the Army

WE WHO stay at home will be spending the rest of our lives talking with other and luckier men about the great world war that is going on to-day. We are all in that war. We ought, all of us, to know something about the war and the men who are carrying it on, either with us or for us.

What do you really know about a soldier? When you meet a man on the street with some funny-looking thing on his shoulder can you place him? Do you know whether he is a first lieutenant in the Army or a captain in the Navy? You ought to know something of these things; but can you tell how many men there are in a company, or a corps, or a division? Do you know whether a division is larger than a corps, or vice versa? Can you tell an officer's rank by his coat sleeve or his shirt collar? Some of these things, certainly the simplest of them, ought to be within the understanding of the average man, and perhaps a very brief and loosely general description of some of them may prove of interest.

On land we really have three armies or branches of the service—the Regulars, the National Guard and the National Army. In addition to this the Marine Corps may in some service be regarded as a part of the land force of the Army.

The National Guard was made a part of the United States Army by act of June, 1916. What we call the National Army is made up of the drafted men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one. Our first draft was not quite 700,000 men. There were not quite ten millions of them registered. Plenty more coming on—as many as we need. It is not necessary to go into detail regarding the different reserve corps and the services of the Quartermaster, Ordnance, Engineers, and so on.

Regimental Numbers

The regimental numbers of the Regular Army run from 1 to 100, of the National Guard from 101 to 300, and of the National Army from 301 up. There are insignia to distinguish these three branches of the Army, such insignia being worn on the collar. Thus, a Regular wears "U. S.," a member of the National Guard wears "U. S. N. G.," and men of the National Army "N. A."

The Army is made up of the Staff and the Line. The different departments of the Army are arranged for convenience of administration, and need not be mentioned here. Of course everyone knows that there are three "arms" in the Line: Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry. The new arm of Aviation, at first attached to the Signal Corps, is forging to the front very rapidly. Cavalry seems to lessen in usefulness in each of the great wars, but the time yet may come for our cavalry, which is now fighting dismounted. Artillery is now an indispensable ally of the infantry.

As the infantryman is the man most numerous and most within popular comprehension, perhaps more attention should be paid to him here than to any of the others. An infantry regiment has 103 officers, and when fully mustered totals 3652 men. Outside of the headquarters company there are three battalions, and each battalion is made up of four rifle companies. There are also a supply company, a machine-gun company and a medical detachment. Of the rifle companies each of the twelve has a strength of 250 men. Modern warfare requires something more than rifle work, so we have bombers and rifle grenadiers, also men for four automatic guns. The machine-gun company has six officers and 172 men, and it is a very important part of the infantry to-day. It has twelve machine guns, heavies, and four spares.

The equipment of an infantry regiment will have sixteen field kitchens and twenty-two baggage wagons, not to mention a great many carts, riding horses, draft mules, motorcycles, bicycles, and so on. All this is far more complex than was the case during the Civil War or the Spanish War.

A company to-day is armed differently from what it once was. There will be forty trench knives in each company for the moppers-up, and sixteen automatic rifles or light machine guns. The ratio of artillery and machine guns for each regiment is increasing, as this is of all things a heavy-gun war. Each division of our Army will have ten companies of machine guns, and yet each regiment of the division will still have its own machine-gun equipment. Besides this, the automatic riflemen or light machine-gun men—who are known as the automatic riflemen—will be distributed with one section to each platoon, making up a rifle company.

The organization and suborganization seem complex, but they are necessary for rapid handling of troops on the most efficient fighting basis. The Engineers, the Quartermaster Service, the Signal Corps, the Aviation Service, the Medical Service, and all that, add to the complications. A great army to-day is a tremendous example of the highest class of differentiated organization.

The initial unit of the Army is the squad of eight men, commanded by a corporal. A platoon is made up of two squads or more, under command of a sergeant or lieutenant. The company is made up of four platoons, and is commanded by a captain or a lieutenant. Then comes the battalion, four companies, commanded by a major or a captain; the regiment, three battalions, commanded by a colonel; the brigade, three regiments, under command of a brigadier general; the division, three brigades, under a major general. A field army may be made up of two or more divisions, and now requires the services of at least a lieutenant general. The Army itself may be made up of several field armies. Never in the history of the world has the term "army" meant so many individual fighting men, unless it were in the old Biblical fighting days, when armies meant swarms and hordes.

In all these widely ramified organizations and suborganizations, officers and suboffi-cers, each man must carry on his person means of identification of himself as to his rank. There may be many reasons for this, each of which is quite outside that of mere idle curiosity—in the Army you must know what a man is, who he is, why he is. If there is something wrong about his garments or the insignia he may be a spy. In any case he must be responsible. So we ought to know at least a little something about our uniform and the simpler insignia.

Of course we all know that the old-fashioned leather-visored flat cap of the private in the Civil War is a curiosity to-day. So also is the old blue uniform, of which only the marines retain a trace. To-day our infantry goes in the khaki, which is accepted by other armies also. Its object is low visibility or low distinguishability, the same sought for in the horizon blue of the French Service or the field gray of the German Army. The Army uniforms are much alike except for the insignia, or marks of rank.

The Code of the Cord

You can tell the rank of a soldier by looking at his hat, his sleeves or his shoulders. If he has a gold hat cord your man is a general officer. If his hat cord is gold and black he is a field officer or a line officer. If he is Artillery, his cord is scarlet; if an Engineer, scarlet and white; if Cavalry, yellow; if Infantry, light blue. If he is of the Ordnance Department his cord is black and scarlet. The Medical Department wears maroon and white for its hat cord. Plain black will do for a man of the Staff Departments. Officers of the Volunteer Training Corps or of the Reserves wear a cord of black predominating over the gold. Y. M. C. A. men wear steel-blue hat cords. Interpreters wear green and white. Tank Service men wear gray. Candidates for the Aviation commission wear a white band round the cap or hat and wings on the brassard. Aviation, but recently separated from the Signal Corps, has the hat band of orange and white. It will be enough for the average civilian to remember that the man who has a gold hat cord is an officer.

The service cap may in some circumstances be worn instead of the service hat. Perhaps your man may be in a helmet. In that case you would need to look at the insignia of the collar or of the shoulders. The divergence here is so much as to cause an amateur to grow dizzy. It will be enough to study the colored ribbon stripes which you may see on an officer's coat now and then. That means distinction, and stands for medals or badges earned by the private or the officer. These are never worn on the shirt, but only on the tunic. Sometimes even a soldier who has received badges may be decorated considerably and as yet not be an officer. There are also certain medals and decorations and badges that indicate the earlier service of the enlisted man or the officer. Read these from the wearer's right, thus: Red for Indian campaigns, yellow for the Chinese campaign, and so on.

There are no insignia worn on the collar of an overcoat, but if you look at an officer's sleeve you may get a swift guess at his rank as he goes by. Officers who have commissions—except the General Staff officers—wear a sort of trefoil of braid at the lower end of the sleeve. If you examine the depth of this braid pattern you will see that it may have five stranda. That means a colonel. Four means a lieutenant colonel, three a major, two a captain, and one a first lieutenant. If this little funny thing on the coat sleeve is brown in color, that is a second lieutenant. The General Staff will have a black bar at the foot, or ends, of this braid pattern.

Chevrons and Titles

Chevrons are narrow strips of cloth sewed on the sleeve, and are worn only by noncommissioned officers. Special service may require different styles of chevrons. It will serve for you as the average amateur to feel safe in addressing as sergeant any man you see with stripes on his arm running up to a peak. If he is a corporal he will not mind the higher title. Indeed in any case of uncertainty it is safe in the Army always to choose the higher title rather than the lower one in addressing a man. I have even known captains to be addressed as colonel by their subalterns, who knew perfectly well what the rank was. The officer's service had been so long that he ought to have been a colonel if he was not. Promotion to-day is so sudden, sometimes, that if a man is not a colonel to-day he is mighty apt to be to-morrow. So choose between sergeant and colonel somewhere.

A brassard is a band on the arm bearing some kind of device. For instance, if you are a correspondent you have to appear round field headquarters in a uniform that does not make you conspicuous. Your brassard will have a "C" on it. It may shock the average intending correspondent to learn that he is not rated as a general but as a private, in the uniform assigned to him. Most correspondents wear a little lapel on the coat after the English fashion, which will show the enlisted man that the correspondent is not an officer and so need not be saluted. If you are a civilian you are not to salute anything but the Flag—though most officers will allow it, and some civilians feel as though they are saluting the Flag when they salute an officer of the Army, or a private, for that matter.

There are other businesses which pay better than the United States Army. A general of the Army gets $10,000 a year and he doesn't often get to be a general. A lieutenant general draws $9000, a major general $8000, a brigadier general $6000. A colonel is paid only $4000 a year, a lieutenant colonel $3500 and a major $3000. A captain receives $2400, a first lieutenant $2000 and a second lieutenant $1700. Of course there are certain allowances for foreign service, for quarters, maintenance, and so on. The enlisted man gets $30 a month—not including alimony or money drawn out of his pay for his family at home. A sergeant may get as much as $56 or as little as $38. Length of service is considered in the pay, and noncommissioned officers receive a higher salary in accordance with their years of service.

(Concluded on Page 55)

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The patriarch Abraham and the apostle Paul, John Wycliffe and Christopher Columbus, Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln, were "citizens of the world."

They thought universally, to some extent saw every man as his brother's keeper, and were prophets of the day when a great contest would be waged to make the world one world, and that one safe for democracy.

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embodies this idea in a daily newspaper. It publishes the news of all the world. It circulates throughout all the world. It advertises firms in all the world. Its editorial columns give courageous attention to all phases of the world's activities.

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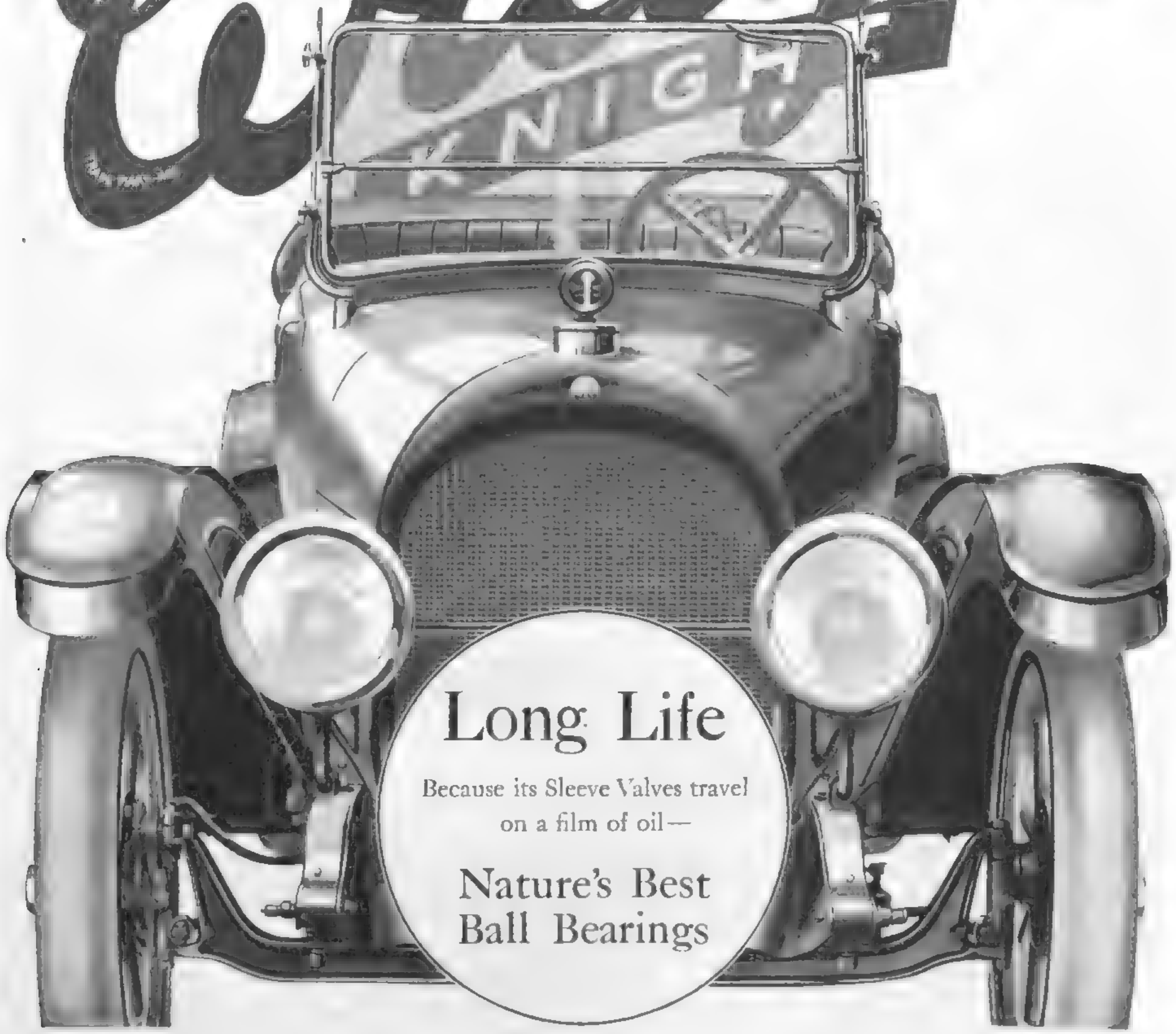

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Principally because of *consistency* and *long life*.

Consistency because the chauffeur has *no* valves to tinker with. Engineers say more than 50% of adjustments made on motors are made necessary because of *valve trouble*.

Long life, because the sleeves, sliding one within the other, are thoroughly protected by an oil coating. When they have once seated themselves the metal surfaces do not come in contact.

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Oil is a composite of countless round molecules!

Therefore the operation of the sleeves of the Willys-Knight self-preserving motor is comparable to *running on ball bearings*.

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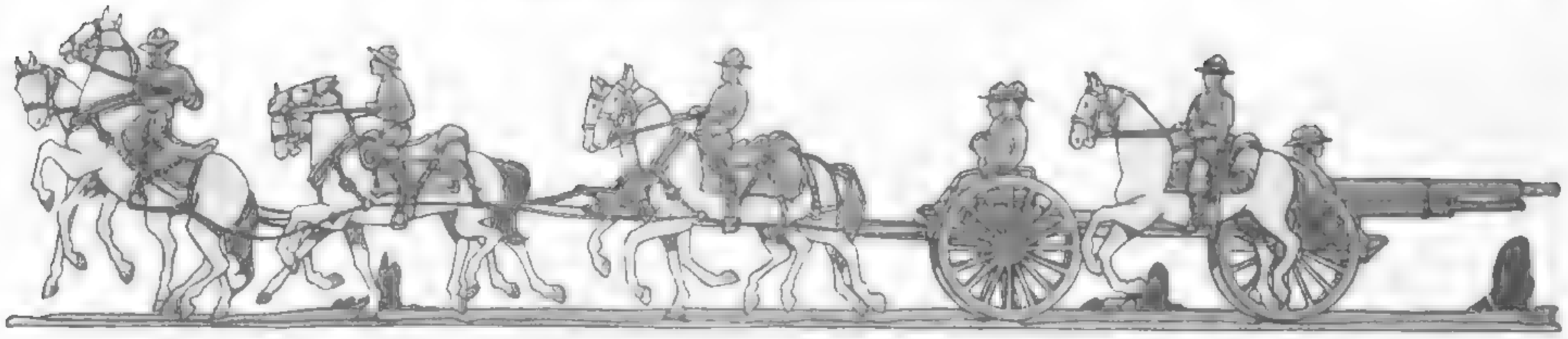


(Concluded from Page 51)

The question of war insurance is one that will be explained to any private at the time of his enlistment.

Of course there are many hundreds of differences in the ranks and grades of the several services of our Army. Do you wish to know something about the rank of the trim-looking, tall, thin-waisted, splendid-looking chap you may meet on the street? Then remember two things, which may surprise you: Gold on a hat cord means rank, but gold is not the top-hole metal in shoulder insignia. A second lieutenant and a major have their shoulder insignia made of gold—no other officer does. All the other official insignia are in silver. That is why a major always looks so anxious.

You possibly at some earlier time in your life have seen a splendid figure of a man, gray of hair and grizzled of mustache, who bore on his shoulder a tapering loop which had a coat of arms in the middle and a star on each side.

Those were the old insignia of a general of the Army. Now a general has four stars on his shoulder loop. There are few generals in our Army: General Pershing, General March and General Bliss, the first ones we have had in a long time.

The general has his stars of silver. The lieutenant general has his of silver also, but three in number, a large one in the middle. The major general has silver stars on his shoulder, but only two of them, and the brigadier general only one silver star.

How can you tell a colonel? He never has any stars on his shoulder. He never has any marks that go straight across like bars. He very likely is a bird, and in any case he has a bird on his shoulder—what is technically known as the spread eagle. It is done in silver.

Stars Over Everything

The scheme of the insignia is that the star is over everything, and that the eagle is next to the star. What may be found in Nature below the eagle? Very naturally the leaves of the tree. Therefore the oak leaf indicates the rank next below that of colonel. But be careful about these two oak leaves. If of silver, on the shoulder, you are talking to a lieutenant colonel. But always remember this—if it is a leaf and it is yellow in color, the officer is a major. A captain does not have a leaf on his shoulder. You will see two little parallel bars. Very likely you will not be able at first to tell whether it is a captain or a lieutenant to whom you are speaking.

After this remember that if there are two silver bars on the man's shoulder it is a captain. If there is one silver bar it is a first lieutenant. The second lieutenant will have a bar on his shoulder, but it will be of gold.

The shoulder straps will offer the most useful means of identification. Of course it would not be hard to learn how to figure out the branch of a man's service. His collar will show the crossed rifles for Infantry, the crossed cannons for Artillery, the crossed sabers for Cavalry, and so on. Beyond this it will perhaps not be necessary to go herein, as the subject runs into many complexities not of especial value to the civilian, though things which must be within the exact knowledge and records of all military men. The Regulations tell every officer how he must dress on every social or professional occasion, down to the last detail.

There are other little tests that might enable a young female person to tell whether or not she should smile at the martial figure she meets on the street, or simply look at him out of the corner of her eye. Look at the feet of the man, and his legs. If his leggings are canvas he is not above non-commissioned officer. If he has a commission he has leather putties. He may be wearing boots, and if boots, then spurs. Some office men wear boots and spurs because they look so martial, and of these some have their footwear made by high-priced makers. The grieved expression on a new Washington major's face may be because he cannot get home to take off his new boots. The American boots are neater and trimmer than those of the British or German Army. Our shoes also average lighter. The American shoe can be told by the straight line of the sole inside and the wide sweep of the outside of the shoe. But your officer may not be wearing that kind of shoe. He is permitted to go to a private maker for his boots. In any case his boots will be well polished.

Very few tailors can cut riding breeches. They come high—about five guineas in London before the war was a low price; say forty or fifty dollars in America now and twenty-five dollars for a pair of boots. The breeches of the English officer are very pronouncedly full in the hips. The German's are almost straight.

The American's are between these two extremes. We used to laugh at all these breeches. Not now.

The test of the feet not being final, look at your man's waist. If he is a lieutenant he is not apt to measure much above thirty-two inches about the waist. A captain may have hair a trifle gray, and may go thirty-four or even thirty-six inches. Majors, that being the rank quite often given to able civilian specialists who had to be impressed into the service, may be gray and very dignified, and may go above thirty-six inches in the waist. The writer was trying on a cartridge belt the other day in the presence of a squad of infantrymen, all of whom laughed uproariously at the gap of a couple of inches between hook and eye in the belt. It was then that I asked the lieutenant the average waist measurement of his men. He said about thirty-two inches. The sergeant broke in. "Colonels measures more," said he. So we may say a colonel's waist is thirty-two inches and up. He may be a perfect thirty-eight.

Should you by any chance see a man decorated with white stars on a light-blue ground, turn round, lady, and look at him and smile at him all you like. He has received the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry in action—and he could get it for no other reason.

If your man has a decoration on his left breast made up of two red-white-and-blue bands, separated by white, the blue being on the outside, this is the President's Certificate of Merit. There are other badges of distinction by which you can tell whether a man is an old Indian fighter, a Philippines fighter, a member of the Army of Cuba, of the Mexican service, or the China campaign. These, however, are specializations.

No Easy Iron Crosses

Look at the man's shoulder straps; and if he has a little thing of several colors on his left breast, look twice at him. Then perhaps you may forget to look at his waist or his feet.

We have no easy Iron Cross in our Army, and we do not strike medals for the sinking of passenger ships carrying a thousand women and children. You may perhaps none the less see a returned soldier wearing the French Croix de Guerre. If it has the palm leaf it is for special valor. Many of our American soldiers already have received foreign decorations; and we have a Distinguished Service Decoration. Word comes from Washington that our women are going to be asked to refrain from mourning garb and mourning veils. A brassard on a woman's arm, with a gold star on it—that will mean even more than a Service Flag. You might take off your hat.

These are days of many street parades and many flags. Are you sure that you know every flag you see as it passes? It is to be hoped that no matter when or where you were born you are able to distinguish the flag of the United States, and that you know the Star-Spangled Banner enough to rise, and that you know enough to take off your hat when it goes by you, and that you know enough to put your hat just east of your left shoulder. The British flag you can tell from its stripes, which meet in the center, red and white on a blue ground. It is called the Union Jack.

Do you know the flag of France from that of Belgium? In size and arrangement they are alike, but in color they are different. Each is a tricolor. Each has a red band up and down on the outside edge. But Belgium has a yellow band in the middle up and down, whereas France has white, and Belgium has black next to the staff where France has blue.

But Italy has a white middle in her tricolor, and a red outside band! Yes, but her inside band on the flag is green, and besides in the middle there is a blue-rimmed shield with a white cross on the red ground. The flags of Russia and Serbia are very much alike. Now the bands run horizontally, and not up and down. The two are simply reversed. Serbia has red, blue and white, reading from top to bottom, whereas Russia has white, blue and red, reading from top to bottom. Montenegro has the same flag, but from top to bottom it reads red, blue, white—the Russian flag upside down. These specifications apply to the merchant flags of Montenegro, Russia, Serbia, Italy and Belgium.

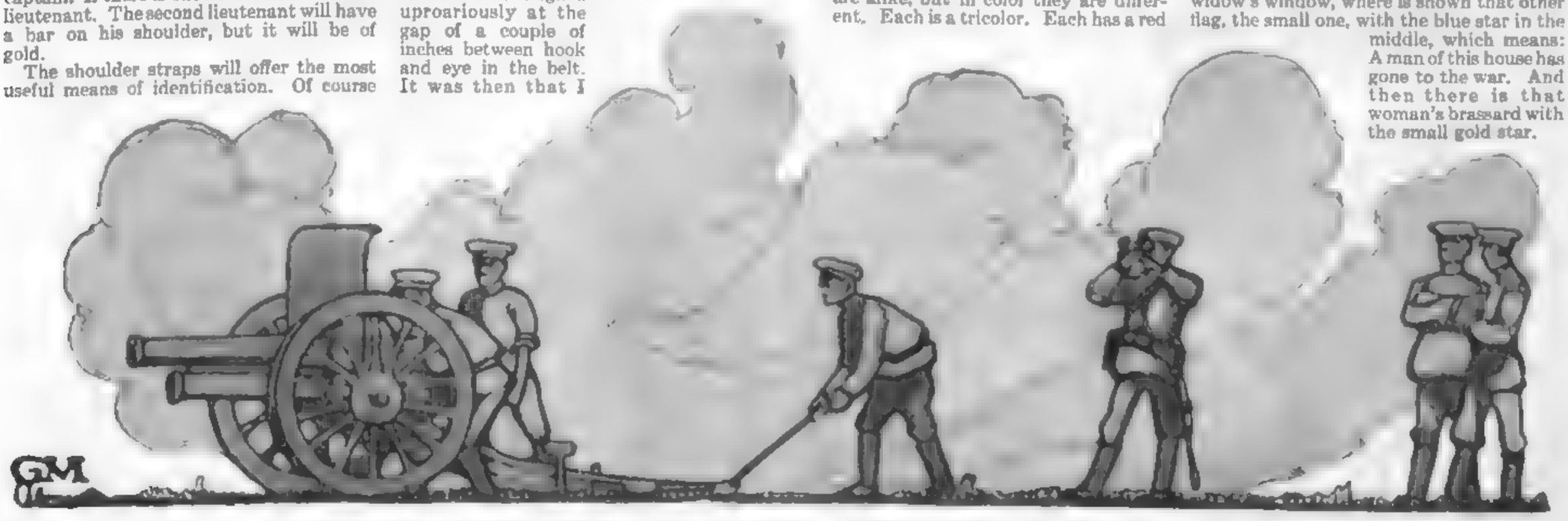
The Japanese merchant flag you can tell because it is white with a round red ball in the middle of it. Red, white and blue are the only colors in the American, French and British flags. The Latin and East-European races seem to run to black and yellow and green, though in flags as everywhere else in insignia you meet nothing if not variety and exceptions.

One of the finest of all flags is a little one, about two spans in length. It has a single blue star on a white ground, with a red band about it. Perhaps you may have seen it in some widow's window. Maybe it had three or four stars on it.

That is the Service Flag. Nothing more honorable than that anywhere in all the world.

Perhaps you have a United States flag hung out of your window. If so, you know the etiquette of the flag, of course? You ought never to leave it out overnight. You ought never to hang it down flat on the wall, as I have seen a patriotic banker drape a flag from the front of his stone mansion house. You ought never to use the flag as a shop-window decoration. You ought never to put anything on it or permit anything to stand on it. You ought never to permit the flag to touch the ground, no matter whether you are handling it or someone else is. When the colors are taken down at the sunset gun in any post a sergeant receives them in his arms. It is desecration to allow the flag to touch the ground or to touch the floor, or to be used in any way except on a staff. When the colors go by don't be ashamed to take off your hat.

There is no law against that. Nor indeed is there any law against taking off your hat, or at least saluting, when you go by the widow's window, where is shown that other flag, the small one, with the blue star in the middle, which means: A man of this house has gone to the war. And then there is that woman's brassard with the small gold star.



A Vision Fulfilled

On March 16th ground was broken; on April 5th the steel was up; another week and the roof was finished! In 30 working-days from the date of contract—a completed building, 120,000 square feet of floor space, delivered to the owner, broom cleaned, windows washed, ready for useful occupancy!

This is one record of a vision fulfilled.

Five years ago Samuel Austin saw the possibilities of such service to industry.

He had a well-founded belief that better industrial buildings could be built in a shorter time. He was convinced that worth-while benefits to the country at large would result—that building costs would be lowered—that capital returns would be advanced—that labor would be conserved and production increased.

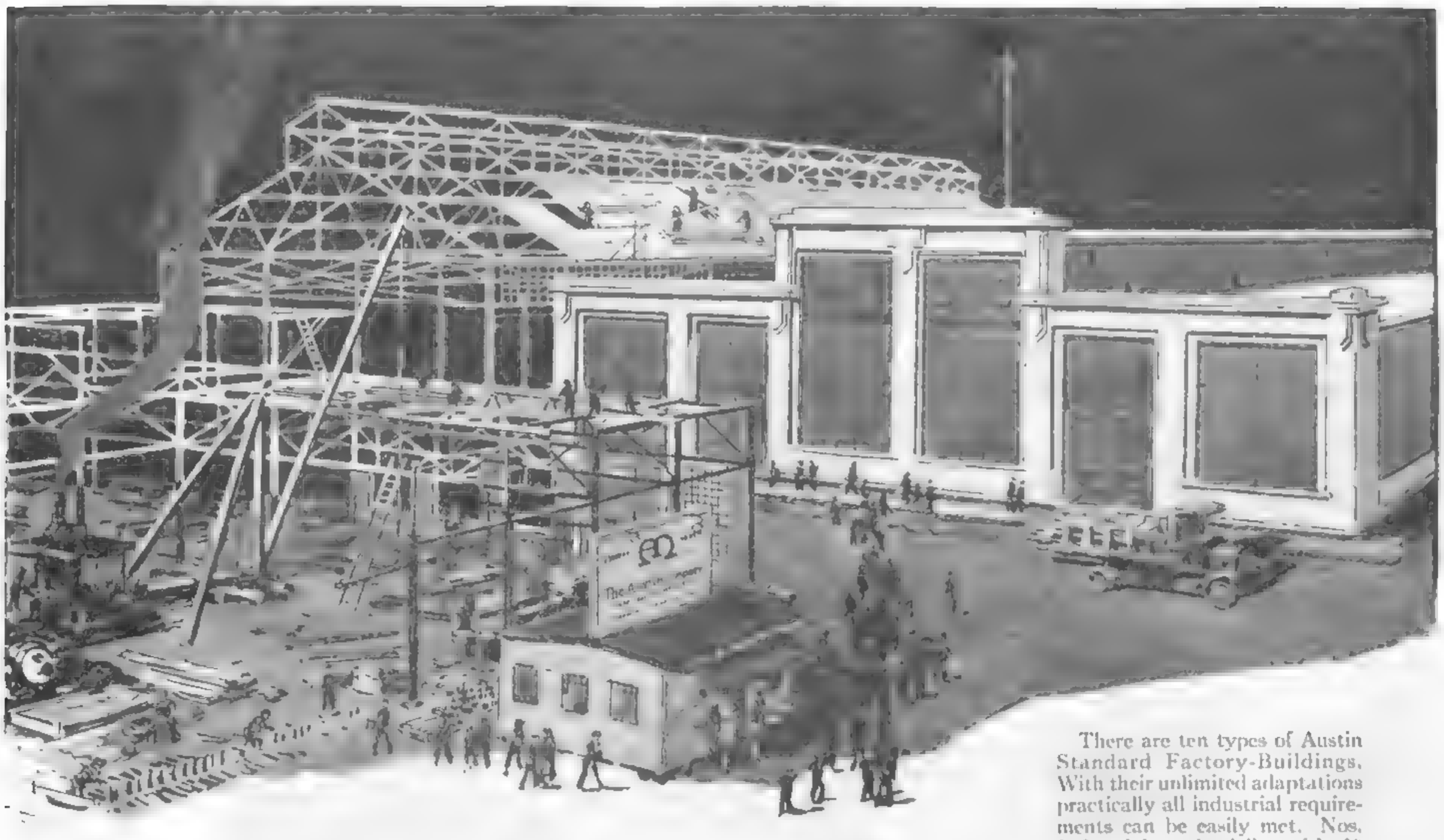
Upon such a faith and with such an ideal before him he devised the method and started to build the organization that have, in the past decade, so completely revolutionized America's idea of speed, quality, and economy in the erection of permanent factory-buildings.

Many of the country's largest corporations, in 34 different industries, have profited by the fulfillment of this vision and foresight. There are miles of buildings in all parts of the country and in Canada and foreign countries that testify to the practical working of the Austin method of standard construction.

THE AUSTIN METHOD

The Austin Method has met the test of such seemingly impossible tasks as the erection, complete, of 120,000 square feet on one job in 30 working-days; 540,000 square feet, more than a mile of building on one job, in 55 calendar-days.

AUSTIN STANDARD FACTORY-BUILDINGS



There are ten types of Austin Standard Factory-Buildings. With their unlimited adaptations practically all industrial requirements can be easily met. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 can be delivered in 30 working-days; Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 and 10 in 60 working-days; Nos. 8 and 9 in slightly longer time.

How Standardization Became a Force in the Nation's Building

A manufacturer of saws once made 3500 different models; now less than 500 meet the laborer's need.

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Automobile and truck builders; stove, hardware and garment makers have all made equally significant discoveries.

At the same time Austin Engineers followed by other builders throughout the country have applied standardized methods to industrial construction with economic results of far-reaching consequence.

Austin Plans Standardized long ago—With the advantage of 40 years' experience in the erection of special industrial buildings, Austin Engineers have found that a very large proportion of the country's factory-building needs can be fully met with a comparatively few standard building units.

Economical Purchase of Building Materials—Not alone quantity purchasing but timely purchasing has proved of financial benefit to many Austin customers

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Austin Materials Delivered with Dispatch—With essential materials in stock, at strategic points east of the Mississippi, quick and opportune deliveries have been made to Austin jobs. Costly waiting has been eliminated

Co-ordination of Building Operations—By a Co-ordination of each step in construction Austin Engineers have built permanently and quickly. Frequent repeating of the same building operation has approached perfection.

A Definite Price for the Owner—Standardized construction has automatically placed costs on a more solid foundation. By lump sum, cost plus percentage or cost plus fee contracts the Austin Method has eliminated guesswork and given the owner a definite price.

Recognizing the economic advantages of a country-wide application of better building practice, The Austin Company will gladly co-operate with manufacturers, engineers and builders and give them the benefit of its experience

The Austin Book of Buildings contains illustrations and descriptions of building operations which may offer suggestions of value to others. This book will be sent to any business address

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DETROIT	1430 Penobscot Building, Cherry 4466
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THE AUSTIN COMPANY, Industrial Engineers and Builders

AUSTIN STANDARD FACTORY-BUILDINGS

IT CAN'T BE DONE!

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

AT THE first wail of the whistle young Cam Rogers rose from the bedclothes as if propelled by springs. It really was the cold floor against his bare feet that wakened him; but, even then, he was snatching for his clothes—for that was Cam's own whistle, the voice of the thing that, of all animate and inanimate creation, was closest to his heart.

Six mornings a week that whistle called men to work at dawn, dismissed them to dinner at twelve, summoned them again at one, and loosed its dreary wail at six. At those hours it was normal, even desirable, except to city guests at the hotel, who were given to complaints. But when it gave voice to its agony at two o'clock in the morning it had power to lift Cam Rogers from his bed, with nightmare dread sending its chill to his bones; for then it was not normal or desirable; it was abnormal, a banshee wail, whose message was the most terrifying night word in the language—fire!

The Next Hour Was a Lifetime of Killing Labor; of Confusion, of Blackness, of Bursting Lungs and Scorched Eyeballs

Over his flannel nightgown Cam pulled his trousers, tucking in the shirt tails lumpily. He thrust his feet into rubber boots and was out upon the street, coat and overcoat clutched in his hand. He ran; and as he ran he dressed. One distant voice shouted incessantly. Lights flickered, doors slammed, running feet spurned noisy sidewalks. Excited citizens battered one another's doors and bellowed "The mill's catched fire!"

Cam ran without conscious effort; he was unaware of exertion; breathless, he did not slacken his pace. It was as if someone else was running and carrying Cam's brain in his head—a brain that kept repeating names and figures: "Five thousand in the Lumberman's. . . . Three in the New Hampshire Millers'. . . . Two in the Globe. . . . Six in the International." Other names, other figures; then a summing up: "Forty-five thousand—and those sprinkler contracts in my desk. . . . Forty-five thousand. . . . Nolan's figures to-day—mill and machinery, eighty-six thousand. . . . Seven thousand stock in the warehouse. . . . Ninety-three thousand." Cam plunged on, outdistancing his fellow townsmen. "Forty-five from ninety-three—forty-eight. . . . And those sprinkler contracts in my desk."

Forty-five thousand dollars of insurance protecting a value of ninety-three thousand dollars, and the fire whistle wrenching through the air! It was a spectacle; the event of a lifetime to the majority of the dwellers in that town. To Cam Rogers it was black ruin! . . . He was running to save that already shaky forty-eight thousand dollars!

The blaze was just biting through a cupola over the fireroom. It did not look large; it looked controllable. Cam ran the faster. The next hour was a lifetime of killing labor; of confusion, of blackness, of bursting lungs and scorched eyeballs. For a minute, two minutes, the flames abated; darkness resumed, and Cam could have shouted in triumph, like some primal creature of the jungle after a kill. Then, suddenly, mysteriously, the mill was obscured by a cloud of black smoke that seemed not so much to be smoke as sooty fluid. It choked, strangled, blinded. Men staggered back, fighting for breath. It drove them back vindictively.

Cam stayed at his post in a doorway, clinging to the nozzle of a hose until consciousness began to creep away from him; and the next he knew he was in flight—not running, but crawling on hands and knees, lungs bursting, a grinding pain in his chest. He pressed his face to the ground, for there was an inch-deep stratum of air, less noxious, less stifling. Then he was standing on a little knoll, coughing. He looked toward the mill, and it was a mass of roaring, boiling, horridly dancing flames.

Cam watched it a moment. The mill was gone; a child could see that no inflammable sliver of it could remain. The dread that had gripped him was succeeded by a sort of nothingness. There was no fear of an event now, for the event was of the past; it had happened. Though there remained still thousands of dollars' worth of property for the flames to sport with, at that moment Cam conceded it to be a total loss. He realized, with vague wonder, that he was no longer interested in the fire, even as a spectator. He was all through with that fire. It was a fact accomplished; and he turned his back upon it and sat down under a tree, in a spot brightly lighted by the conflagration.

Ten minutes later a man hurried past, saw Cam, and stopped. "Mr. Rogers, hain't it? Gosh! It's too bad! Hope you got full insurance."

"Eh?" said Cam, as one speaks whose concentration is invaded.

"I was sayin' I was dog-gone sorry," said the man, peering down at Cam, who sat with notebook on his knees and pencil in his hand. "Totalin' up insurance?"

"Insurance? . . . Oh, no!" said Cam abstractedly.

"Well, what in tunket be you doin'? Takin' it all-fired ca'm, I must say! What be you doin'?"

"Making preliminary sketches for the new mill," said Cam, and bent over his notebook again.

II

HALF an hour later the light by which Cam sketched died down. He frowned, with a touch of petulance, and shut his book just as a tall emaciated figure bent over him, and a tremulous voice said:

"Mr. Rogers, I've been looking all over for you. I ——" The voice broke.

"Went quick, didn't she?" Cam said.

"Ninety-three thousand dollars—in less than an hour! . . . If we could only have raised the money for the rest of that insurance!"

"It was a sizable job raising as much as we did."

"But we were pulling through. It was beginning to show; and now—this ——". The old man's voice trembled again. "This means bankruptcy!"

"Some folks might say so, Nolan."

"Nothing else to say, sir; and I'm sorry. I was as interested in this business as if it belonged to me."

"To be sure you were! . . . We're busted, eh? You're the man that knows the figures. Let's have it in words and syllables."

"The insurance won't more'n pay what you owe."

"The creditors get the insurance." Cam stated this as an obvious fact.

"And there's nothing left."

"Um! . . . Got time to step up to my room a couple of minutes."

"If there's a thing I can do ——"

"Just wanted to show you some sketches of the new mill."

"New mill! . . . But, Mr. Rogers, you don't appear to understand. There can't be any new mill. You won't have a penny to build with. You won't have a penny for anything."

"Looks that way, don't it? Creditors get the insurance and I've a heap of ashes left. . . . But I like these sketches, Nolan. I like 'em so well, Nolan, that I'm going to build that mill. . . . Bankrupt? Me? In thirty days the new building will be under way."

"Impossible! It can't be done, Mr. Rogers! You can't get a penny." To himself Nolan was saying: "This thing has hit him harder even than I feared. It's got him!"

"Have a mill site left, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Foundations?"

"Yes."

"Maybe some machinery can be tinkered up?"

"Not much."

"Sell for junk, anyhow. . . . Bet the engine and boilers aren't done for. Wasn't enough fire round them—just a shell to burn away."

"Everything you've mentioned won't be worth five thousand dollars—not three thousand."

"Cost more than that."

"A heap!"

"Nolan, I'm going to borrow thirty thousand dollars on that ash pile. . . . I'll pay every cent of debts. Leave my credit clean. Borrow that thirty thousand. Talk machinery people into selling machines on tick. . . . Maybe I'm busted; but I'm going to build a seventy-five-thousand-dollar mill that will be worth ninety thousand, just the same; and work starts in thirty days."

"Impossible!"

"And when it's done I won't owe but——"

"But, Mr. Rogers ——"

"Um! . . . With the mill up and running, I can get enough money somehow to start doing business on. . . . I don't know how; but somehow. . . . We can hold our customers. Give me three good years and I'll pay off that seventy-five thousand and be right back—no, not right back, but way ahead of where I am to-day."

"It—it can't be done, Mr. Rogers."

"It's already done, Nolan. Didn't I tell you I had the sketches right here in my book?"

III

"YOUR job," said Cam to Nolan next morning, "is to look cheerful and keep your mouth shut. Just grin. . . . Gimme a sample."

"I can't smile, Mr. Rogers."

(Continued on Page 61)

Borden's

THE NATION'S MILK

As in '61 and '98 the Borden institution today is providing America's Armies with milk that is dependable and safe. Through more than 60 years, the American consumer, like the American soldier, has found that the Borden institution is builded on an ideal — to provide milk and milk products of the highest possible purity and quality.

Borden's is the Nation's Milk

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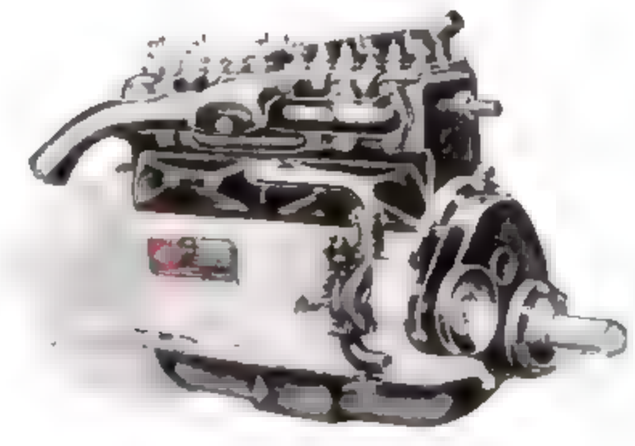

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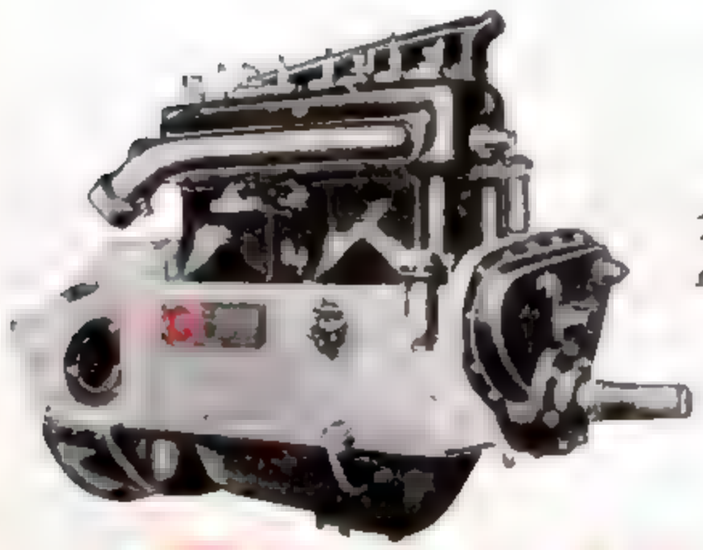

America's Standard Truck Motor. Look for the Red Seal Name-plate

When you buy an automobile or truck how can you be *sure* of the motor—sure of its power, its economy, its speed, its silence, its durability?

The most convincing evidence of what a motor *will do*, is the record of what it *has done*. Past performance is the surest evidence of motor worth.

When you buy a Continental Red Seal Motor you buy a motor proved by performance—a motor embodying nothing untried, nothing experimental.

—A motor conceived not over night, but the sure result of fifteen years of patient endeavor—by an organization which is today the largest exclusive motor manufacturing concern in the world.

—A motor not built around one man's idea, nor one school of motor thought, but a motor in which is refined all the best engineering knowledge of our generation.

—A motor proved not merely in one make of car, but in hundreds of thousands of automobiles and trucks of many makes, under every condition of service.

—A motor endorsed not alone by its makers, but by over 160 manufacturers who use it in the automobiles and trucks they make, and thus upon it stake an investment of millions of dollars.

Look for the Red Seal on the motor in the car or truck you buy. It's your guarantee of motor quality.

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Continental Motors

STANDARD POWER FOR AUTOMOBILES AND TRUCKS

Forty-Five Thousand Dollars of Insurance Protecting a Value of Ninety-Three Thousand Dollars, and the Fire Whistle Wrenching Through the Air!

(Continued from Page 58)

"Then get out of town for forty-eight hours. I'll grin for two. Listen, Nolan: Half the game is looking the part. Look as if you haven't been hit hard and folks will get the notion you haven't been. When you go to ask accommodation of a bank look as if you knew you were going to get it. No hesitation. No doubt. Put the thing up sort of casually, as if you knew it was a mere formality—and you get away with it. I'll bet not a bank in the state would lend me five hundred dollars if I was a big-enough fool to walk in and ask for it; but I'll bet you a can of that stuff you smoke in a pipe that I won't have to do murder, or even commit mayhem, to walk out with thirty thousand. Ask for five hundred and you mark yourself for a down-and-outer. Stroll in casual-like and mention offhand that you can use thirty thousand, and the president drags out his box of belted cigars; and in a minute you're signing a note. You watch!"

"It can't be done, Mr. Rogers."

"You," said Cam succinctly, "git far, far from this town—for forty-eight hours. You're a walking advertisement of calamity."

Nolan, spare, bent, thin, was a bookkeeper—a man of exact figures and severe logic. He was sixty years old. Rogers was thirty. Therein lay a great difference. Nolan belonged to an era of rule and method, a set era of restrictions and inhibitions. If a thing had not happened in his experience it could not happen. Rogers belonged to to-day. His viewpoint was that if a thing had never been done, then it constituted a novelty and was bound to succeed—if accompanied by the utmost labor of which a man is capable, by keen intelligence, and by an honest intention.

A thing called moral risk loomed large in Rogers' eyes. Where Nolan could comprehend a loan with adequate security only, Rogers had perfect faith in the borrowing power of a good moral risk if accompanied by anything that might be construed as security. He believed an ash heap and a reputation for business uprightness could borrow more than unadorned bonds.

Between that spot and the bank Cam was stopped fifty times by men and women who struggled in their homely, tongue-tied, rock-bound way to offer sympathy, and to make him feel that his misfortune was their misfortune. It was their misfortune because the mill had brought the greatest prosperity to the town it had ever known. It had given employment to men and women; it had brought in new citizens to spend their wages in the stores. As one old fellow said:

"Since you come here, Mr. Rogers, I tuck notice there's them that gits a suit of clothes every two year instid of every ten year."

"Didn't Stop to Say Good Morning. Stopped to Tell You That Interest is Due in Six Days and I'm Not Going to Stand for Any Monkey Business From You. Take Notice!"

To all of them Cam was courteous; but, somehow, none of them left him with the idea that their sympathy had been freighted to the destination that needed it most. Cam radiated optimism; told them all to wait till they saw the new mill he was going to build. "Just means an interruption of manufacture," he said, as if that alone, in the state of his finances, was not a fatal commercial disease.

He strolled into the bank and back to the directors' room, where four of the directors were sitting round, exuding gloom—a party of bank directors, gathering to discuss a fancied loss; and a loss of twenty thousand dollars to a bank like this one was of enough importance to call out the full board in mourning.

"Gentlemen!" said Cam—not flippantly, not lightly, but far from dolorously or heavily; he spoke as he would have spoken yesterday or a week ago Thursday, before the fire had been dreamed of.

"Mornin'!" said the most ancient and most cadaverous director; the others nodded glumly.

"I just dropped in to give you some money," said Cam.

"Eh?" said the ancient director, whose name was Glandil. "Eh? What's that?"

"I'm sorry," said Cam. "I know a bank hates to lose good business, but this confounded fire has sort of messed things up. Of course I'm going right ahead to build again; but meantime it looks to me as if it would be best for me to pay everybody up and save interest while there are no earnings. I'm out to economize for a few months. You won't hold it against me, I'm sure." He laughed. "I promise you that the minute I need banking accommodations again I'll come to you."

"Pay up, did you say?"

"Now don't jump me about it. I've really got to. For the next little while I don't want to owe a cent in the world."

"Rumor said you was busted," said the ancient Mr. Glandil.

Cam laughed. "Bent," he said, "and dented some." He threw a bundle of papers on the table. "Here are insurance policies enough to cover every cent I owe in the world; and I'm going to be so busy getting ready to rebuild that I want you folks to handle them for me. Money'll be coming in directly. You keep out your share and hold the rest on deposit."

The directors were leaning forward, with keen relief showing on their faces.

"Goin' to rebuild, eh?" said President Wrangle.

"Right off! In the long run

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Send for the USL 50c Battery Text Book. A copy free if you mention the make and model of your car

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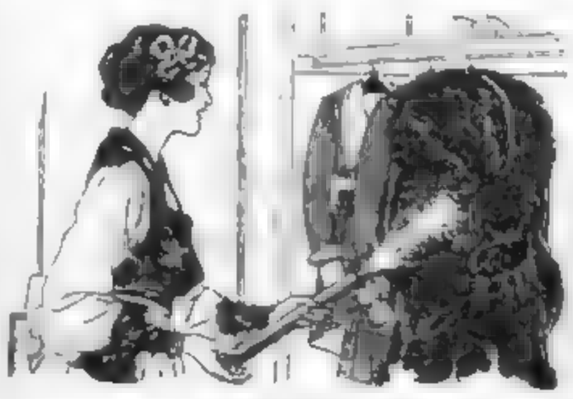
Branches: New York Chicago San Francisco Detroit Kansas City Washington, D. C.

There is a USL Battery with machine-pasted plate for every make and model of car

ENOZ Kills Moths Instantly!

ENOZ is a powerful chemical that goes entirely through the finest fabrics, seeking moths and moth-eggs and instantly and utterly destroying them.

It will not injure the finest furs, woolens, rugs, tapestries, carpets, feathers. It leaves no stain. It is non-explosive and non-poisonous. The antiseptic odor lingers but a short while.



Use ENOZ once a month—spray your clothes and other goods—it takes but a few moments—and your home will be free from moths for all time to come.

ENOZ is not a *smoke* or a *smell*. It is a *killer*. It has been tested and proved by many manufacturers, wholesalers and dealers. Names if desired.

Sprayer and Liquid sold in combination for $1.00 at drug, department and hardware stores. Additional liquid, pint size, 75c; quart size, $1.00. West of Rockies and in Canada 25 cents extra.

If your dealer hasn't it—we will send it to you prepaid upon receipt of price.

Good-Bye, Moth

The Phenol Chemical Co. Inc.
Established 1899
705-707 N. Wells St. Chicago.

Good-Bye, Moth Ball

Corn Puffs

Bubbles of Hominy

Raindrop Size—Queen of All the Dainties

This is to lovers of Puffed Grains who have overlooked Corn Puffs. And to others who are missing this delight.

This is not whole corn. It is pellets of hominy, puffed to raindrop size. It is airy bubbles, sweet and toasted, flimsy, crisp and flavory.

Toasted corn, you know, has the finest flavor ever attained in a grain food.

Here is inner corn that's super-toasted by an hour of fearful heat. So the flavor is multiplied.

Then the tiny pellets are steam-exploded—puffed to eight times former size. Thus the toasted corn becomes thin globules, ready to crush at a touch.

There is nothing like them. You will be amazed that such fascinating morsels can be made from corn alone.

All Shot from Guns

Corn Puffs—like all the Puffed Grains—are made by Prof. Anderson's process. All are shot from guns. Every food cell is exploded, so that every atom feeds.

You are learning more of corn in these days. Don't overlook this supreme corn creation.

Puffed Rice **Corn Puffs** **Puffed Wheat**

Each 15c Except in Far West

Food Confections

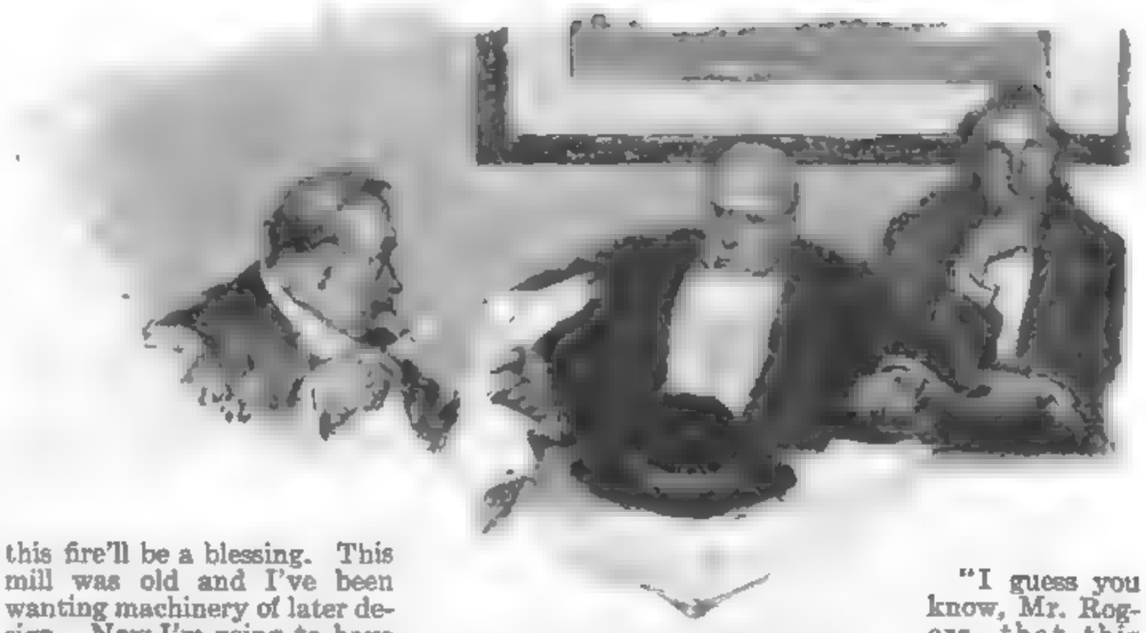
Buttered or salted, like peanuts or popcorn. Corn Puffs are confections. Eat them dry.

Or, lightly butter and crisp them before adding sugar and cream, and you'll multiply the flavor.

Float in Milk

For luncheons or suppers serve in milk. For dinners, use them to garnish your ice cream, or scatter in your soups.

Use them like nut meats in home candy making.



A Loss of Twenty Thousand Dollars to a Bank Like This One Was of Enough Importance to Call Out the Board in Mourning

this fire'll be a blessing. This mill was old and I've been wanting machinery of later design. Now I'm going to have the best little mill in America. With the business we control and the contracts we have on hand, in a couple of years—three at the outside—I'll be about sixty thousand dollars ahead of where I was day before yesterday. It don't look right, I know; but somehow I can't help feeling sort of relieved."

"Build on the old site?"

"Um! . . . Now I'd rather not answer that. You know Borckinsville has been offering me inducements to move over there for a year—even offered a cash bonus. They'll give me a mill site and freedom from taxes for five years; and the Sugar Mountain Lumber Company will take my notes for a year's run of hardwood—and take their payment in stock if I decide to let go of any. . . . I guess that offer's open yet. And their bank offers me a credit of five thousand more than you gentlemen have been able to offer. So you see, I've got to think that over a bit. I like this town and I'd prefer to rebuild here; but business is business."

The president fingered Cam's insurance policies abstractedly and whistled between his teeth.

He looked at Glandil, who looked at him. Both of them looked at the other directors, who had begun to look glum once more. The presence of Cam's mill in that town had brought a measure of prosperity to that bank also.

"Hate to see you move," said Glandil.

"Well, I can't say. I want to decide quickly. Think I'll run over to Borckinsville this afternoon, and then make a decision."

"Now look here, Mr. Rogers; you stay away from Borckinsville. They're long on promises. I know that lot. You want to make up your mind where you're going to build, so you can get at it—don't you? Well, suppose you let us fellows talk this over for half an hour, and come back. Maybe we can fix things so Borckinsville won't need a visit."

"I want to be fair. Their offer ought to be considered."

"Consider it all you want to, but come back here in half an hour."

"Of course," said Cam, "I can build cheaper here. I've got something to start with. My master mechanic says the engine and boilers are O. K. Just mussed up a little. They're all set. The concrete foundations and underground piping are as good as ever, and so is the mill site. But they might discount that. I figure that what I've got here cost about twenty-eight thousand dollars. You know the place, Mr. Glandil. Wouldn't you say that was about the right figure?"

"Low," said Glandil solemnly. "Low. You couldn't replace it to-day for five thousand more than that."

"Well, I'll stroll along. Don't let Jones, there, run off with my insurance policies. He'll bear watching."

Jones laughed with delight. People so seldom joked with him, for he was a deacon in the Methodist Church, and a man of stern manners and appearance. Somehow, he felt complimented.

Cam left the room at exactly the right moment. He had shifted the positions. Instead of a man who was asking an impossible favor of a bank, the bank was debating on what inducements they would have to offer him to stay! He chuckled. In half an hour he returned.

"Make your last offer first," he said with a boyish grin. "It'll save time for all of us."

"I guess you know, Mr. Rogers, that this board comes clost to telling this town what it wants to do."

"This board is the town," said Cam.

"So, when we assure you unofficially what the town will do officially, you know we can deliver."

Cam's gesture said that any other assumption would be too absurd for words.

"We've done business with you and we've watched you do business. That counts.

"We know if you say you can pull through you honestly believe you can; and you have generally delivered. Those are points we consider when we lend money," said President Wrangle.

"Much obliged."

"Moral hazard," said Glandil.

"Exactly! Now then, if you will rebuild on the old site this bank will take the foundations and engines and boilers, at a valuation of thirty thousand dollars, as good security for that amount."

"Mortgage of twenty; ten on notes," said Glandil.

"Exactly! . . . You can have it when you want it. Pay off what you owe if you want to save interest now. Start borrowing again when you are ready. . . . So much for the bank. The town will free you from taxes for seven years. We can't give you a mill site, but we'll give you five thousand dollars cash the day the first wheel turns over. . . . And about timber: Glandil owns a tract of thirty-six thousand acres, mixed hardwood and spruce. You know it?"

"I cruised it once."

"He'll give you a stumpage contract at three dollars a thousand, through and through, and take your notes for twelve months. . . . How does that sound?"

"Sounds pretty fair," said Cam dubiously; "pretty fair. But I've never liked working under a timber contract. I'd like to own my own timber and log myself; think I can save money, and I'm free of the risk of the other fellow failing to deliver. Log contracts have busted more mills than anything else."

Everybody looked at Glandil.

"What's your proposition?" Glandil inquired.

"I'll buy your tract. Give you twelve-fifty an acre. Nothing down; balance payable in ten yearly installments, with interest. Usual permission to cut. Worst you can lose is one year's timber, as you would under the other scheme. You get freedom from the worry of lumbering, and the timber is security for the purchase price."

Cam did not talk eagerly, but as a man offers a proposition he would not be disappointed to have declined.

The directors looked at Glandil, who scratched his head. Cam sat back, mentally gripping himself; for the offer had been the inspiration of the moment. It had come to him as a flash of light. He would go after the big thing. By that instant's decision he was borrowing not thirty thousand dollars to start building a mill, but four hundred and fifty thousand dollars to buy a choice piece of timber. And he without assets in the world that would have brought five thousand dollars at forced sale!

"Deed and mortgage?" said Glandil.

"Yes."

"You've bought a horse," Glandil said.

"Then, gentlemen," said Cam, "I'm saved the trouble of riding to Borckinsville. I accept your offer as made."

(Continued on Page 65)

Goodyear Tubes are made in two weights Heavy Tourist and standard, the extra cost of the Heavy Tourist type being exactly the cost of the extra rubber used in its construction

Copyright, 1918, by
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

This Is the Tube That Most Motorists Use

An exceptionally thick, powerful and enduring air container—of perfected laminated construction—the product of years of careful research and continual experiment—so rigidly inspected that it must pass a twenty-four hour test with perfect score before it is allowed to leave the factory

—this is the Goodyear Tube

It lasts long, it retains its spring and liveliness over an unusual period, it functions efficiently under all conditions—it is so faultlessly made that less than one in seven hundred ever comes back for adjustment

—this is why it is used by more motorists than any other tube

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TUBES

Wanted:—Men to Discover America

A Statement by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior

MANY of the resources of our country lie undiscovered and undeveloped. In these days of great needs and great deeds men are wanted—men of ability, initiative, and imagination—to discover these resources and put them at the Nation's service.

Undeveloped Resources

The undeveloped resources to which I particularly refer are those with which I am most familiar through the activities of the Department of the Interior—metals and minerals which we require in large quantities, which exist in large quantities in this country, and which, in spite of this, are largely imported from abroad.

What They Are

We must have chrome, manganese and pyrite. Our chrome comes mostly from South Africa and New Caledonia; our manganese from Brazil; our pyrites from Spain. To produce some two million tons of these and other imported minerals from domestic sources will release from three to four hundred thousand tons of shipping for military use.

Where They Are

Will you save ships for the transporting and feeding of our armies by discovering and developing our own deposits of these minerals?

They are to be found in the following localities in the United States, which are tributary to a possible market.

PYRITES

Virginia
New York
Georgia
Missouri
Tennessee
Pennsylvania
South Carolina
Illinois
Indiana
Ohio

MANGANESE ORE

Montana
Nevada
Virginia
Arizona
Oregon
California
Arkansas
Georgia
Tennessee
New Mexico
Idaho
Washington

MANGANIFEROUS IRON ORE

Minnesota
New Mexico
Nevada

CHROME ORE

California
Oregon
Wyoming
Pennsylvania
North Carolina
Georgia

One man in Georgia last year developed five pyrites mines without a cent of subsidy from the Government: and he was a manufacturer, not a miner. Many others can do likewise if they will.

We are discovering that many minerals we need we have in the United States. But we have hardly begun to develop these minor resources. Let us get at it in earnest.

Secretary of the Interior.

★ ★

The Hercules Powder Co. welcomes the opportunity to put before you this statement by Secretary Lane. The latent resources of our country to which he refers fall within the field of a great national industry—the mining of metals and minerals—with which we are very closely allied.

A large part of the explosives which we make are used by the miners of the country—men to whose initial energy the United States owes vital factors in the present crisis, its ships, its motors, its tanks, its cannon; in fact all its implements of active warfare.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago Hazleton, Pa. Memphis Pittsburg, Kan. Salt Lake City St. Louis
Denver Joplin New York Pittsburgh, Pa. San Francisco Wilmington, Del.

(Continued from Page 62)

Next day Cam ran down to New Athens, the nearest city of consequence, where, at the First National Bank, he had a note of ten thousand dollars. The president received him coolly.

"Bad loss, eh?" he said.

"So bad that it's going to make me a millionaire instead of the piker I've been," said Cam.

"What's the idea?"

"I'm just going to build the kind of mill now that I've always wanted," said Cam.

"We got it you were busted."

"I owe you ten thousand dollars, don't I? Well, I'll give you my check for it this minute if you want it. It isn't due for sixty days; but if you feel that way about me, why, you can have my check at once."

"Now—now, hold on! I was merely repeating rumor. Come in and let's talk. When we go over things I'm sure you'll find I'm as reasonable as anybody else will be."

"Just as you say," Cam said, a trifle distantly, and followed President Hooper into his office.

"You're solvent?"

"I can pay every debt I owe in the world at this minute."

"That sounds good."

"In addition to that I've got what's left at the mill. Our local bank appraises that at thirty thousand dollars; and I guess they know. They're on the ground."

"Those old fellows play it safe, I'll admit."

"And —— By the way, what do you call first-class timber worth an acre? Say, stuff running an average of eight thousand to the acre of hardwood and spruce in about equal proportions?"

"Easy to get at?"

"Five-mile haul."

"I'd say between fifteen and eighteen dollars."

"You're a close buyer, friend. Why, I've got thirty-six thousand acres and carry a mortgage on it of four hundred and fifty thousand. I wouldn't sell for twenty an acre. But figure twenty—there's value above the mortgage of two hundred and seventy thousand. Oh, I guess I'm solvent!"

Hooper became apologetic.

"Somehow, I didn't know you went into it so big as that. I figured you somewhere under a hundred thousand at the most. . . . Now about that note here; don't let it bother you. When it comes due just send along a renewal. Anything else I can do for you?"

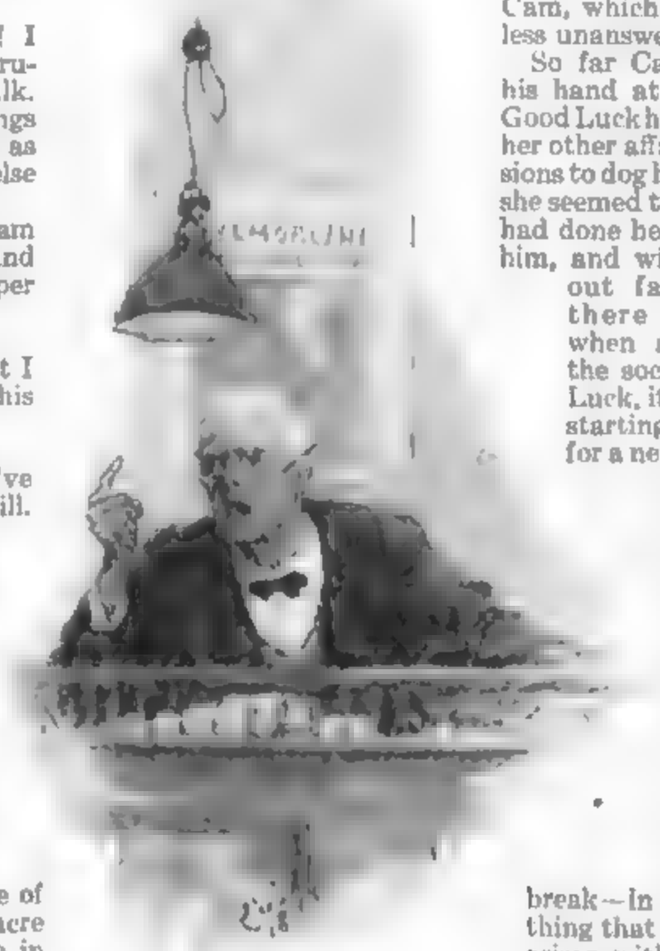
"Not a thing. Didn't come to ask that; just wanted to pay up if you felt nervous."

"Glad you came in. If you need more let me know."

"Don't believe I will; but the new mill may overrun a bit. If it does ——"

"Drop in," said Hooper.

Cam went back to town with another ten thousand dollars of his insurance money released for service. He now commanded the thirty of his home bank, the ten thousand of the New Athens bank, and a five-thousand-dollar bonus to be paid on completion of the mill. He had enough to go ahead with his contracts.



"Where You Been?" Nolan Almost Yelled. "The Whole World is Down on Our Neck"

IV

FIVE months from the date of the fire Cam turned over the first wheel in the new mill. It was an accomplishment. The plant was not finished, but more than half the machinery was in motion; and more was being added daily. He set Nolan to work figuring out where he was.

Nolan's figures would have been alarming to anybody but Cam. He was pleased with them. They showed a note of thirty thousand dollars at his town bank, another of ten thousand at the New Athens bank, miscellaneous debts of thirty-six thousand-odd for equipment, due and payable—and a minor matter of four hundred and fifty thousand, the purchase price of Glandil's timber tract.

Against this, as assets, was the mill property, which Nolan figured at a value of one hundred and fourteen thousand dollars allowing the thirty-thousand-dollar valuation set by the bank on the foundations, engines and boilers.

There was, of course, the timber tract itself, worth all Cam had paid for it, and probably more. It was, so Nolan said, an achievement.

"The night of the fire," he declared, "you weren't worth a cent. You didn't owe a cent—or wouldn't have owed if you had paid off. Now you've managed to get into debt five hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars, with book assets of a little more than that—say, thirty-eight thousand dollars. It isn't possible!"

"But there it is!" said Cam, which was more or less unanswerable.

So far Cam had filled his hand at every draw; Good Luck had abandoned her other affairs and occasions to dog his steps. Now she seemed to feel that she had done her full duty by him, and withdrew without farewells. If there is any time when a man needs the society of Good Luck, it is when he is starting a new mill; for a new mill is more temperamental than a tenor and crankier than a sailing canoe. Boxes run hot; conveyors clog; kilns refuse to dry, and turn out a product covered with mold; belts break—in short, everything that can go wrong arises with enthusiasm to go wrong.

All of which means loss of machine-hours, which means loss of labor hours, which means loss of money; and Cam was rapidly traveling toward the moment when he should be just out of cash.

Then came the declaration of war, and the draft, with shortage of labor. Men departed from the woods and men went from the mill. Woman help was impossible to find, because girls who had been glad to work for a dollar and a quarter a day in normal times were now earning two or three times that amount. Cam had figured confidently on shipping not less than five carloads a week. He found difficulty in shipping three. Then he found it all but impossible to ship those three, because the railroads turned from transporting freight to devote all their attention to finding a new spot on which to lay an embargo.

If a given machine should produce seventy boxes of merchandise in a day, and for various reasons turns out but fifty, the cost of manufacture increases alarmingly. Every machine hour lost means a corresponding loss in profits; and a point may be easily reached when profits are wiped out and one faces the disagreeable necessity of manufacturing at a loss.

Cam's struggle, after the mill had been running ninety days, was not to show a profit, but to break even; and he was not breaking even. There came weeks when he had to resort to strenuous makeshifts to meet his pay roll. Bills for supplies passed their discount day and ran over their thirty days. Testy letters came from creditors, only to be answered by excuses and requests to take ninety-day notes in lieu of cash. When this was refused Cam had to rob Peter to pay Paul. It was not a life calculated to soothe the nerves or to make for restful nights.

"We can't pull through!" Nolan said dolefully and at short intervals.

"We've got to pull through!" Cam declared, and covered sheets of paper with vain figures.

"The first note that goes to protest," Nolan said, "will kick over the pot of beans. The whole swarm will be down on you."

THIS sign identifies the "Style Headquarters" in your town. It is to go to the smart things in men's wear.

Society Brand Uniforms

THE greatest test of tailoring ability comes in the making of Uniforms. For here the government specifications start all makers on a par. To excel in this field, as Society Brand has done, is indeed a rare distinction.

Society Brand Uniforms comply with regulations in every detail, but their style begins where other uniforms leave off. To the man who wears them, they impart a soldierly bearing—trim, erect, martial—as clothes can do only when designed by master talent and skilfully tailored by hand. Training and service change a man's carriage, and uniforms must not be built on civilian requirements. Society Brand Uniforms are designed to fit the war-trained man.

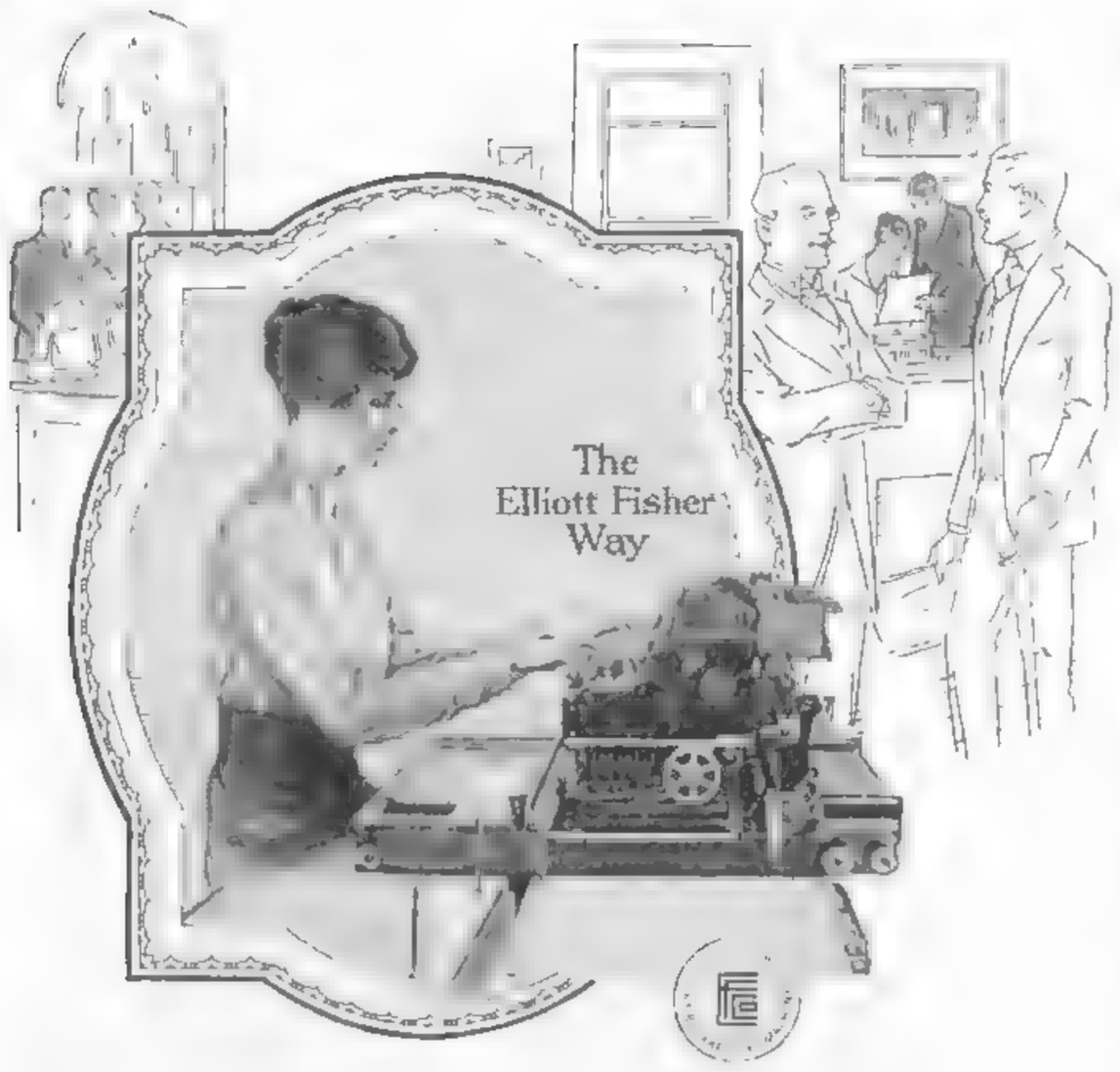
Men in the service—here and overseas—have given these uniforms a hearty reception. The Society Brand label is your pledge from the makers of unqualified satisfaction.

For all branches of military service—Army and Navy, including the Aviation and Marine, and for the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A

"Style Headquarters" is the place to get them. There's a "Style Headquarters" in your town.

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS AND OVERCOATS FOR EVERY BRANCH OF MILITARY SERVICE AS WELL AS CIVILIAN CLOTHES

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, Makers
In Canada, SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, Limited
CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL



Complete, on Time and Proved

ELLIOTT-FISHER The Bookkeeping Machine writes the headings on accounts, and any information desired about items. While posting the ledger computations are made mechanically and the new balance extended on each account at the time of entry. As soon as the last item for the day is entered immediate written proof is furnished automatically.

The date, the description and the items are entered, computations made, the balance extended and complete written proof provided in one simple, easy, rapid operation.

Each day's work is completed and proved as it is entered and when the last day of the month's work is finished there is nothing more to do except to take off the trial balance.

When next month starts the Bookkeeper is ready to go ahead with next month's work.

Information needed about any account is available instantly at any time, as each account is always balanced to date.

The Elliott-Fisher way of Bookkeeping is the safe, successful, efficient and economical way.

Write for more information.

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY
71 Elliott Parkway, Harrisburg, Pa.

Elliott-Fisher
Bookkeeping Machine
with the Proof Sheet and the Flat Writing Surface

"Then a note mustn't go to protest," declared Cam.

"How about interest at the banks? Due in two weeks. You can't get away from that."

"We'll pay it somehow."

"How?"

"Nolan, that's two weeks off. I've got immediate things to worry me. In ten days I'll begin thinking about that interest."

"Um!" Nolan would say and walk off to cover sheets of paper with his figures, which showed that the situation was impossible and that assignment was the only solution.

Cam struggled through another ninety days to his own amazement and to Nolan's. Then came due the semiannual interest on his mortgage to the bank and the mortgage to Glandil for the timberland. Six months' interest on four hundred and seventy thousand dollars amounted to fourteen thousand one hundred dollars.

The most threatening feature of the matter was that Glandil was getting restive. He had watched Cam's business with the eye of a hungry hawk, and his faith in its success had reached the vanishing point. His attitude toward Cam was one of scant courtesy, and Cam knew that he must either pay his interest promptly or both Glandil and the bank would descend upon him and smite him hip and thigh. Briefly and pointedly, matters had reached a climax.

Exactly six days before the interest date Cam met Glandil on the bridge, and the old man stopped him with a scowl and a characteristic growl.

"Well, young man?" he said.

Cam stopped, because he could not avoid it.

"Good morning, Mr. Glandil."

"Didn't stop to say good morning. Stopped to tell you that interest is due in six days and I'll be at the bank waiting for it. Sorry I went into that fool deal with you. You talked us all into it. Now I've got a chance to sell that timber for cash, and I'm not going to stand for any monkey business from you. I want the interest or the property. Take notice!"

"You'll have your interest," said Cam.

"Huh! You can't pull wool over my eyes. I know your financial condition. You couldn't pay interest on a note for three dollars. You're through, young man! I suppose the bank will have to stand a loss; but I don't have to stand any, and I'm not going to. You fooled us plenty; I'll say that. You took us into camp."

"One minute," said Cam quietly. "What do you mean by that?"

"Mean? Huh! I mean you've practically swindled the town out of five thousand dollars and the bank out of a nice bunch more. That's what I mean."

Cam stepped close to the man and put his finger close to the tip of Glandil's nose.

"Have you made any talk like that publicly?" he asked.

"I've made it where I wanted to."

"Just let me give you a quiet word of warning then. I've played this game as squarely as a man can play. I don't know where you've peddled your talk; but I do know that in six days I'll lead you round by the nose to every public place in this town and make you eat it. Now get away from me; and get away fast! After I've paid what I owe you we'll have a settlement about this thing.

"I may be busted, but I've got one thing left; and I intend to keep it. That's my reputation as a decent business man. Anybody who meddles with that is standing right within reach of the efficient end of a mule. Now git!"

Cam walked to the mill, lips compressed and determination in his heart.

"Nolan," he said, "let me see the timber estimates for the Glandil tract."

Nolan brought them.

"I wish we were cutting spruce right now, instead of hardwood," he said. "Base on spruce was twenty-four dollars a few months back. It's forty or better now."

"And it will go higher. Government is buying spruce for aëroplanes and cantonments, and what not. Everybody is buying spruce. How much of it have we?"

"The estimates run an average of two thousand to the acre, and for thirty-six thousand acres that totals up seventy-two million feet."

"Nice piece of money—but no good to us. No way to manufacture it."

"Might as well not have it, for all I can see," Nolan said lugubriously.

"Um! . . . Nolan, in about six days we're going to get from Glandil what Belgium got from Germany."

"I guess the jig is up at last."

"Looks so; but six days is always six days."

"Might as well save yourself wear and tear. If it was me I'd quit now!"

"But it isn't you, Nolan," said Cam, closing his desk and putting the timber estimates in his pocket. "I'm going out. I don't know when I'll be back and I don't know where I'm going. If anybody asks, tell them so."

The telephone rang as Cam was leaving the office. It was the woods foreman.

"Party here says they're sent by Mr. Glandil to cruise the timber," he said. "What'll I do?"

"Throw 'em off!" said Cam, and hung up the receiver.

Now he had a destination. He proceeded at once to the hotel and consulted the register. A party of three men had arrived that morning, and Cam inquired of the proprietor concerning them.

"Lumber fellers," said Caswell. "That there man Hodgkins is a big feller in the International Lumber Company. Knowed him the minute I set eyes on him. Seen his picture in the papers when his outfit was havin' a big lawsuit with the Ripley Spruce Corporation."

"Much obliged," said Cam, and he sat down on the porch, with a cigar, to think.

Having thought half an hour, he went to his room, packed his grip, and took the noon train for the city. His train arrived in the city at six o'clock. He did not wait to dine, but looked up Ripley's address in the telephone book and took a cab to his residence and rang the doorbell at six-thirty.

A servant took Cam's card, returning presently with the message that Mr. Ripley was dining out and would be unable to receive anyone.

Cam took back his card and scribbled on it a message: "If you want the International to grab the best piece of spruce in the state, don't see me."

"Take this to Mr. Ripley, please. I'll wait." The servant hesitated. "I'll wait!" Cam said, taking a seat.

In five minutes Mr. Ripley appeared, a much disgruntled individual of burly figure and florid face.

"Well, well!" he began harshly. "What's this? The place to do business with me is at my office."

"From what I had heard of you, Mr. Ripley," said Cam, "I felt sure the place to do business with you would be any place where it would be to your advantage."

"Um! . . . Uh! . . . Be quick! What is it? I've an important dinner engagement."

"Which," said Cam, "I hope you will feel compelled to break."

"Go on!"

"The International Lumber Company is on the point of grabbing off one of the finest pieces of spruce in the state at bargain prices. Hodgkins is on the ground now. I have him blocked for six days. Thirty-six thousand acres of spruce and hardwood, running an average of two thousand of spruce to the acre.

"To get it you'll have to work quickly. There's a train at ten o'clock. Hodgkins is set on landing this piece. Short haul to railroad or mill."

"Why do you bother me about it?"

"Because I thought you'd like to spike Hodgkins' plan."

"What's that to you?"

"Money," said Cam succinctly.

"What do you want?"

"You and your cruiser to take that train to-night with me. Cruise the timber and make me an offer. I control it for six days. I guarantee the figures I have given you and the quality of the timber."

"Who are you? What does your guaranty amount to?"

"May I take three minutes to tell you who I am?"

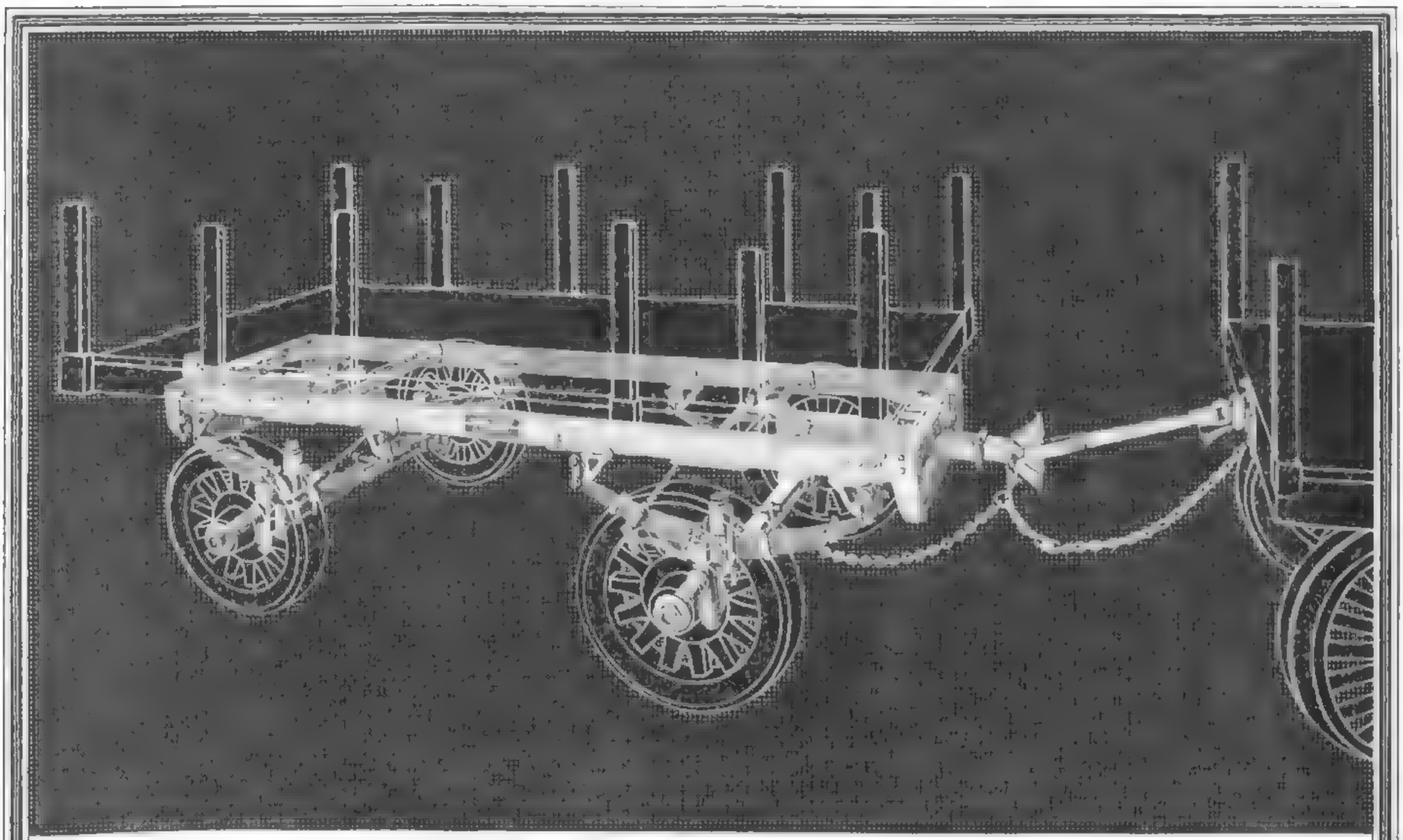
"Rush it!"

Cam was frank. He told the truth, the whole truth, and not one iota more than the truth. He put Ripley in possession of every material fact in his life since the night of the fire. When he was done he said:

"There's my situation. The timber's there, and it is all I represent. If you want it, come. If you don't want it, one word will be enough."

Ripley called. A servant responded.

(Concluded on Page 69)



Four wheels and a frame won't make a trailer to be operated behind a motor truck.

A motor-truck trailer must be so designed that every wheel takes care of itself when meeting road obstruction. There can be no whipping motion. There can be no side-thrust in rounding corners,—no strain on wheels, frame or steering gear. The wheels always must be parallel to line of traction.

There must be an absolute automatic steering mechanism, so that whether there are one or more trailers in the train, each one will follow in the exact track of the truck, 'round corners and regardless of road conditions.

There must be prevented any and all shocks from sudden starts and stops.

To travel 4 to 15 miles an hour and under load,—to back into or pull out of a crowded corner—to hitch up to any truck and stay hitched,—to take any road day after day, without injury to itself or the truck,—to pass through a narrow gateway on a curve without collision—in a word, to meet and extend all the desirable conditions of modern trucking traffic at a profit to the operation, and remain a sound, dependable mechanical asset in an enlarged scheme of transportation, calls for a vehicle such as was never before designed.

Troy Trailers

have gone through all of this evolution of design and test, re-design and re-test—and then years of experiment in actual service,—and they have done this with wonderful performance.

Troy Trailers do not contain a single wagon part. They are built entirely of bronze and steel, with wood only in the wheels.

Compound draw-bar heads and couplings allow unimpeded motion in the connection between the truck and trailer.

These coupling features take not only the up and down and sideway fluctuations, but all the angles in between. The truck can be attached to either end of the trailer.

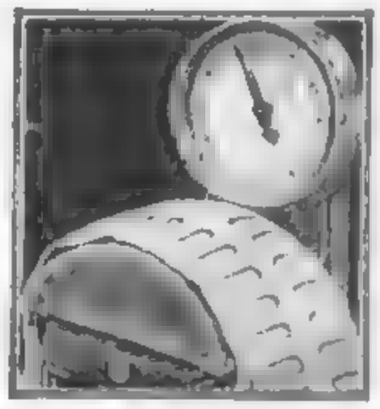
The "pull" is through the frame and springs, and not on the axles and wheels. In other words, the load itself starts to move before the wheels do. As much engineering skill is required in building Troy Trailers as it takes to build the best trucks.

Troy Trailers are made in from 1 to 5-ton capacity, and with any type of body desired.

The Troy Wagon Works Co., Troy, Ohio

Oldest and largest makers of Trailers, making possible highest grade construction at lowest cost

(Showing "Liberty" truck drawing two Troy Trailers at Chester Ship-Building Plant)



The Extra Test for Tread Proportion assures exactly the proper tread weight, in relation to the carcass of each tire. Thus perfect balance in each tire is obtained.

RACINE TIRES

COUNTRY ROAD & MULTI-MILE CORD

They're Extra Tested

There ***must*** be merit back of all the splendid things you hear about Racine tires—the Country Road; the Multi-Mile Cord. Everywhere, they're famed for ***extra*** service.

Extra Tested is the keynote of users' enthusiasm for Racine tires. Each extra test that marks each step in the construction of these tires, adds definitely to Racine tire quality.

For instance, the Extra Test for Tread Proportion gives absolute balance to each tire. The tread is never too heavy—never too light—for the body of the tire. Balance is of extreme importance to tire life.

Extra Care : Extra Wear

Racine tires are carefully Extra Tested every step of the way. This constant checking up on materials and workmanship, constitutes the ***extra care in the factory that gives you extra wear on the road.***

Racine Country Road tires—5000 mile guarantee—are specially designed for the hard service of continuous use on country highways.

Racine Multi-Mile Cord tires—represent the very peak of cord tire value.

It will pay you to know the dealer who sells these quality tires.

For Your Own Protection Be Certain Every Racine Tire You Buy Bears The Name

RACINE RUBBER COMPANY

Racine, Wis.

(Concluded from Page 66.)

"Tell Mrs. Ripley I am detained and cannot dine with her. Have my bag packed for a week's absence. . . . Telephone O'Reilly to be at Union Station at nine-thirty, ready for a week's absence."

"Thank you!" said Cam.

"Young man," said Ripley harshly, "if this deal doesn't materialize and you go bust—come to me for a job. Will you excuse me while I get out of these hard-boiled clothes?"

■

CAM had Ripley and O'Reilly driven directly to Camp One and accompanied them himself. Their arrival passed unnoticed in the early morning, and they passed through town without comment. Two hours before noon O'Reilly was on the job, and Ripley was doing a bit of independent cruising by himself.

Now to estimate the amount of timber on thirty-six thousand acres is no minute's task; but to men accustomed to the work and skilled in judging spruce it was no such colossal labor as it appears to the outsider. For five days Ripley and O'Reilly walked the woods. The fifth night they took possession of the scaler's shanty and compared notes. At midnight they called in Cam, who was waiting for them.

"We've seen the timber, and we've guessed it," said Ripley. "What's your proposition?"

"My proposition is to sell you the spruce, retaining the hardwood. On my estimates there is a minimum of seventy-two million of spruce. You may have it for five hundred and fifty thousand dollars—even. That's a bit more than seven dollars a thousand."

"Huh! . . . Young fellow, I'm cutting spruce now that cost me forty-five cents an acre."

"No doubt! What will you sell it for?"

"Cost another seven to log and haul."

"Which makes fourteen."

"Three and a half more to saw and handle."

"Seventeen and a half—say eighteen."

"Too much."

"If it was twenty-five dollars a thousand you could show a profit of fifteen dollars at present prices. My proposition to you is a gift of close to a profit of a million dollars and a half."

"Rubbish!"

Cam smiled.

"What figure have you in mind?"

"I'll make it four hundred and fifty thousand."

"Wouldn't let me out whole. Why, I have a mortgage for that amount on the timber!"

"Four-seventy-five."

"No!"

Ripley shrugged his shoulders and walked to the door.

"Waste of time!" he growled. "Good night!"

The door closed after him. Cam did not move. Presently the door opened again.

"Five hundred thousand," said Ripley.

"Done!" Cam answered.

Somehow he was conscious of no particular elation or relief. He had expected to pull it off. Faith in himself and his fortune had never allowed him to waver. Matters had merely come up to his expectations; and he turned in to sleep as he had not slept for months. No matter how optimistic one may be, he cannot control subconscious worries.

Next morning the trio drove in to the bank, where the papers of transfer were prepared and Ripley's check for half a million dollars turned over. It was not certified; but the bank accepted it, as any bank in America would have accepted Ripley's check for almost any amount one can imagine.

Glandil had been there, waiting. Cam called him into the directors' room, where the deal had been consummated, and handed the old man his check for four hundred and sixty-three thousand five hundred dollars.

"One moment," he said, "before you go. Please be seated. Are the other directors handy?"

They were, and quickly made their appearance.

"Gentlemen," said Cam, "I wish to make a financial statement. Upon your attitude depends my continued relations with this bank. My assets are as follows: Mill, machinery and site, one hundred and fourteen thousand dollars. Stock in warehouse, eleven thousand four hundred. Cash in bank, thirty-six thousand five hundred. Book accounts, $7654. Thirty-six thousand acres of hardwood, free and clear—four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Against this are debts of forty thousand dollars to this and the New Athens bank, and miscellaneous bills amounting to forty-one thousand dollars. Total assets, six hundred and nineteen thousand five hundred and fifty-four dollars. Total liabilities, eighty-one thousand dollars. Balance, net assets, five hundred and thirty-eight thousand five hundred and fifty-four dollars. Now then, Mr. Glandil has something to say to you I imagine. Mr. Glandil."

"Eh? What is it?"

"I imagined you might have a few words to say to these gentlemen regarding my solvency, and especially regarding my good faith in my dealings with you and this bank."

Glandil cleared his throat and wriggled; but Cam stared at him intently.

"Gentlemen," said Glandil, "it seems proper to say at this time that Mr. Rogers is perfectly solvent. I would like, also, to state my belief that he has acted uprightly and in good faith, both with me and this institution. Any hasty words of mine that might have seemed to indicate another belief I beg you to forget, as—er—ill-judged, though without malice. . . . And—er—I trust Mr. Rogers will continue as a patron of this bank. We shall—er—value his account."

"If you don't," said Ripley, "I know banks that will. I've seen some hustlers in my day, and I've seen deals hauled over; but I'll confess that this man Rogers is just one jump ahead of the procession. Rogers, we shall see more of each other—to both our advantages. Good afternoon!"

Cam left the bank a richer man than he had ever dreamed of being. It was strange; but he had a sole desire, and that desire was to confront Nolan, whom he had not seen for six days. He walked into the office and opened Nolan's door.

"There you are!" Nolan almost yelled. "To-day's interest day. Where you been? The whole world is down on our neck."

"Sorry to hear that. Anything to be done?"

"Not a thing. We're busted!"

"All but!" Cam said softly, and laid his papers under Nolan's eyes. "We're all busted except something over half a million. Gaze on those!"

Nolan gazed and Nolan gasped.

"It can't be done!" he said hoarsely. "It hain't possible!"

"Right!" said Cam. "It isn't possible—but it's so! Even a bookkeeper can't dodge an accomplished fact."

"There's a catch in it somewheres," insisted Nolan. "A man can't start with nothing, and go in debt for half a million, and show up in six months with the debt paid and half a million of velvet. It can't be done!"

"It's a dog-gone solid mirage," said Cam. "And listen to a secret: Keep your eye on me if you want to see a man who is going to be the thing they call a millionaire. I'm on my way; and I'm traveling fast."

Nolan sniffed.

RIKER

TRUCKS

BUILT BY

THE LOCOMOBILE CO.

OF AMERICA · *Bridgeport, Conn.*

"What's Your Proposition?"

asked Elery Mahaffey, of Pennsylvania, in response to an advertisement printed in *The Saturday Evening Post* some years ago.

Our reply looked good to Mahaffey, and he started work. Since then he has paid his way through college with Curtis profits. Our publications are so popular that he finds it easy to earn

$100.00 a week

In fact his earnings for a *single month* have totaled more than $600.00!

We will make you the same proposition. If you will look after local renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, we will pay you liberally in salary and commission. Write for details today to

The Curtis Publishing Company, 413 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

HOUSEKEEPERS who use *Sani-Flush* take comfort in knowing that their closet bowls are *always* clean and sanitary.

Sani-Flush does *this one thing*—and does it thoroughly and well.

It relieves the housekeeper of all the unpleasant old-fashioned methods of cleaning the closet bowl.

Sprinkle a little of this white, odorless powder into the bowl, follow directions, and flush. All *stains, odors* and *incrustations* disappear.

Sani-Flush is as great an advance over the old methods as electric lights are over candles.

Think of the worry *Sani-Flush* saves you. Think of the disagreeable work it eliminates.

And by thoroughly *cleaning* every part of the bowl *and trap, Sani-Flush* makes the use of disinfectants and dangerous acids unnecessary.

Most grocers and druggists have *Sani-Flush*. Order a can *today*. Price 25 cents.

Your dealer can supply you, or send us 25c and we will mail you a full sized can of Sani-Flush.

DEALERS

We have an interesting plan that will introduce and increase the sale of *Sani-Flush* to your individual customers without cost to you. Write us for details of this plan whether you sell *Sani-Flush* or not. It will pay you.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
711 Walnut Avenue
Canton, Ohio

Canadian Agents, HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd., Toronto

THE PORCH WREN

(Continued from Page 7)

he said no, thank you. So I come out here to look over my mail that had just come.

Ten minutes later I felt the presence of a human being, and looked up to see that Oswald, the oldest living boy scout, was dying on his feet in the doorway there. His face looked like he had been in jail three years. I thought he had seen a ghost or had a heart shock. He looked as if he was going to keel over. He had me scared. Finally he dragged himself over to the table here and says faintly:

"I believe I should like a severe drink of whisky!"

I didn't ask any questions. I saw it must be some private grief; so I got the whisky. It happened I had just one bottle in the house, and that was some perfectly terrible whisky that had been sent me by mistake. It was liquid barbed wire. Even a little drink of it would of been severe. Two drinks would make you climb a tree like a monkey. But the stricken Oswald seemed able to outfight it. He poured out half a tumblerful, drunk it neat and refused water. He strangled some, for he was only human after all. Then he sagged down on the couch and looked up at me with a feeble and pathetic grin and says:

"I'm afraid I've done something. I'm really afraid I have."

He had me in a fine state by this time. The only thing I could think of was that he had killed the Prof by accident. I waited for the horrible details, being too scared to ask questions.

"I'm afraid," he says, "that I've locked the keys of my new trunk inside of it. I'm afraid I really have! And what does one do in such a case?"

I nearly broke down then. I was in grave danger of fatal hysterics. I suffered from the reaction. I couldn't trust myself; so I got over to the door, where my face wouldn't show, and called to the Prof and Lydia. I now heard them out on the porch. Then I edged outside the door, where people wouldn't be quite so scared if I lost control of myself and yelled.

Then these two went in and listened to Oswald's solemn words. The Prof helped me out a lot. He yelled good. He yelled his head off; and under cover of his tumult I managed to get in a few whoops of my own, so that I could once more act something like a lady when I went in.

Lydia, the porch wren, was the only one to take Oswald's bereavement at all decent. The chit was sucking a stick of candy she had shoved down into a lemon. Having run out of town candy, one of the boys had fetched her some of the old-fashioned stick kind, with pink stripes; she would ram one of these down to the bottom of a lemon and suck up the juice through the candy. She looked entirely useless while she was doing this, and yet she was the only one to show any human sympathy.

She asked the stricken man how it happened, and he told the whole horrible story—how he always kept the keys hanging on this little brass hook inside the trunk so he would know where they was, and how he had shut the trunk in a hurry to get it out of the way of the table legs, and the spring lock had snapped. And what did one do now—if anything?

"Why, it's perfectly simple! You open it some other way," says Lydia.

"Ah, but how?" says Oswald. "Those trunks are superbly built. How can one?"

"Oh, it must be easy," says Lydia, still clinging to her candy sour. "I'll open it for you to-morrow if you will remind me."

"Remind you?" says Oswald in low tragic tones. You could see he was never going to think of anything else the rest of his life.

By this time the Prof and I had controlled our heartless merriment; so we all traipsed in to the scene of this here calamity and looked at the shut trunk. It was shut good; no doubt about that. There was also no doubt about the keys being inside.

"You can hear them rattle!" says the awed Oswald, teetering the trunk on one corner. So each one of us took a turn and teetered the trunk back and forth and heard the imprisoned keys jingle against the side where they was hung.

"But what's to be done?" says Oswald. "Of course something must be done." That seemed to be about where Oswald got off.

"Why, simply open it some other way," says Lydia, which seemed to be about where she got off too.

"But how?" moans the despairing man. And she again says:

"Oh, it must be too simple!"

At that she was sounding the only note of hope Oswald could hear; and right then I believe he looked at her fair and square for the first time in his life. He was finding a woman his only comforter in his darkest hour.

The Prof took it lightly indeed. He teetered the trunk jauntily and says:

"Your device was admirable; you will always know where those keys are." Then he teetered it again and says, like he was lecturing on a platform: "This is an ideal problem for the metaphysical mind. Here, veritably, is life itself. We pick it up, we shake it, and we hear the tantalizing key to existence rattle plainly just inside. We know the key to be there; we hear it in every manifestation of life. Our problem is to think it out. It is simple, as my child has again and again pointed out. Sit there before your trunk and think effectively, with precision. You will then think the key out. I would take it in hand myself, but I have had a hard day."

Then Lydia releases her candy long enough to say how about finding some other trunk keys that will unlock it. Oswald is both hurt and made hopeful by this. He don't like to think his beautiful trunk could respond to any but its rightful key; it would seem kind of a slur against its integrity. Still, he says it may be tried. Lydia says try it, of course; and if no other key unlocks it she will pick the lock with a hairpin. Oswald is again bruised by this suggestion; but he bears up like a man. And so we dig up all the trunk keys and other small keys we can find and try to fool that trunk. And nothing doing!

"I was confident of it," says Oswald; he's really disappointed, yet proud as Punch because his trunk refuses coldly to recognize these strange keys.

Then Lydia brings a bunch of hairpins and starts to be a burglar. She says in clear tones that it is perfectly simple; and she keeps on saying exactly this after she's bent the whole pack out of shape and not won a trick. Yet she cheered Oswald a lot, in spite of her failures. She never for one instant give in that it wasn't simple to open a trunk without the key.

But it was getting pretty late for one night, so Oswald and Lydia knocked off and set out on the porch a while. Oswald seemed to be awakening to her true woman's character, which comes out clad in glory at times when things happen. She told him she would sure have that trunk opened to-morrow with some more hairpins—or something.

But in the morning she rushed to Oswald and said they would have the blacksmith up to open it. He would be sure to open it in one minute with a few tools; and how stupid of her not to of thought of it before! I liked that way she left Oswald out of any brain work that had to be done. So they sent out to Abner to do the job, telling him what was wanted.

Abner is a simple soul. He come over with a hammer and a cold chisel to cut the lock off. He said there wasn't any other way. Oswald listened with horror to this cold-blooded plan of murder and sent Abner sternly away. Lydia was indignant, too, at the painful suggestion. She said Abner was a shocking old bounder.

Then Oswald had to go out to his field work; but his heart couldn't of been in it that day. I'll bet he could of found the carcass of a petrified zebra with seven legs and not been elated by it. He had only the sweet encouragement of Lydia to brace him. He was depending pathetically on that young woman.

He got back that night to find that Lydia had used up another pack of hairpins and a number of the tools from my sewing machine. All had been black failure, but she still said it was perfectly simple. She never lost the note of hope out of her voice. Oswald was distressed, but he had to regard her more and more like an object of human interest.

She now said it was a simple matter of more keys. So the next day I sent one of the boys down to Red Gap; and he rode a good horse to its finish and come back with about five dozen nice little trunk keys with sawed edges. They looked cheerful and adequate, and we spent a long jolly evening

(Continued on Page 73)

Williams' Shaving Powder

Sift the powder from the hinged-top can

JUST being a powder doesn't get a shaving soap anywhere. It isn't the form that wins against a stubborn beard or soothes the much-scraped skin. It's the quality of the soap.

That is where experience in shaving soap making comes in. Williams' Shaving Soap is a powder, or a stick, or a cream, or a liquid, as you choose, but what brings men back for more of the form they like is the lather—the abundant, softening, lasting lather—that made Williams' Shaving Soap famous long before powder was thought of.

Williams' Shaving Powder in its hinged-top, sifting can, gives you a flying start on the shave. But it's the creamy, moist, thorough-going lather that carries you through a comfortable and economical shave and leaves you wonderfully refreshed at the finish.

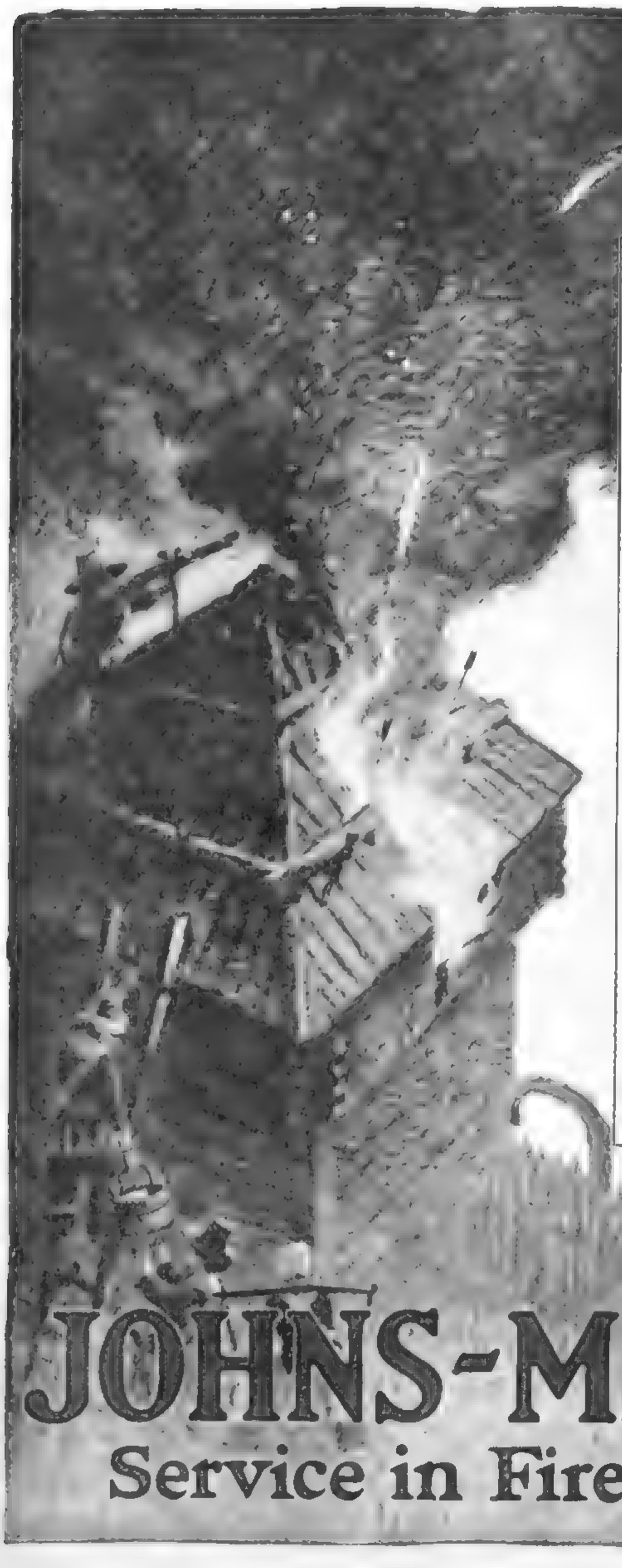
Liquid

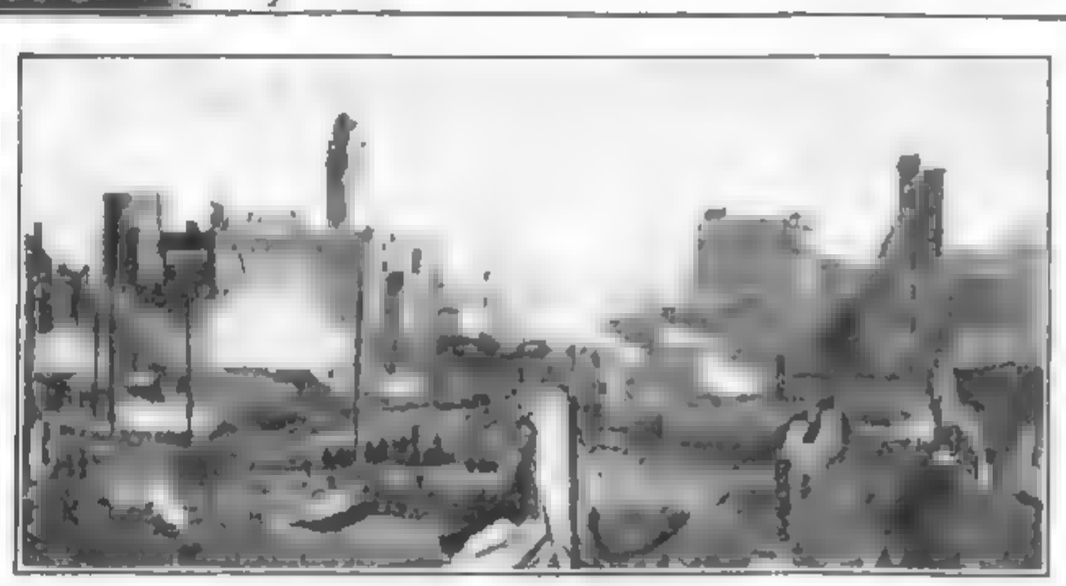
Send 2c in stamps each for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one.

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A. Glastonbury, Conn.

Add an extra luxury to your shave by using Williams' Aqua Velva.

Williams' Shaving Soap needs no military training
It is ready for service anywhere
—the same efficient service it gives at home





The lesson the Indian taught the Settler has had to be learned again

WHEN the Indian went out to destroy a settlement he had one sure master-stroke—fire. His weapon was a flaming arrow. His target an inflammable roof.

Substitute a modern, thriving city in place of the small settlement and instead of the Indian's arrow a wind-driven firebrand. This is the flint and tinder for our modern town-wide conflagrations.

The world is just awakening to the danger of the inflammable roof. It is dawning on our national consciousness that roofs of wood, paper, tar and canvas are fuel for flames.

As the Indian arrow taught the settler the danger of a roof-communicated fire, so have modern conflagrations made us see that community safety is a matter of fire-proofing the individual roof. Johns-Manville Asbestos is the ideal fire-proofing material, because it can be felted into flexible rolls, pressed into hard, unyielding shingles and forged over corrugated metal for heavy duty industrial uses.

When you realize that your property's safety from communicated fire depends on its roof, when you realize that your building is at the mercy of every inflammable roof in your town, then Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing will dawn on you in a new light. Not as a roofing that you would like to have some day, but as a safeguard you should invest in now—before it is too late.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings: Asbestos Built-Up Roofing; Asbestos Ready Roofing; Corrugated Asbestos Roofing; Colorblende Shingles; Transite Asbestos Shingles.

H. W. Johns-Manville Co., New York City. 10 Factories—Branches in 61 Large Cities

JOHNS MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Service in Fire Prevention

(Continued from Page 70)

trying 'em out. Not a one come anywhere near getting results.

Oswald's trunk was still haughty, in spite of all these overtures. Oswald was again puffed up with pride, it having been shown that his trunk was no common trunk. He said right out that probably the only two keys in all the world that would open that lock was the two hanging inside. He never passed the trunk without rocking it to hear their sad tinkle.

Lydia again said, nonsense! It was perfectly simple to open a trunk without the right key. Oswald didn't believe her, and yet he couldn't help taking comfort from her. I guess that was this girl's particular genius—not giving up when everyone else could see that she was talking half-witted. Anyway, she was as certain as ever, and I guess Oswald believed her in spite of himself. His ponderous scientific brain told him one thing in plain terms, and yet he was leaning on the words of a chit that wouldn't know a carboniferous vertebra from an Upper Silurian gerumpsus.

The keys had gone back, hairpins was proved to be no good, and scientific analysis had fell down flat. There was the trunk and there was the keys inside; and Oswald was taking on a year in age every day of his life. He was pretty soon going to be as old as the world if something didn't happen. He'd got so that every time he rocked the trunk to hear the keys rattle he'd shake his head like the doctor shakes it at a moving-picture deathbed to show that all is over. He was in a pitch-black cavern miles underground, with one tiny candle beam from a possible rescuer faintly showing from afar, which was the childish certainty of this oldest living débutante that it was perfectly simple for a woman to do something impossible. She was just blue-eyed confidence.

After the men left one morning on their hunt for long defunct wood ticks and such, Lydia confided to me that she was really going to open that trunk. She was going to put her mind on it. She hadn't done this yet, it seemed, but to-day she would.

"The poor boy has been rudely jarred in his academic serenity," says she. "He can't bear up much longer; he has rats in his wainscoting right now. It makes me perfectly furious to see a man so helpless without a woman. To-day I'll open his silly old trunk for him."

"It will be the best day's work you ever done," I says, and she nearly blushed.

"I'm not thinking of that," she says.

The little liar! As if she hadn't seen as well as I had how Oswald was regarding her with new eyes. So I wished her good luck and started out myself, having some field-work of my own to do that day in measuring a lot of haystacks down at the lower end of the ranch.

She said there would be no luck in it—nothing but cool determination and a woman's intuition. I let it go at that and went off to see that I didn't get none of the worst of it when this new hay was measured. I had a busy day, forgetting all scientific problems and the uphill fight our sex sometimes has in bringing a man to his just mating sense.

I got back about five that night. Here was Miss Lydia, cool and negligent on the porch, like she'd never had a care in the world; fresh dressed in something white and blue, with her niftiest hammock stockings, and tinkling the ukulele in a bored and petulant manner.

"Did you open it?" I says as I went in.

"Open it?" she says, kind of blank. "Oh, you mean that silly old trunk! Yes, I believe I did. At least I think I did."

It was good stage acting; an audience would of thought she had forgotten. So I took it as calm as she did and went in to change.

By the time I got out the men was just coming in, the Prof being enthusiastic about some clamshells of the year six million B.C. and Oswald bearing his great sorrow with an effort to do it bravely.

Lydia nodded distantly and then ignored the men in a pointed way, breaking out into rapid chatter to me about the lack of society up here—didn't I weary of the solitude, never meeting people of the right sort? It was a new line with her and done for effect, but I couldn't see what effect.

Supper was ready and we hurried in to it; so I guess Oswald must of forgot for one time to shake his trunk and listen to the pretty little keys. And all through the meal Lydia confined her attentions entirely to me. She ignored Oswald mostly, but if she did notice him she patronized him. She was painfully superior to him, and severe and short, like he was a little boy that had been let to come to the table with the grown-ups for this once. She rattled along to me about the club dances at home, and how they was going to have better music this year, and how the assembly hall had been done over in a perfectly dandy color scheme by the committee she was on, and a lot of girlish babble that took up much room but weighed little.

Oswald would give her side looks of dumb appeal from time to time, for she had not once referred to anything so common as a trunk. He must of felt that her moral support had been withdrawn and he was left to face the dread future alone. He probably figured that she'd had to give up about the trunk and was diverting attention from her surrender. He hardly spoke a word and disappeared with a look of yearning when we left the table. The rest of us went out on the porch. Lydia was teasing the ukulele when Oswald appeared a few minutes later, with great excitement showing in his worn face.

"I can hear the keys no longer," says he; "not a sound of them! Mustn't they have fallen from the hook?"

Lydia went on stripping little chords from the strings while she answered him in lofty accents.

"Keys?" she says. "What keys? What is the man talking of? Oh, you mean that silly old trunk! Are you really still maundering about that? Of course the keys aren't there! I took them out when I opened it to-day. I thought you wanted them taken out. Wasn't that what you wanted the trunk open for—to get the keys? Have I done something stupid? Of course I can put them back and shut it again if you only want to listen to them."

Oswald had been glaring at her with his mouth open like an Upper Triassic catfish. He tried to speak, but couldn't move his face, which seemed to be frozen. Lydia goes on dealing off little tinkles of string music in a tired, bored way and turns confidentially to me to say she supposes there is really almost no society up here in the true sense of the word.

"You opened that trunk?" says Oswald at last in tones like a tragedian at his big scene.

Lydia turned to him quite prettily impatient, as if he was something she'd have to brush off in a minute.

"Dear, dear!" she says. "Of course I opened it. I told you again and again it was perfectly simple. I don't see why you made so much fuss about it."

Oswald turned and galloped off to his room with a glad shout. That showed the male of him, didn't it?—not staying for words of gratitude to his savior, but beating it straight to the trunk.

Lydia got up and swaggered after him. She had been swaggering all the evening. She acted like a duchess at a slumming party. The Prof and I followed her.

Oswald was teetering the trunk in the old familiar way, with one ear fastened to its shiny side.

"It's true! It's true!" he says in hushed tones. "The keys are gone."

"Naughty, naughty!" says Lydia. "Haven't I told you I took them out?"

Oswald went over and set limply down on his bed, while we stood in the doorway.

"How did you ever do it?" says he with shining eyes.

"It was perfectly simple," says Lydia. "I simply opened it—that's all!"

"I have always suspected that the great secret of life would be almost too simple when once solved," says the Prof.

"It only needed a bit of thought," says the chit.

Then Oswald must of had a sudden pang of fear. He flew over and examined the lock and all the front surface of his treasure. He was looking for signs of rough work, thinking she might of broken into it in some coarse manner. But not a scratch could he find. He looked up at Lydia out of eyes moist with gratitude.

"You wonderful, wonderful woman!" says he, and anyone could know he meant it from the heart out.

Lydia was still superior and languid, and covered up a slight yawn. She said she was glad if any little thing she could do had made life pleasanter for him. This has been such a perfectly simple thing—very, very far from wonderful.

Oswald now begun to caper round the room like an Airedale pup, and says let's have the keys and open the trunk up, so he can believe his own eyes.

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Then Lydia trifled once more with a human soul. She froze in deep thought a long minute, then says:

"Oh, dear! Now what did I do with those wretched old keys?"

Oswald froze, too, with a new agony. Lydia put a hand to her pale forehead and seemed to try to remember. There was an awful silence. Oswald was dashed over the cliff again.

"Can't you think?" says the wounded man. "Can't you remember? Try! Try!"

"Now let me see," says Lydia. "I know I had them out in the living room ——"

"Why did you ever take them out there?" demands Oswald in great terror; but the heroine pays no attention whatever to this.

"—— and later, I think—I think—I must have carried them into my room. Oh, yes; now I remember I did. And then I emptied my wastebasket into the kitchen stove. Now I wonder if they could have been in with that rubbish I burned! Let me think!" And she thought again deeply.

Oswald give a hollow groan, like some of the very finest chords in his being had been tore asunder. He sunk limp on the bed again.

"Wouldn't it be awkward if they were in that rubbish?" says Lydia. "Do you suppose that fire would destroy the silly things? Let me think again."

The fiend kept this up for three minutes more. It must of seemed longer to Oswald than it takes for a chinch bug to become a carboniferous Jurassic. She was committing sabotage on him in the cruelest way. Then, after watching his death agony with cold eyes and pretending to wonder like a rattled angel, she brightens up and says:

"Oh, goody! Now I remember everything. I placed them right here." And she picked the keys off the table, where they had been hid under some specimens of the dead and gone.

Oswald give one athletic leap and had the precious things out of her feeble grasp in half a second. His fingers trembled horrible, but he had a key in the lock and turned it and threw the sides of the grand old monument wide open. He just hung there a minute in ecstasy, fondling the keys and getting his nerve back. Then he turns again on Lydia the look of a proud man who is ready to surrender his whole future life to her keeping.

Lydia had now become more superior than ever. She swaggered round the room, and when she didn't swagger she strutted. And she says to Oswald:

"I'm going to make one little suggestion, because you seem so utterly helpless: You must get a nice doormat to lay directly in front of your trunk, and you must always keep the key under this mat. Lock the trunk and hide the key there. It's what people always do, and it will be quite safe, because no one would ever think of looking under a doormat for a key. Now isn't that a perfectly darling plan?"

Oswald had looked serious and attentive when she begun this talk, but he finally got suspicious that she was making some silly kind of a joke. He grinned at her very foolish and again says "You wonderful woman!" It was a caressing tone—if you know what I mean.

Lydia says "Oh, dear, won't he ever stop his silly chatter about his stupid old trunk?" It seems to her that nothing but trunk has been talked of in this house for untold ages. She's tired to death of the very word. Then she links her arm in mine in a sweet girlish fashion and leads me outside, where she becomes a mere twittering porch wren once more.

Oswald followed, you can bet. And every five minutes he'd ask her how did she ever—really now—open the trunk. But whenever he'd ask she would put the loud pedal on the ukulele and burst into some beachy song about You and I Together in the Moonlight, Love. Even the Prof got curious and demanded how she had done what real brains had failed to pull off—and got the same noisy answer. Later he said he had been wrong to ask. He said the answer would prove to be too brutally simple, and he always wanted to keep it in his thought life as a mystery. It looked like he'd have to. I was dying to know myself, but had sense enough not to ask.

The girl hardly spoke to Oswald again that night, merely giving him these cold showers of superiority when he would thrust himself on her notice. And she kept me out there with her till bedtime, not giving the happy trunk owner a chance at her alone. That girl had certainly learned a few things beyond fudge and cheese straws in her time. She knew when she had the game won.

Sure, it was all over with Oswald. He had only one more night when he could call himself a free man; he tried hard enough not to have even that. He looked like he wanted to put a fence round the girl, elk-high and bull-tight. Of course it's possible he was landed by the earnest wish to find out how she had opened his trunk; but she never will tell him that. She discussed it calmly with me after all was over. She said poor Oswald had been the victim of scientific curiosity, but really it was time for her to settle down.

We was in her room at the time and she was looking at the tiny lines round her eyes when she said it. She said, further, that she was about to plan her going-away gown. I asked what it would be, and she said she hadn't decided yet, but it would be something youth-giving. Pretty game, that was! And now Oswald has someone to guard his trunk keys for him—to say nothing of this here new specimen of organic fauna.

Then I talked. I said I was unable to reach the lofty altitude of the Prof when even a fair mystery was concerned. I was more like Oswald with his childish curiosity. How, then, did the young woman open the trunk? Of course I could guess the answer. She had found she could really do it with a hairpin, and had held off for effect. Still, I wanted to be told.

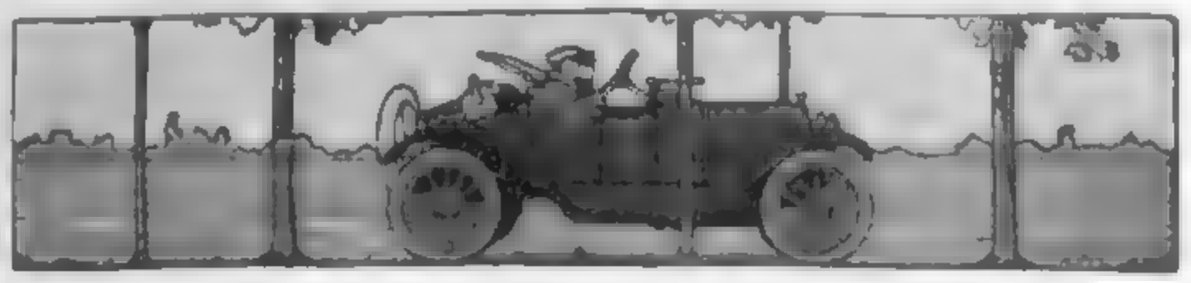
"Nothing easy like that," said Ma Pettengill. "She'd been honest with the hairpins. She didn't tell me till the day before they were leaving. 'It was a perfectly simple problem, requiring only a bit of thought,' she says. 'It was the simple thing people do when they find their front door locked. They go round to the back of the house and pry up a kitchen window or something.' She pledged me to secrecy, but I guess you won't let it go any farther.

"Anyway, this is what she done: It was a time for brutal measures, so she'd had Abner wheel that trunk over to the blacksmith shop and take the hinges off. Abner just loves to do any work he don't have to do, and he had entered cordially into the spirit of this adventure. It used up his whole day, for which he was drawing three dollars from me. He took off one side of four pair of hinges, opened the trunk at the back far enough to reach in for the keys, unlocked it and fastened the hinges back on again.

"It was some job. These hinges was riveted on and didn't come loose easy. The rear of that trunk must of been one sad mutilation. It probably won't ever again be the trunk it once was. Abner had to hustle to get through in one day. I wish I could get the old hound to work for me that way. They'd just got the trunk back when I rode in that night. It was nervy, all right! I asked her if she wasn't afraid he would see the many traces of this rough work she had done.

"'Not a chance on earth!' says Lydia. 'I knew he would never look at any place but the front. He has the mind of a true scientist. It wouldn't occur to him in a million years that there is any other way but the front way to get into a trunk. I painted over the rivets and the bruises as well as I could, but I'm sure he will never look there. He may notice it by accident in the years to come, but the poor chap will then have other worries, I hope.'

"Such was the chit. I don't know. Mebbe woman has her place in the great world after all. Anyway, she'll be a help to Oswald. Whatever he ain't she is."



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VENUS IN THE EAST

(Continued from Page 19)

the shelves of the dark-browed room they entered. From nicely spaced recesses the forms of fading Colonial gentlemen stared restfully out of their frames.

"Your ancestors?" asked Buddy, impressed by the pictures.

"They are now," declared Blint, twisting his little gray mustache in a whimsical smile. "Julia bought 'em from the decorator who did the place for us. He can supply any sex or period in ten days. Genuine fakes."

He slid a humidor across a carved table and they settled themselves into deep cushions.

"So you want to be introduced to Mrs. Dyvenot," said Blint at last, quizzically regarding the Westerner.

"Well, I'd like to know her," Buddy floundered. "And I thought that as long as you knew all about me you wouldn't mind fixing it up."

"I'd be glad to, my dear chap. But I've never met her."

"Never met her!" After his first astonishment Buddy recalled his Sunday supplement and quoted glibly: "Why, I thought she was a real society leader—that she went everywhere."

"She does—but I don't."

Blint's shaggy eyebrows came down over little gray eyes, wise and humorous as an elephant's.

"McNair, you haven't been long on this seaboard and you might not take it as an impertinence if I try to tell you something: Society in New York is divided, like cocktails, into two general classes—Bronx and Manhattan, with a thousand varieties of each. Of course Manhattan cocktails are rather out of style, but Manhattan society is the whole thing, if you care about that kind of thing. If you come to New York and choose Bronx—by that I mean the upper West Side, from here to the Zoölogical Gardens—you're welcome at once and as good as in. You won't find us any more vulgar or foolish, taking us as we come, than the Manhattan set, and we spend almost as much money. We're the brains of New York in this section—engineers, able business men, lawyers, surgeons.

"But we're not society; not the kind of society that the servant girls read about in Gossips' Weekly, which they lend to their mistresses to enjoy on the sly. There's an invisible barrier running right through the center of Central Park, separating the East Side from the West, and you can't shoot through it with a twelve-inch gun. 'East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet'—unless the East can't help it." Blint chuckled.

"There's no municipal law against moving if you feel like it, is there?" Buddy went to the bottom of the question just as he had on the day he contemplated wasted gold among the tailings of Axe Creek Gulch.

"None whatever," complied Mr. Blint, chewing an expensive cigar. "And a lot of good it does! They're building apartment houses along Park Avenue to give the eternal Bronx the illusion of Manhattan. You can live there and rot in lonesomeness as far as the social register is concerned. But the two kinds of cocktail don't mix, believe me! No, McNair, you'll find us here in a row on Riverside Drive, living and spending like mad, all in a circle. The women keep up the society delusion, of course; and the men, if they amount to much, don't care. Occasionally a child is born among us, like a two-headed colt, with a freakish talent that will make an alliance across the park."

"I sort of thought money counted here, the way it does everywhere else," Buddy naïvely commented.

"If you've got enough and are not entirely impossible money can break you through, just by its dead weight. But a millionaire is no celebrity in New York; there are three of them completely lost in this very apartment house. Old Senator Scrappel, who is one of the richest men in the world, built himself a nearly Buckingham Palace on Fifth Avenue. His wife gives house parties to girlhood friends from Buffalo. That's as near as Scrappel has gotten to the outside edge of the inner circle. He's a Bronx and always will be. And some of the greatest names that are printed belong to people who live in two or three lovely shabby old rooms on a good street. They were born Manhattan. Selah!

"I don't know what I've been drinking that's set me off this way," grinned Mr. Blint under his trim mustache. "Julia would murder me if she knew I was jabbing the bubbles. All the women, you know, except the ones who work and get their ideas straight, have got a sort of restless delusion about these things. Look at the way they allow that smart little grafter, Middleton Knox, to abuse and bulldoze them. Why? Because he's a poor relation, twelve times removed—by force—from some of the social high lights. He has little money and less manners; he's a prize prig and a cheap snob; but they're struggling round him in droves fighting for the privilege of touching a hem of his garment."

Mr. Blint dropped the butt of his cigar into a tray and smiled. "Of course," he went on with surprising candor, "if I had taken the pains to explain to my daughter who you are and what you represent she might have given you a pleasanter time. It isn't her fault entirely ——"

"It certainly isn't!" acknowledged Buddy magnanimously. "She was mighty good to let me stick in the party at all, the way I'm rigged out."

"Clothes are a small matter," said Blint. "A good valet can arrange all that for you in a day or two. And I hope you'll forgive my frankness. You belong in a way to my business family here, and I want to save you from some notions that have embittered a lot of men I know about."

"You think I'd better stick to Bronx?"

"If you don't you'll come to it," Blint pronounced the sentence.

Buddy McNair didn't answer. This hopeless point of view saddened him. How was he to meet Mrs. Dyvenot? And with men like Buddy—poets who sing in cattle, in cyanide or iambic pentameter—the more purely romantic a project the more painful its relinquishment.

"Well, I must be going."

"So early? You'll be saying good night to Mrs. Blint, won't you?"

Buddy had thought of that but hadn't known just how to go at it.

▼

DOWNSTAIRS the black demon of the threshold accepted Buddy's fifty cents and called a taxicab for him. All the way back to the Merlinbilt he was in a dazed state of unrest and humiliation. He was perfectly aware of how ridiculous a figure he had cut quaking in his blue suit amid the Blint gold, silver and gilt. The worm-crushing look which that man Knox had given him upon his inquiry about Mrs. Dyvenot still rankled; the insinuation that there is in the world a human being whom you are not fit to know is not pleasant to anybody who still entertains one red corpuscle. The memory of Miss Doris Blint was like a bad taste in the mouth; but it was the kindly candid, philosophical speech of old Pontius Blint that most troubled Buddy's spirit.

The Blints had been born in New York. They had had money a long time—for several generations, possibly. And yet their women were aping and strutting, their every thought as false as their complexions, with but one idea in all the world—to become the intimates of people with whom they had no apparent common interest, who evidently had no desire to know them. It made him ashamed to think that he had quit the clean air of home and come to this mad babel for the same ignoble purpose. He had been in town, as he expressed it, about fifteen minutes, and had already discovered the sham of his quest. What right had he to suppose that the most beautiful woman in the world, sought by princes of blood and finance, would find interest in him? It made him sick.

Yet behind his tired consciousness sat his idealism unshaken. Blint had hinted at the loftiness of that tribe east of the Park—Venus lay again in that quarter of the heavens. Because the Blint women were shoddy imitations argued not that the real thing would prove unworthy. Blint had said that it couldn't be done. . . . Well, the wise old Doc Naylor had made similar prophecies as to Supercyanide; that heavy cynic had stuck to it that Buddy's specialty was the scientifically impossible. Yet Buddy had solved the problem by breaking all the rules; and there across the Park lay another riddle, forever intriguing his curious, naïve, idealistic mind. He had the money to

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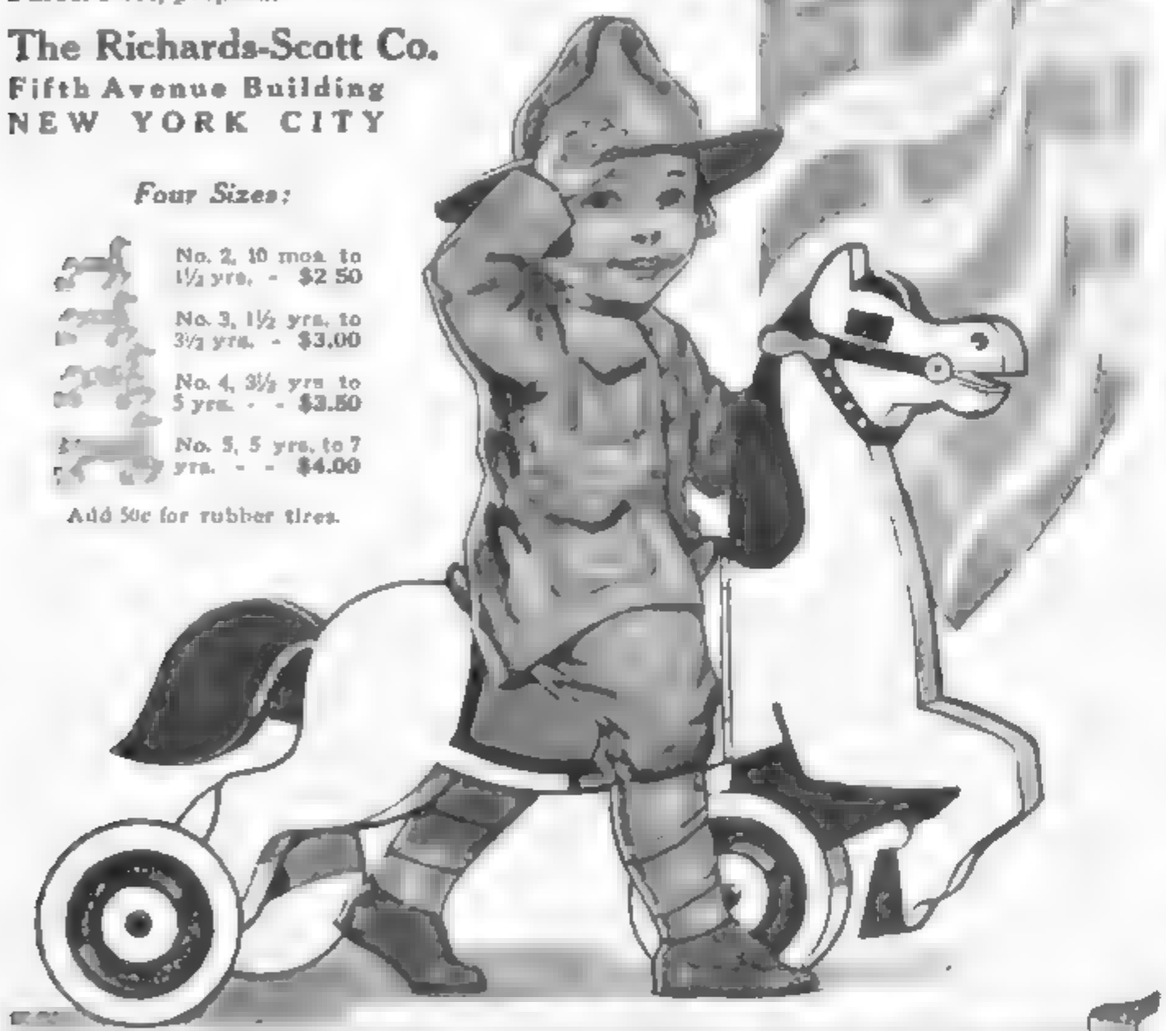

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spend for what he wanted, and he was determined to accept no substitutes.

As his taxicab jolted him round corners and crosstown to the Merlinbilt Buddy's persistency brought him back to his original intention. He was going to meet Mrs. Dyvenot and see for himself. If Blint found it ridiculously impossible to introduce him, Buddy knew who couldn't refuse the favor without violating a gentlemen's agreement—Terry Overbeek.

Next morning as he sat in his long flannel nightshirt on the edge of his bed he was practicing dinner etiquette against another opportunity. With a comb in his right hand, a brush in his left, he rapidly gained skill by lifting a cake of soap off the bed at his left, raising it to the level of his shoulder and placing it carefully on the little stand before him. "How do you do, Mrs. Sweeny?" he would say with a stunning smile as he clamped the comb and brush upon the soap and lifted it from its imaginary platter to a phantom plate. It was a great deal like handling chop sticks, he inferred; and what a Chinaman could do he could do.

Buddy was just reaching out for another pantomimic morsel—in fact, he had gotten the soap so securely tonged this time that the glory of achievement sat upon his smile as he raised the trophy aloft—when three sharp knocks upon the door caused him to release his hold. The soap bounded eagerly away across the carpet.

"Come in!" roared the man from Axe Creek.

A perfect gentleman, tall and thin, clad with a severity that was almost ecclesiastical, stole in and softly closed the door.

"I'm the 'ouse valet, sir," intimated the caller in a beautifully servile accent.

"Ghost of Great Henry!" prayed Buddy McNair.

The man was undoubtedly an Englishman. This was too good to be true.

"Yes, sir. I was informed that you wished me to care for your clothes."

"I haven't got any clothes," announced Buddy quite cheerfully.

The valet held his lifeless brown eyes upon the remarkable nightshirt and put into his glance that which implied that it was customary for guests to arrive at the Merlinbilt draped as the angels are.

"And I want some."

"Very good, sir."

Buddy picked a wisp of paper money from a pile on the table. The valet bowed it into his pocket.

"My name's McNair. What's yours?"

"Jascomb, sir."

"Well, look here, Jass—you're a regular Englishman, aren't you?"

"Oh yes, sir. Quite regular, so to speak."

Buddy had studied English valetry in our current fiction and had seen one or two exponents in vaudeville sketches that had penetrated as far west as Axe Creek. The article was apparently genuine.

"I want the best there is," he announced. "Have you got anything to prove that you're a genuine English valet?"

For the first time the perfect gentleman showed a sign of human weakness. He flushed slightly.

"I was employed by the second Lord Hamwex for seven years. I make no doubt there are papers to prove my birth."

"I'll take your word for it, Jass. Now look here—do you know the difference between Bronx and Manhattan?"

"I have been in the States but a short time, sir. If you wish me to notify the bar ——"

"I am speaking of clothes."

"Quite so, sir."

"I want the best there is"—Buddy repeated his favorite maxim—"and that's why I'm calling the doctor. I need a tailor—maybe two or three of them. Are Strutt & Stoll any good?"

"I make no doubt that they are—good, sir."

"That means that they're rotten. Now who's the best tailor there is?"

"There's Poole, of London, sir, and ——"

"Yes, and there's Sing Fat, of Shanghai. What I'm interested in is New York clothes."

"Might I suggest Chesterfield & Chesterfield, sir? Quite our smartest young gentlemen favor them."

"Where does Terry Overbeek get his?" This was an inspiration.

"Chesterfield & Chesterfield do his evening clothes, his morning coats and 'unting pinks. For lounge costumes, I think, sir, he goes to Hilaire. Theophile Zim designs his liveries, Porkington his outing costumes ——"

"By Henry!" Buddy crossed sturdy bare legs under his flannel robe. "Jass, you're just the man I want."

Again he heard himself very properly thanked. He sat a while in contemplation of his bare toes. Anybody who isn't amused by his own bare toes has either no sense of form or no sense of humor.

"I could skimp along a while without any hunting pinks," he confided at last. "What I need is a coat and a pair of pants that fit me, and a dress suit. Do you think that Chesterfield & Chesterfield could fix me up by to-morrow afternoon?"

"That would be quite impossible, sir."

Jascomb showed emotion. Indeed he might, for Buddy's air was downcast and forlorn. He contemplated a fashionable call in the near future, and he had utterly lost faith in Abe Zinz's latest-style costume, which now lay, a shapeless wad, in an adjacent chair.

"If you wouldn't mind my saying so, sir," suggested Jascomb in his soothing tone, "couldn't you make a ready-to-wear suit do you until the others are finished?"

"I've got one!" sighed Buddy, never looking up.

"You would be surprised, sir, if you knew how many of our young gentlemen are wearing them."

"Do you know Middleton Knox?" asked Buddy, shooting quite at random.

"Mr. Knox lunches here often, sir."

"Well, where does he get his clothes?"

"I have often heard, sir, that he buys them ready-to-wear at Claymoor & Co's."

"Lead me forth!" commanded Buddy.

"I beg pardon, sir?" inquired the perfect valet, nervously regarding the one-piece shroud.

"Look here, Jass—what would the proprietor say if I hired you for the morning to go round with me and steer me straight?"

"I make no doubt, sir, that it could be arranged."

"I've got more money than sense, Jass. And the services of an English vallay would do me more good than a college education. You needn't be afraid of your job. If the management fires you I'll take you on by the year at your own price."

"Thank you, sir."

Jascomb was bowing himself out with a promise of returning at eleven o'clock, when Buddy intercepted his flight with another question.

"Jass."

"Yes, Mr. McNair?"

"What do ladies do to their eyebrows that makes them loop up like fishhooks?"

"They shave them, sir," announced Jascomb, and closed the door upon the disturbing information.

The Empire clock over the mantel had scarce begun to strike eleven and Buddy had barely lifted the first strap of his Axe Creek suspenders when Jascomb reappeared, this time in the mournful garments proper to the street-going valet.

"If I might say so," softly insinuated the helpful one, "you have a neatly turned figure—much like that of Mr. Middleton Knox."

"You've got me at a disadvantage," growled Buddy, nervously easing himself into the armholes which his temporary retainer held for him. So set was he in his purpose that he even submitted to having his coat tails pulled down under his coat, an attention whose personal nature had never appealed to him.

At a corner of Madison Avenue he was led into a department store, which apparently was patronized exclusively by the sporting nobility. From a floorful of exotic neckwear and hosiery, where showers of delicately hued silken trifles were carefully hand-picked by his adviser, he was elevated to a templed vault, where rows of fashionable outer garments lay sanctimoniously folded on long tables over which solemn diplomats presided. There he learned that a morning coat was for afternoon wear, that a lounge suit didn't imply pyjamas, that it wasn't always correct to wear a dinner jacket when one was dining. There he found himself parading in neatly fitting costumes, a slave to vanity. Jascomb, who proved himself a hard boss, waved aside vigorous pin-check patterns and Mactavish plaids in favor of a slate-blue effect which reminded Buddy unpleasantly of the poker player on the D. & R. G.

The morning coat, after all, turned out to be nothing more radical than the old-fashioned cutaway, rather becomingly

(Continued on Page 81)

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Bone-Dry Until I Give it Life

Every Willard Battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation is made, shipped and stored bone-dry. It will keep in that condition indefinitely without deterioration.

Bone-dry shipment became possible only through the perfection of Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation, which accomplished results that had for years been the dream of farseeing electrical engineers.

For your own benefit you ought to learn more about this latest Willard improvement in battery quality. The battery costs a little more, but the assurance of dependable starting and lighting and long battery life more than offsets the slightly higher price.

Stop in at the nearest Willard Service Station and ask for particulars about Threaded Rubber Insulation. Meantime, write Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, for their interesting free booklet, "The Story of 196,000 Little Threads."

Not a drop of acid touches a Willard Battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation until it is filled and charged at the Willard Service Station for your car.

Turns a Ford Into a Truck In 60 Seconds

The Heath DUPLEX makes it possible for the Ford owner to change his Ford from a passenger car to a truck, *or back again,* in 60 seconds' time, without using tools.

It transforms any Ford touring car into a truck *without in any way disturbing its usefulness or altering its appearance as a passenger car.*

When the Heath DUPLEX is not in use, it folds away out of sight under the regular Ford tonneau.

When it is in use for delivery, the tonneau is simply lifted off and the Heath DUPLEX opened up and extended out over the rear of the car.

The McCord Manufacturing Company believes that an enormous market awaits the Heath DUPLEX in every community in the United States.

It furnishes greatly increased carrying capacity to tens of thousands of Ford owners who are already carrying merchandise in the tonneau of their cars.

It gives these Ford owners genuine trucking and delivery facilities.

It performs a service so valuable, at a cost so moderate, that its appeal to Ford owners is almost irresistible.

It does not require a new car, finding its immense market among the thousands of Fords already in use.

The McCord Manufacturing Company is now building up the dealer organization necessary to the wholesale and retail distribution of the Heath DUPLEX.

This organization must cover every part of the country. Dealers and distributors already established in the motor car business have been especially encouraged to add the Heath DUPLEX to their lines, and more than make up their diminished passenger car business.

In many localities companies have been organized and financed by bankers and other business men expressly to assist in Heath DUPLEX distribution.

One of the requirements of the McCord Manufacturing Company is personal and financial responsibility of the highest order.

Applications should be telegraphed or written at once, direct to the McCord Manufacturing Company, whose representative will make a call where necessity requires.

McCord Manufacturing Co., Inc.
Detroit, Michigan

How the Heath DUPLEX Works

The Heath DUPLEX is a substantial folding truck body, which is attached permanently to a Ford touring car, without alteration of the Ford Chassis.

The Ford tonneau is detached and made removable in the original installation.

Thereafter it can be removed and replaced at will, *in 60 seconds* and the forward part of the Ford touring body remains in place.

The Heath DUPLEX affords carrying space for merchandise 4 feet 4½ inches long, 32 inches wide, 10 inches deep.

When the Ford is turned back for passenger use, the Heath DUPLEX folds snugly under the tonneau and becomes the floor for the rear of the car, and the Ford gives no outward sign of its double utility.

The tonneau slides easily into position and is securely and safely locked.

The Heath DUPLEX is fully guaranteed by the McCord Manufacturing Company.

The Heath DUPLEX comes securely packed, ready for installation. Complete instructions are furnished, and anyone handy with tools can do the work.

Until the dealer organization is completed, the Heath DUPLEX can be bought direct from the manufacturers. Price—F. O. B. Detroit, $57.50.

Heath Duplex

PATENTED MAY 15 1906, DEC 17 1918

(Continued from Page 78)

tailored and with a plutocratic line of white piqué under the V of the waistcoat. Buddy stood firm for a dinner jacket, because he had seen Middleton Knox bulldoze the entire Blint party in such a costume. Jascomb had admitted that Mr. McNair had something the same figure as Mr. Knox; but his will was of iron and he uncompromisingly condemned the dinner jacket in order to force his charge into an evening suit, which, he insisted, would tide him over until his emergence into genuine grandeur.

Buddy was delighted to know that the slate-blue costume could be worn away without alteration; and when he had gotten inside it and came forth from the dressing room, timid as a moth from its cocoon, the house valet looked his approval and touched a button to signal an elevator for the hat, boot and glove department.

Fortified by Jascomb's ripe experience Buddy followed out his system of dress as you buy, with the result that a little after one o'clock he stood in front of Claymoor & Co.'s department store for dukes, a Malacca stick held stiffly in one of his cape-gloved hands, a rather short loose overcoat of rough material across his shoulders, flat-soled boots comforting the victims of Abe's yellow squeakers, a brownish soft hat sitting somewhat too loosely, he thought, on his head. A woolen muffler at his throat concealed the glory of his shirting, but its presence was felt; and Buddy could not forbear a kingly glance along the flower shops of Madison Avenue.

The efficient Jascomb having indicated several firms which had beautified Mr. Overbeek to their own enrichment resigned in favor of the Merlinbilt.

"Do I look the part?" asked Buddy, somewhat panic-stricken at being deserted.

"Might I suggest a barber, sir?" asked the man in the sad black clothes, standing a deferential pace away.

"For my eyebrows?" Buddy was at last on the brink of rebellion.

"Your hair, sir."

A new cape glove went up to the overluxurious locks.

"It isn't the length so much, sir. But in the back ——"

"A little woolly, you mean?"

"Oh no, sir—not that! But unless you fancy it that way, sir, couldn't you tell the barber not to shave your neck?"

"By Henry, what you say goes, Jass!"

"Thank you, sir."

Jascomb lifted his hat as though deserting a beloved lady.

■

AFTER lunching in the swollen magnificence of a railroad hotel and submitting his head to a neck-respecting barber Buddy followed in the footsteps of the fashionable to the shop of Chesterfield & Chesterfield, which he found modestly snuggling on a second floor adjacent to Fifth Avenue. The Chesterfield who handled him there was a Jascomb multiplied to a high voltage. He overcame him with gentle tyrannies, measured him for four formal costumes, and dismissed him with the assurance that his credit would be looked into. Hilaire, the wizard of lounge suits, persuaded him into an elaborate wardrobe, which he would be permitted to try on in due time.

The psychology of greatness lies between the long mirrors of the tailor shop. The atmosphere there is feudal; every item, from the bolts of imported cloths on the long shelves to the Georgian woodcuts on the smartly papered walls, conduces to megalomania on the part of the client. Man in the throes of romantic passion flies to his tailor to be equipped in the livery of lovers. Despotism planning magnificent tyrannies steps from the seven-passenger car to the tailor's dais, and submitting his fat paunch to a slavish tape measure imagines that the world is already under his feet.

To what sanctuary did Nero repair upon such black moments as brought to him a sneaking suspicion that there had been a fluke somewhere and that he wasn't a god after all? To the Temple of Neptune, forsooth, or the iron gates of Mars? Nay, nay, Claudia. To the marbled shop of his little Greek tailor strode the wicked despot, there to have all his sins idealized in a smart robe of saffron with a military girdle and a snappy touch of Lesbian embroidery at the hem.

Thus Buddy, having ordered some five hundred dollars' worth of knockabout clothes stood before the pier glass of Hilaire's outer office and reflected upon his own reflection. He hung the crook of his cane over his right forearm as he had seen them do it on Fifth Avenue, and brought his soft muffler a little higher above the wide collar of his greenish-tan overcoat. He turned his rakish brown hat to one side and noted the artful gradations by which the barber had leveled his hair to the back of his neck.

"Do I look the part?" he chuckled; and whistling a jaunty air he swung out of the place. Mr. Hilaire himself came forward to show him to the door.

Once upon Fifth Avenue his heartened mood encouraged him to go forth and see this mysterious east of the park, which, according to the creed of Blint, never touched the west. It was nearly the hour of five as he sauntered slowly uptown, swinging his new cane and marveling at the comfort of his new shoes.

A hundred million dollars' worth of automobiles choked the wide space between wealth-laden shops, stopping as though hauled by a common chain whenever the traffic policeman's semaphore swung round; finely furred ladies, like rare forest animals with angelic faces, passed him and were bowed to by gentlemen no better clad than was Buddy McNair at that moment; birds of paradise stepped out of glistening vehicles into onyx-fronted shops whose windows flashed with crown jewels; vain and violet virgins, their thin silk stockings and perilous slippers bobbing below coats of Eskimo warmth, led little woolly dogs as perky and absurd as themselves; old gentlemen with the drooping mustachios of hereditary lords lifted their gray-gaitered feet with overpowering pomposity—which reminded Buddy that he must get a pair of those darn things that you wear over your shoes. The air was electric, the carved granite bluffs standing out as clear as Colorado cliffs at sunset. Bluffs! And, Buddy McNair, not lonesome at that moment, felt himself in the midst of it, seeking the finer gold that must be there.

A little beyond the corner of the park great residences loomed, displaying every variety of architectural pride in their bellying windows and encrusted façades. It would be his job pretty soon, he reminded himself pleasantly, to look into the matter of real estate.

What impressed him most along this stretch of avenue were the doors; they were magnificently intolerant doors, heavy with wrought iron and ornate bronze, glittering with cut glass and rosy with silk hangings beyond frosty lace. More than anything else he saw they managed to give the impression of ornamental selfishness—gateways of fortified egotism, ever ready to clang the challenge, "If you're not in stay out!"

There loomed a structure in the upper Sixties which most engaged the observant mood of Gilbert Kernochan McNair. It was such a place as he would rather like to build—a hotel of a place with a multitude of gracefully pointed windows, balconies floreate with carving, two snarling little lions standing guard beside the entrance, which was superbly arched and overhung with Gothic monsters. Buddy took it all in, loitering a long time and attempting to calculate on the monthly bill for hired help. Contact with New York's fashionable tailors had quickened his ambition a pace beyond the normal.

A policeman came sauntering along and was just accelerating his ponderous footsteps to meet a nursery governess in a wonderful brown coat and streamered bonnet when Buddy exercised his civilian privilege.

"Say, who lives in that house?"

The policeman turned his blank fat gaze toward the proud façade and then to Buddy before replying.

"Stranger?"

"Is it a secret you keep from the outside world?"

"Not always."

The wonderfully costumed nursemaid was passing by, so the policeman hastened to add "Terrill Overbeek."

Buddy now felt a more intimate concern in the elaborate building. There seemed to be about a thousand windows, and so far as he could see nothing to indicate human occupation. Dark-blue shades had been pulled tight on every floor; nowhere did a white curtain flutter its cheery message to the passer-by.

Overbeek's invitation, his almost dogged insistence that the Westerner come round to him and ask a favor formed an impulse in Buddy's mind. There was not after all any time like now. Contemplation of his new overcoat and the feel of his yellow cane

Free your legs from "garter-bind nerves"!

Tight collars can't irritate your nerves any worse than garters that "bind." For, it's the "bind" that starts the dull leg pains, unconsciously upsets your equilibrium, makes you needlessly leg-weary and slacks your success speed!

Ivory Garters will help you realize what *garter comfort* really means. They're as light as a silk sock. The scientific Ivory "direct hold" entirely overcomes the disagreeable "bind."

In fact, equipped with Ivorys you wouldn't know you had garters on only that your socks are properly held up without wrinkling—*Ivorys gird your legs so gently!*

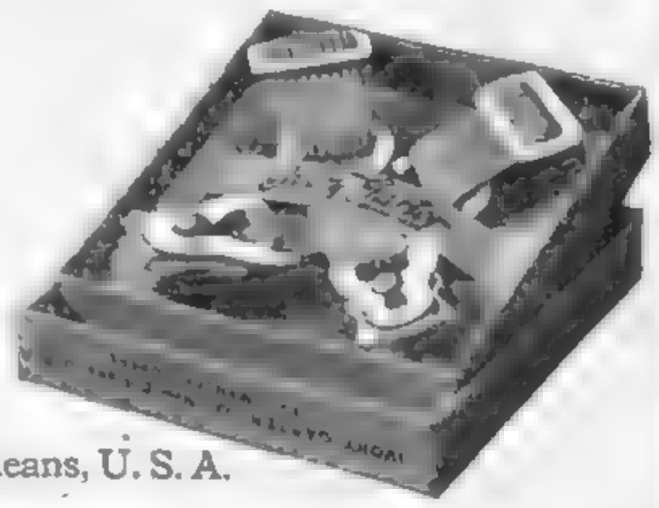
Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

Ivorys have no metal to get rusty and no pads. Nothing about Ivorys to start irritations of *any* kind!

Buckles and clasps are light but durable. Special elastic webbing gives all needed strength, with desirable sanitary lightness. Hard rubber button won't tear socks. No rights or lefts—Ivorys fit either leg and balance perfectly.

Put Ivorys to the test. *Get more leg freedom* seven days out of every week!

You can buy Ivory Garters wherever men's goods are sold. Popular shades in both mercerized and silk 35c to 70c.

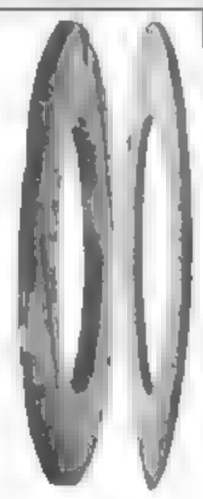


IVORY GARTER COMPANY, New Orleans, U. S. A.

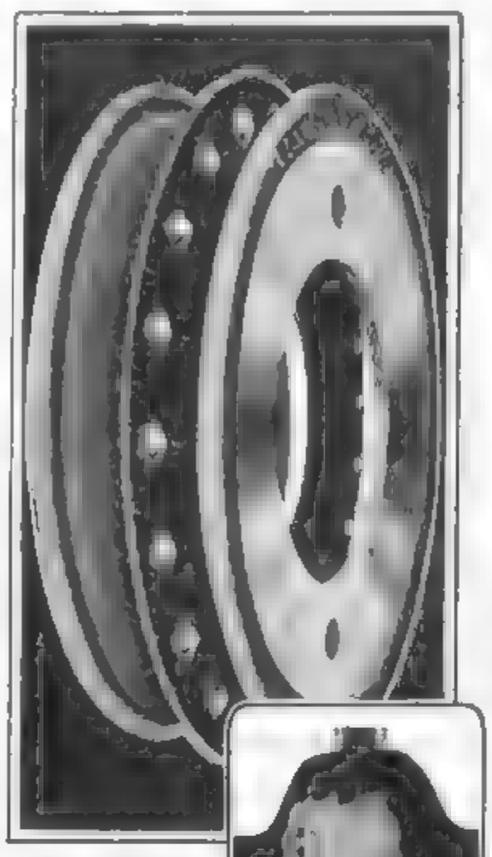
Ford Owner—

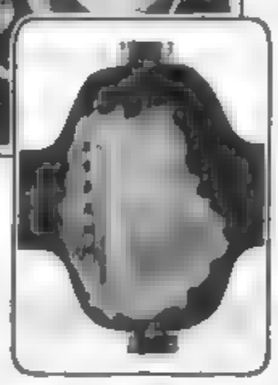
How thin is the center washer at your differential?

How near the danger point?



Actual photographs of a new and a worn washer — showing why gears strip.





A ball bearing to replace thrust washers on Fords and Chevrolet 490s.

REPLACE the washers at left side of differential with a Bailey Ball Thrust. Don't wait until gears break.

Thrust washers have a sliding, friction producing contact. Hence they wear thin, and the drive gears separate until drive is taken on one tooth. Suddenly, the gears strip—lay-up and expense result.

The Bailey Ball Bearing, with its rolling, frictionless contact, does not wear—prevents rear axle trouble. It gives your Ford gears the same frictionless, noiseless, ball-bearing grip as the larger cars.

Stop today at your dealer or repairman—have a Bailey installed. If he has none in stock, write us. You will be supplied promptly. Fully guaranteed. Price . . $3.75

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BAILEY BALL THRUST

Would YOU like to make $20.00 in your spare time?

AN interesting way to do so, and at the same time continue some very quiet *but no less effective* patriotic work, is told in the July number of

MAKING MONEY
"FOR OUR COUNTRY"

A small magazine devoted to the interests of girl and woman readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* who like to make money in their spare time.

A copy of July MAKING MONEY will be sent you on request. Address

The Manager of THE GIRLS' CLUB — THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Box 412, Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

under his correct glove gave Buddy McNair an unaccustomed boldness. Without ado he stepped to the fortified entrance and touched the bell.

Somewhere within the mystery there echoed a deep gurgle—then silence. He stood long and wearily beside the snarling lion, while New York, in passing, tendered him looks of indifferent curiosity, as much as to wonder what brash suppliant was ringing now at the Kremlin door. After another cold pause Buddy rang again. Another echoing gurgle.

Presently came the creaking of bolts and hinges, heard distantly like dungeon fears in dreams. Knobs turned, latches lifted, and at last a living corpse in the sagging alpaca jacket of a flunky at ease swung back a section of the iron grille.

"Is Mr. Overbeek at home?" asked Buddy, feeling as if one of the little lions had bitten him.

"No, sir. Not at 'ome."

"Well, will you tell him that Gilbert K. McNair—Buddy McNair—had called——"

He seemed to be having a dreadful time with his name. He had apparently implied a deadly insult, for the man's hateful stare never relaxed.

"Your card, sir?"

This clanged out like the grating of the iron door. Buddy fumbled.

"I think I've lost 'em. He'll remember me."

"Mr. Overbeek is out of town," proclaimed the living corpse at last.

"That's too bad," said Buddy, somehow relieved. "I'll ring him up when he gets back."

"That's very uncertain, sir."

It was apparent that the servant had a murderous impulse to slam the door and decapitate Buddy.

"Why? Doesn't he ever come home?"

"At times. But he travels a great deal. Sometimes he is in New York for a week at a time; then again he may stop here overnight on his way South."

This was an unexpected confidence for the living corpse, and he evidently repented it when Buddy conjectured: "Seems to me this place would make a fine hospital if Mr. Overbeek's through with it."

"No doubt, sir," agreed the man, and began locking the grille.

Buddy turned down Fifth Avenue with a feeling of having been repulsed and rebuked in the same breath. The Overbeek flunky couldn't hold a candle to Jass as a servant, he reflected as he trudged along. The man had put a cold shower down the neck of his dashing New York suit; and for the first time Buddy had that unloved, unconsidered feeling commonly sensed by visitors in our metropolis.

His mournful cogitations had brought him down Fifth Avenue as far as the splendid idle Forties when he came dramatically upon that which increased his impatience with himself and his disgust with New York.

As he stood at a corner waiting for the traffic policeman's semaphore to whirl from red to green he was aware of a pleasant face at the little round porthole in the side of a passing hansom. His interest was at first purely aesthetic, for the face in the round frame was of the sort designed by Nature to gladden the eye. Wavy hair showed under a small hat with blue wings at the sides. The deep-blue eyes were sparkling, the lips curved to a smile. Objectively it was a bonny sight to see, like a luring and exceptionally well-drawn cover on a popular magazine. Subjectively it outraged every lofty instinct within the soul of Buddy McNair.

For there at that tiny window, close enough for him to tap with his new Malacca stick, smiled the perfidious girl who had picked him up in a Pullman and robbed him of eleven thousand five hundred dollars.

His first impulse was to shout her name; but it is impossible—outside of politics—to shout what you do not know. Her theosophical aunt, he remembered her telling him, had given her the cryptic name of Plowa.

He opened his mouth like a man in a nightmare and attempted to shout "Plowa!" at the top of his lungs, but only a ridiculous gargling sound came. Meanwhile the hansom had wheeled into the jam of traffic. Buddy got just one glimpse of her companion, a nice-looking young man in a greenish coat something like his own. The two heads were quite prettily close together, and both were laughing merrily. Perhaps she had seen him. Perhaps she was making sport of him to a companion in crime.

The man from Axe Creek stood rooted to the pavement until the hansom was lost in a down slope of the avenue. They were gazing into each other's eyes—the romantically objectionable picture lingered. Perhaps she had reached the point in her dialogue where this new prize was being besought for the story of his life. Possibly she had her hand already in his overcoat pocket. Faugh! And Buddy McNair had once laughed at Doc Naylor when the Doc, in a cynic humor, had declared that all the high-class hold-ups got to New York eventually!

So fell Icarus on his wings of wax.

When he reached the tapestry-brick front of the Merlinbilt there remained in Buddy no keen taste for the fine pleasures which only a week ago he had associated with the spending of money in the only American port where money can buy the best. Already he was speculating as to what he would do with all his new clothes when he got back to Axe Creek.

He brought his dark mood into the Merlinbilt's small but distinguished lobby, and the first thing he saw of course was the man whom, of his small acquaintance in the East, he most despised.

In the center of the rug Middleton Knox, attired with his usual modest care, was bidding good-by to a party of ladies, who chattered round him like birds at feeding time and basked in the rays of his chary smile. Buddy merely glared and sought to escape round the flower stand, when to his ineffable chagrin he heard his name called from behind, and facing about beheld the important Mr. Knox coming toward him with extended hand.

"I say, McNair! How do you do?"

Buddy made a limp attempt at a handshake, meanwhile yearning to push the man over the balustrade of the barroom stairs.

"Pretty well, Knox. And how are you?"

He was deliberately attempting an imitation of that arrogant drawl.

"I promised Blint that I'd look after you; you'll need a shepherd for a while, I fancy."

All against his will Buddy found himself being elbow-led down the winding stairs toward the bar.

They seated themselves at one of the little tables under a complication of arches. And after they had laid aside their overcoats on an extra chair Buddy could see this man whom he detested taking in every detail of his newly acquired outfit. He winced as though a police inspector were stripping him, one piece at a time, and going through his clothes for stolen property. Knox rang for the waiter.

"I thought I might take you over to the Cardigan Club for lunch sometime," the worldly one was going on in an apparent attempt to be genial. "Let me see what days I have free. There's the Law Club, Thursday; and I've promised Mrs. Van Laerens for the week-end. There's a pretty full slate next week. How about a week from Wednesday?"

"I can stand it if you can," said Buddy, cheered by his own rudeness.

Middleton Knox had again fixed his dry, peevish eyes upon Buddy's slate-gray suit and delicately tinted shirt.

"By George, McNair!" he exclaimed in a most patronizing tone, "you havespruced up a bit."

"Praise from the great is praise indeed," replied Buddy, pleased in spite of himself.

"That's rather a decent suit—if I might say so. Someone's taken you by the hand. Who's your tailor—if I might ask?"

"Ready-made." A certain tomcatishness had entered his mood and heartened him greatly.

"You don't mean to tell me!" Knox gave his hard little mouth a slightly contemptuous smile.

"Yes," drawled Buddy; "I was in a hurry for some hand-me-downs, so I bought me an outfit at the best store in the world."

"And what is that, please?"

"The place where you get yours."

Knox's wedge-shaped face retained its smile, but he didn't answer. He twitched suddenly toward the waiter and scolded impatiently: "How often do I have to call you? Take the orders, please! McNair, what will you have?"

"Manhattan," said Buddy.

"I'll have a Bronx. Better change your mind, McNair. Nobody ever drinks Manhattans any more."

"Maybe not. I wasn't thinking so much about the drink as the idea."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The "Army of the Rear"

THE VICTORY of our boys "over there" depends upon the effort and sacrifices that we make right here at home. The army must have leather for belts, saddles and other equipment. The demand is so great that good leather shoes now sell for $4.50 to $6 a pair.

Save leather for the soldiers—you workers in "the army of the rear." Wear "Win-the-War" Service Shoes, made of an extra-fine quality of strong brown duck, with neat black leather trimmings. They have brown rubber extension soles that look just like leather. These soles relieve the jar and strain of walking or standing on hard floors or pavements. They are water-proof—protecting the health of the wearer, while a cork insole makes the shoe cool and comfortable.

You can buy these shoes for $3.50 a pair. They are far more durable than shoes of cheap leather or leather substitutes. They fit well. They look well. They are shoes that any man can wear with pride and satisfaction.

"Win-the-War"
TOP NOTCH
SERVICE SHOE

"Win-the-War" Shoes, for all classes of workers, and for boys and youths too, are made by the manufacturers of the famous Top Notch Rubber Footwear. The Top Notch cross on the heel is a guarantee of service and satisfaction. Write us and we'll tell you where to get them in your town or city.

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Manufacturers of "TOP NOTCH" Rubber Footwear

For Clerks Mechanics Farmers Teamsters

$3.50

Factory Workers Railroad Men Letter Carriers Vacation Use

DISTEEL WHEELS

The Wheels That Complete The Car

It is the motor car itself that has made necessary the conception, the perfection and the general adoption of Disteel Wheels.

The wheel should not mar the beauty of the car's design. It should complete and accentuate that beauty. Disteel Wheels achieve this by harmonizing the streamlines of the car.

The mechanical superiorities are quite as obvious. From the time of the first ox-cart, bumping along on four cross-sections of a tree-trunk, down to the recent "buggy," there was no need of steel wheels.

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FACING THE FACTS

(Continued from Page 12)

"Why, certainly," Jimmy said.

"Ever exhibited in New York?"

"Why, yes," said Jimmy. "I had an exhibition of six portraits at Coke's once."

"Coke's!" The buyer raised his eyebrows. Coke's didn't exhibit amateurs.

He waved his arm at the pastels.

"How much?"

Jimmy hesitated. Coke's would ask $75 apiece, but if this man was going to buy them outright he'd expect to get them cheap. And Coke's took their commission out of the $75. Still ——

"Fifty dollars," he said crisply.

The buyer waved his arm again. Waving his arm seemed to be his favorite gesture.

"I'll take those at $50."

Jimmy gulped.

"Fifty dollars for the dozen?"

"That's what you said, wasn't it?"

"Y-y-yes," Jimmy said. Did $50 a dozen come to four or five dollars apiece? "But I've got another dozen here."

"Very well, I'll take a chance. One hundred dollars for the lot."

Jimmy hesitated. Had he sold his pastels at $50 a dozen? Or could he still back out? And wasn't $50 a dozen better than nothing?

"Look here," he said. "I didn't mean $50 a dozen. I was thinking of Coke's prices. I meant $50 apiece. I don't mind saying I'll sell 'em for a lot less than $50 a dozen. But ——"

The buyer shot him a shrewd glance.

"What has your previous work sold for?"

"I have never offered any pastels before. Coke's sold two of my landscapes for $200 apiece this spring."

"How big?"

"About twenty by thirty-two."

"I see," the buyer said. "You're a real painter?"

"More or less," Jimmy admitted.

"Pastels aren't much in our line," the buyer explained. "People usually buy prints or else 'real oil paintings,' you know. But that one of the hollyhocks is very nice, and so is the one of the lady. The formal garden wouldn't sell so well. I'm not criticizing it as art, you understand—I'm talking business."

"I'm talking business too," Jimmy said. "I'm broke."

The buyer grinned.

"Call it $150 for the lot—spot cash."

"Done," said Jimmy.

After all, he wasn't such a poor salesman. He'd got a fifty per cent advance over the suggested price!

The buyer wrote out an order. He looked up at Jimmy as he blotted it.

"You know artists, I suppose?"

"Some."

"I've got a problem you might be able to give me some help with. There was a man from way out in Texarkana in here to-day asking for a portrait. He thought we painted them here. And when I told him we didn't he was sore. He reminded me that Stannards' advertised 'Everything for the Home.' I told him to come back to-morrow and I'd set him a price. You see the management expects us to live up to our advertising and the customer is always right. This customer wants a portrait of his wife; it's up to me to get him one. Now where can I find a painter who will do a decent portrait—one the man can afford to buy and Stannards' can afford to sell?"

Jimmy laughed. He laughed a forced laugh. He wanted to do that portrait.

"The trouble is that a portrait painter of reputation wouldn't do that kind of thing—unless at a prohibitive price."

"Exactly," said the buyer. "I've got to get this portrait for two or three hundred dollars in order to sell it at a profit. And it's got to be a decent job. That's what Stannards' expect of me."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'm broke. I'll paint that portrait for you."

"Can you do it?"

"Yes," said Jimmy. "I can. I'll paint it for $250."

The buyer looked out of the window.

"Where can I see some of your work?"

Jimmy pointed to the pastel of Clare the buyer had liked.

"There's a portrait of Mrs. Ordway."

"Hum-m-m. I'd like to see something in oil."

"My car's down the street." Jimmy's words tumbled out of his mouth. He was going to persuade this man. He was going to make $250. He was going to sell a portrait for the first time in his life. "I'll take you up to Peter Wilson's in Park Avenue. The family is away, but somebody'll let us in. I'll show a full-length portrait I did of his daughter."

"You've painted Peter Wilson's daughter?"

"Why, yes," said Jimmy. Was it dishonest not to add that he had done it for nothing, because Dorothy was a paintable girl?

"I'll go," said the buyer.

He looked long and thoughtfully at Jimmy's portrait of Dorothy Wilson.

"Do you think you could put in more sentiment?" he asked. "This looks like good, workmanlike stuff to me, but I'm trying to get the old man's angle. He'll want his wife to look ——"

"You said he came from Texarkana?" Jimmy cut in.

"Yes."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'm an artist, but I'm a man too. I'll put anything you like into a portrait that's going to Texarkana."

"I'm going to try you," the buyer said quickly. "Not that I've got much choice. I've looked up half a dozen people and they are all out of reach or too high priced. If the old man wants the job at our price—you get it at $250."

"What do debts matter?" thought Jimmy. "I'll earn that $250!"

It was five o'clock, and eighty miles to The Point. But he'd drive it; he felt like driving it. And Clare would never know—Clare was going away in two days and it would be all over before she got back. Jimmy went home by the motor parkway, where he could let her out. The roadster's speedometer climbed and climbed, while Jimmy dropped his heel on the cut-out just to hear her roar. That was the way he felt.

III

JIMMY painted the old lady with all the sentiment he knew, working away in a bare room on the top floor of Stannards'. She liked the portrait so well that she insisted he do one of her husband.

"It's our golden-wedding anniversary next month," she explained. She was an astounding old lady, Jimmy thought. She had raised eight children, all married. And the golden-wedding anniversary was to be the occasion of a family reunion in Texarkana.

The buyer was deeply pleased.

"You've saved my life," he acknowledged to Jimmy. "And I'm going to get you some more orders. I think we can give you all the portraits you want to do."

Jimmy hadn't intended to become a department-store painter. He had taken the first portrait because he was very much up against it. And Texarkana was far enough away to be safe, and Clare was out of town. But she was coming back in a month or so. And even if she weren't—even if——. How could he conceal from his friends the fact that he was working. And then the vision of paying his debts—of actually earning money—of earning real money, always filled his mind. How good it had felt to give John Malone a hundred dollars on account—five crisp twenties that he had earned.

"We might be able to jump the price a hundred dollars," the buyer suggested.

"Three hundred and fifty for a portrait," Jimmy thought. "And I can do one in two weeks."

"Well," he said.

"You might even work on two at once," the buyer went on.

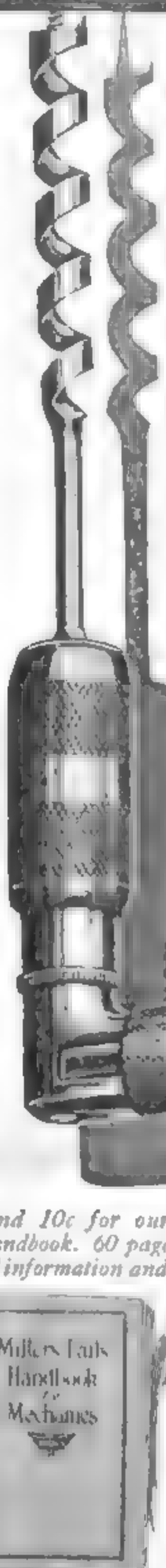
If he could work on two at once he could finish two in two weeks.

"Well," said Jimmy.

"You think it over," the buyer said.

Jimmy did think it over. It had a horrid sound—painting for a department store. But it was actually decenter than wire-pulling. That was what most young portrait painters did—got introduced to people. Jimmy shuddered.

And then Stannards' bill for June came in—a bill for $351. What had happened to Clare? She must have been having things sent up to Kennebunkport—ordering by mail. Here was one item—"12 prs. stockings at $2.50, $30." And lower down was "3 prs. stockings, $9." And still farther "6 prs. stockings, $12." Had Clare gone crazy over stockings? Or did she think the



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price was going up or something, and it was time to buy now? Why, in one month she had spent nearly $300. Of course Clare didn't know. But—she had never bought so recklessly before.

Well, if Clare wanted things she had to stand for his painting Stannards' portraits. He would have to tell her. How could he explain spending five days a week in town without telling her the truth? It was hard enough to turn the questions at Shinnecock. He would have to tell Clare. And other people would find it out too.

Well—let them. The fact was he needed money. He was going to go on earning money no matter if everybody he knew cut him dead.

It was this moral struggle that started him off wrong on the seventh portrait he did for Stannards'. For one thing, the man was a New Yorker. All his previous subjects had been from the West. They took their portraits with them—he would never see them again. But this man was a broker downtown. He would find out who James Ordway was. And he would think it a good story. Jimmy realized he was in for it now.

He had struggled to make the other portraits as pleasant as possible to the sitter. But he was conscious this time that somebody who knew the difference between a chromo and a picture might see this portrait. And besides, the man suggested an interesting composition. He had a certain piratical distinction. He wasn't at all the type one sees in Wall Street. He had very long white mustaches with pointed ends, and heavy black eyebrows. Jimmy would have loved to paint him in great boots, with a sash—and a cutlass in the sash. Indeed, he became so conscious that he was thinking of the man as a brigand that he asked him not to look at the portrait until it was done.

And when it was really finished he pretended it wasn't until the man had gone.

Saturday morning Jimmy had a note from the buyer. It said briefly that Mr. Wilkes had refused to accept his portrait. He had threatened to sue Jimmy for libel. He had asserted that the picture was not a portrait but a cartoon, a vicious cartoon. He said other, less pleasant things. The buyer said Stannards' would, of course, follow their invariable rule—"the customer is always right." Just to protect himself the buyer was going to retain Andrew Forrest to appraise the portrait. But what had Jimmy been thinking of, anyway?

Jimmy thought while his luncheon grew cold. Forrest would learn his secret. Forrest would never forget it either. Forrest would tag him "department-store painter." He would never dare to hold another exhibition.

Jimmy telephoned a wire to the buyer, begging him not to employ Forrest, and while he was still debating what else he could do he had a wire from Clare:

"Can't stay away any longer. Home Sunday."

Jimmy smiled happily. Then he frowned. Should he quit Stannards'? If he did Clare would never know. He didn't have to tell her he'd paid their most pressing debts, because Clare didn't know anything about their debts. But how could he go on living if he gave up Stannards'? There was nothing else in sight. He would have to tell her.

He was so glad to see Clare when she came and they had so much to talk about that he forgot the whole thing. He remembered it Tuesday morning, when he had to go into town to keep his appointment with a sitter. But that didn't seem a propitious time to tell Clare. In town he avoided seeing Stannards' buyer and put off his next sitting until Friday. Meantime he put off telling Clare. If she thought it odd when he had to go into town again on Friday she didn't show it. Clare was utterly without suspicion.

Coming out on the train Jimmy tried to read the evening papers. He turned of long habit to Andrew Forrest's column in the Evening Statesman. It came out every Friday, and Jimmy always read it. But to-night he couldn't. The idea of Andrew Forrest made him ill.

But after dinner their talk trailed off. Jimmy couldn't bring himself to say the words and he couldn't think about anything else. It was all so pleasant in the low-ceiled room. He wanted to lie in his chair and watch Clare. She picked up the paper. He could see her particularly well because her face was in the lamplight and he was siting in partial darkness. He wanted to paint Clare again. He would paint her in a yellow gown. Clare could wear yellow. No—in a rose gown. Only—would Clare ever sit for him again—for a department-store painter?

"Jimmy!" she cried sharply, without warning.

Jimmy jumped—or his heart did.

"Listen!" she said. "Such an amusing paragraph in Andrew Forrest's causerie!"

She read aloud:

"'I have just seen an unusual portrait by a hitherto unknown American painter. The circumstances were so unusual that I record them here—though, of course, they neither add to nor detract from the merit of the composition in question. I was asked to appraise professionally a portrait.'"

"What?" said Jimmy, sitting up.

"'I was asked to appraise professionally a portrait,'" Clare read again.

"Go on," Jimmy said.

"'I was naturally astonished to find it worth looking at. But more about that later. The point of human interest is that the portrait was commissioned through a well-known department store.'"

"What?" Jimmy cried. He was on his feet now. Could Andrew Forrest be writing in this vein about his portrait—the one Wilkes had refused?

"'This store, it seems, has recently added a department of portrait painting, on the same principle that it has formerly supplied almost every known object of household use and personal adornment. I must say I should not have prophesied that a department store offering to furnish hand-painted portraits of its patrons for a moderate sum would make any serious contribution to American art, however commercially successful the enterprise might be. But a painting is a painting, whether it be a madonna discovered in an obscure Italian villa or a portrait of an American business man with white mustaches in the salesrooms of a popular emporium. And this particular painting demands the attention which I intend to give it in these columns next week.'"

Jimmy reached for the paper. "Please, Clare," he cried, "let me read it!"

"It is exciting, isn't it?" Clare said.

"H-m-m-m-m-m-m," said Jimmy. It was his portrait! There wasn't a shadow of a doubt. And Andrew Forrest had liked it. It was a real portrait. Andrew Forrest knew.

Jimmy looked up from the paper.

"I painted it," said Jimmy.

"You painted it?"

"Yes," said Jimmy. His knees felt weak. "I painted it."

"Jimmy—Jimmy," her arms were round his neck. "Tell me about it—tell me quick!"

"That's all there is to it," said Jimmy. "I—I—I've been painting for Stannards' all summer. I've painted seven portraits since you went away. I had to do something. The fact was—it was serious. You won't understand, Clare, but I had to face the fact we had spent all our money."

"Oh-h-h, Jimmy!" There were tears in her eyes. "Jimmy, you'll be famous! You're made!"

"I guess I will," said Jimmy.

"Jimmy—you'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Forgive you what?"

"For Stannards' bill. I—I—I wouldn't have charged a cent when we were so hard up. But ——"

"You knew we were hard up?"

"I'm not a baby, Jimmy. But Aunt Constantia said to go right on charging things, and charging and charging until you had some real debts. And when they got—and then to leave you with them and see if you didn't do something. She said you ——"

"But, Clare ——"

"And that night you sat up so late in the studio—I sat in my window watching you through the studio light, opening bills. And I wanted to go down and I couldn't—I promised Aunt Constantia. And then you made that crate for the pastels and—and ——"

"You were awake?" said Jimmy. "You knew?"

"Yes, Jimmy, I knew. But, Jimmy, I'll never charge anything again. Never!"

She smiled.

"I'll hardly need to—I've got enough stockings to last me ten years. I thought I might as well buy staples. I won't need any money for ages."

Jimmy lifted her face in his hands.

"Money?" he said, and kissed her. "Money—what do we care for money?"

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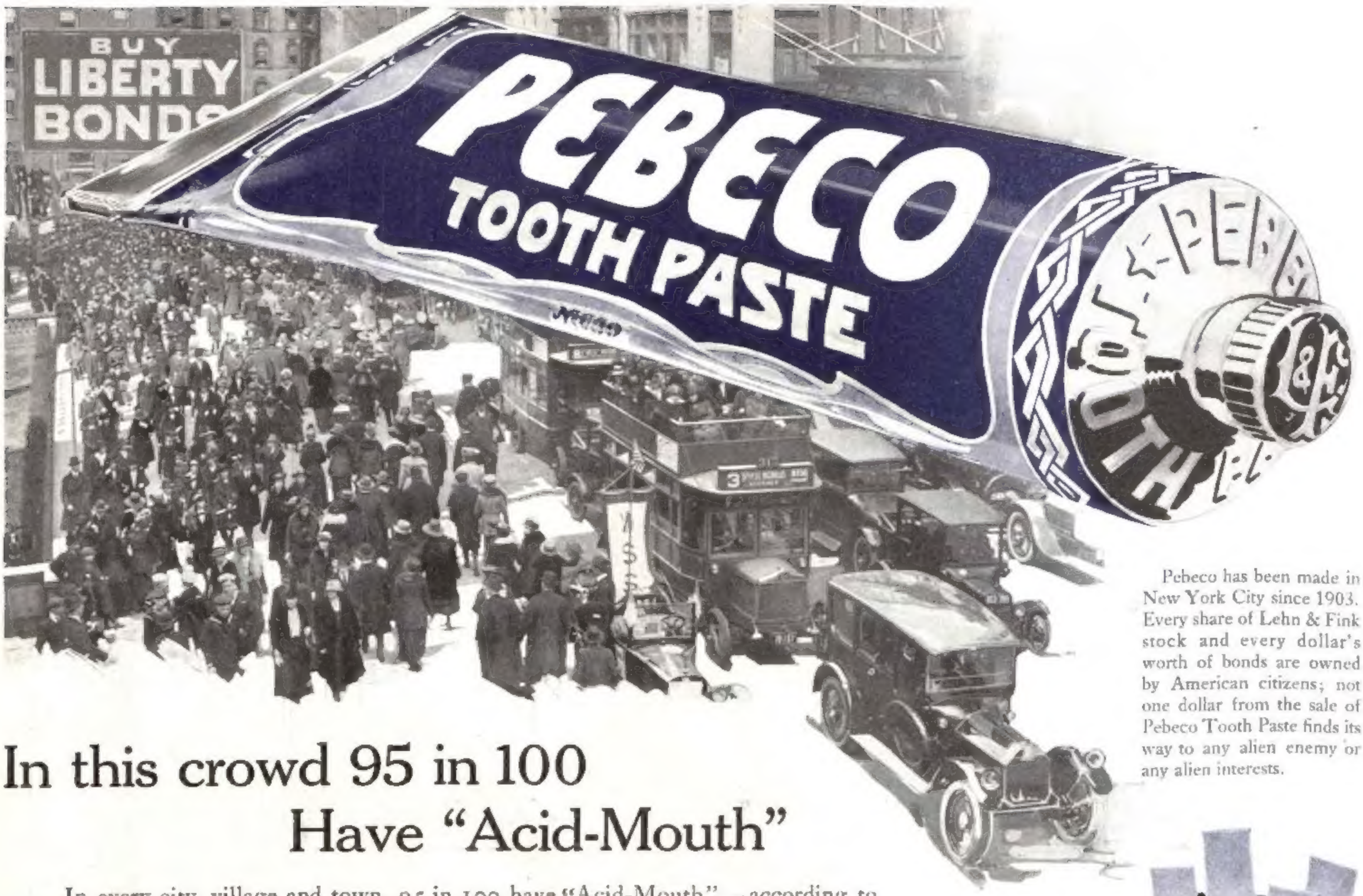

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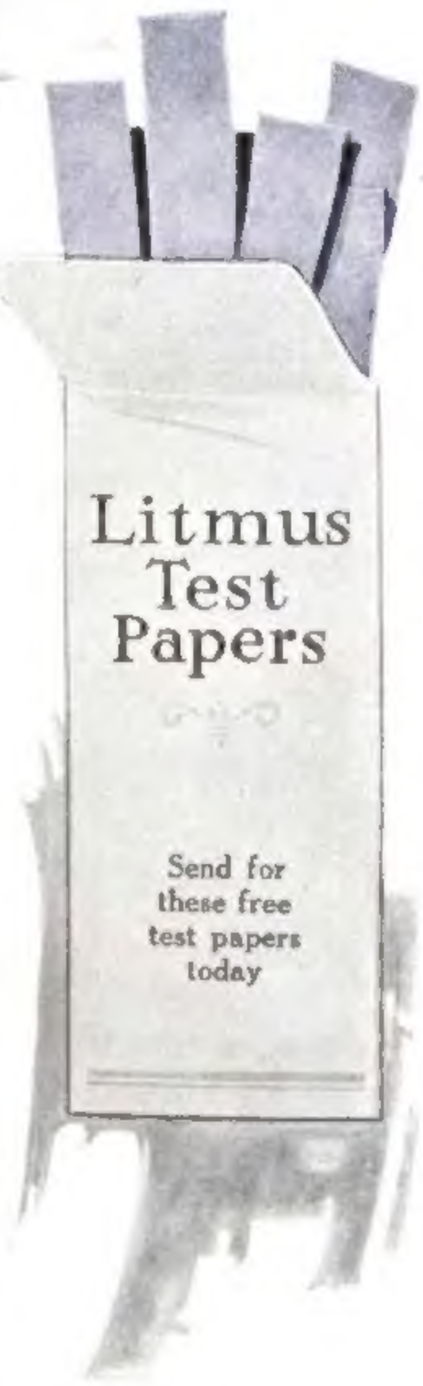

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